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with appreciation of  
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From ~~Arthur~~ W. H. H. H. H.

June 8/35





*Francis Winslow*



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LIEUT. FRANCIS WINSLOW, ABOUT 1850

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# *Francis Winslow*

HIS FOREBEARS AND LIFE

BASED UPON FAMILY RECORDS  
AND CORRESPONDENCE  
DURING XXX YEARS



*By* ARTHUR WINSLOW, *His Son*

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IN MEMORY OF  
MY FATHER AND MOTHER

A CONTRIBUTION TO  
FUTURE GENERATIONS



Godspeed 6.00



## PREFACE

**A**MONG the effects inherited from my father and mother were a number of packages of letters, carefully labeled and tied in bundles, with the contents of each bundle arranged in chronological order. They represented the correspondence of a lifetime; they consisted chiefly of letters written and received by my father during his long absences from home.

A good many years ago, as leisure permitted, I began to read these letters, and I found them both interesting and amusing. They were, of course, largely personal and in part quite intimate, but they shed much light upon family happenings and the characters of the individual members; they also pictured conditions of the times and places, and some of the incidents were of historic interest. After having read all of these very numerous letters, the question arose as to what to do with them. Should such carefully prepared and long preserved family records be destroyed and allowed to pass into oblivion, or should they be kept still longer intact? They were not of sufficient general interest to warrant publication.

It was to me a difficult problem; for, familiar as they had become to me during the many hours of their perusal, the ruthless consignment to flames seemed to me, almost, like a heartless cutting of intimate ties. Hence, as a compromise, I concluded that an outline of family history, embodying extracts from these letters and other records, might be of interest to, at least, the members of the family, and that it even might be of service in transmitting and maintaining family ideals. Therefore I undertook the task some few years ago and have continued it to the end. This has, of course, been a labor of love, but it has also been one of interest and enlightenment.

The numerous quotations contained in the following chapters often deal with humorous characteristics and sometimes with frailties of different members of the family. They are

such comments and confidences as are frequently exchanged between intimates when corresponding with each other. They are not to be taken too seriously or as malicious, but merely as family pleasantries, tinged sometimes with some prejudices. All people, of course, have their weaknesses and absurdities, but here, as is quite generally the case, they are offset by many sterling qualities which more than redeem in the long run.

ARTHUR WINSLOW

18 Chestnut St. Boston

*April, 1935*

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## INTRODUCTION

**F**RANCIS WINSLOW, my father, was born September the sixth, 1818. He was the son of Joshua Winslow of Boston and of Sarah Stark of Dunbarton, New Hampshire, granddaughter of General John Stark of revolutionary fame. His mother died when he was only five months old, and he was cared for and brought up through childhood in Boston by his aunt, Elizabeth Winslow, widow of William Pickering. In Boston, and in his mother's home at Dunbarton, his boyhood was passed. At the early age of fifteen years, in 1833, he was appointed a midshipman in the United States Navy, and, early in the following year, he began the service at sea in which he continued for twenty-eight years, until his death, during the War of the Rebellion, in 1862, at the age of forty-four. During his short career he was in service afloat in South America, on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, in the Gulf of Mexico during the Mexican War, on a coast survey of our own eastern waters, in the Mediterranean, and, finally, in the Gulf of Mexico during the Civil War. This sea life included many long cruises, one of over five years' continuous absence from home. They were broken by shore duties from time to time, and by shore leaves of varying lengths. In January, 1846, he was married to Mary Sophia Nelson, of Fayetteville, North Carolina, and subsequently, between the years 1851 and 1860, four children were born: Francis, Cameron MacRae, Sarah Stark, and Arthur.

Throughout his life, Francis was a diligent letter-writer, and likewise were many of his relatives, as was the fashion in those times. He was also methodical and painstaking, and imbued with much affection and sentiment for his friends, relatives, and places. Hence are preserved among his effects many bundles of correspondence, diaries, ship logs, books of sonnets, and other souvenirs, sufficient to supply, with some gaps, material for a quite detailed account of his experiences and contacts.



Francis, both as a boy and man, was small and frail in body, and of delicate health, fond of nature and solitude. The wonder is that he ever entered the Navy, and still stranger that he was able to stand and survive the rough sea-life of those days. That he suffered much is only too apparent from his letters, and, even within a few years after his initiation, there are expressions of dissatisfaction and longing to be out of it, to live a life ashore among his friends and among the scenes of his much beloved hills of New Hampshire. His longings are often pathetic, especially after his marriage, when such ties grew stronger. Would only his means permit, or could he only find some employment on shore, how gladly would he leave the service and live contentedly the simple home life. Nevertheless, he held on manfully, discharging his duties as well as his health and strength permitted, creating and leaving after him a fine record in the Navy as an officer and a gentleman, and, in his last period, near the end of his short war-experience, performing a brilliant and gallant act for which he was advanced in rank. From the effects of this last strenuous service he finally succumbed. His life, in a modest way, was an epic of a relatively unimportant career, marked by no very great events or accomplishments, but characterized by patient perseverance, coupled with a high sense of honor in his public and private relations. Though he left his widow and his children in very straitened circumstances, he left them an heritage of character and fine conduct which makes a recital of his life well worth while for future generations. With this thought, this record has been prepared by me. May it be of interest and service to those who follow.

As a preface to the story of Francis' life, and as a further course of instruction in biography, I shall first give a few chapters of family history, compiled in part from Francis' correspondence, and which relate intimately to his antecedents and early history. The first of these deals with his father, Joshua Winslow; the second relates to his mother's family, the Starks of Dunbarton; and the third deals with Elizabeth, his aunt and foster-mother, and this last extends into her correspondence with Francis during his earliest cruises away from home.

*Francis Winslow*







## I. JOSHUA WINSLOW

[1785-1843]

JOSHUA WINSLOW was of that branch of the Winslow family descended from John Winslow who came to America and Plymouth in the ship *Fortune* in the year 1621, a younger brother of Governor Edward Winslow, a Mayflower passenger. John later married Mary Chilton, and their grandson and Joshua's great-grandfather was Edward Winslow, noted as a producer of the beautiful silver ware; Edward was also High Sheriff of the county for seventeen years, and was Colonel of the Boston regiment. He lived to be eighty-four years of age, and died in 1753. His mother was Elizabeth Hutchinson, granddaughter of Ann Hutchinson.

Joshua was born in 1785, a son of Isaac Winslow and Mary Davis. This was only a few years after the conclusion of the War of the Revolution, and during that war the parents had suffered many deprivations as royalists. They removed from Boston to Halifax with the evacuation, their properties were confiscated, and their business upset. Later, during the last years of the war they returned to New York, while that city was still in the hands of the British. How long they continued to live there, and whether Joshua was born there or in Boston, we have no record. His father died in 1793, when the boy was only eight years of age, but the mother lived until the late nineties. Where and by whom he was brought up is also not certain, but it was, probably, by his brother Isaac, who was eleven years older, and who lived in and had a home on Walnut Street, Roxbury, until 1856. He is listed as a student in the Boston Latin School in 1795. Probably his boyhood was passed in Roxbury or Boston, where lived most of his relatives. In October, 1817, he was married to Sarah Stark, of Dunbarton, at Pembroke, N. H., by a Justice of the Peace, only a year before the birth of his son, Francis, in 1818. His wife died early in

the year following, and Joshua, suffering from ill health, financial trouble, and, probably, some weakness of character, soon after left his home, his son, and his relatives for St. Croix in the West Indies, never to return. Property in St. Croix belonging to his sister Elizabeth (Winslow) Pickering, which called for some personal attention, was one reason for this migration, but probably the climate and the ease of living in this semi-tropical island were also potential considerations.

Very little remains to us wherefrom to record his doings during the nearly sixty years of his life, or wherewith to form any picture of his character and appearance. Among the papers left by my father is a small notebook of some fifty pages, faded, ragged, and of disconnected parts, recording the incidents of voyages between America and the Mediterranean between the years 1805 and 1811. They are unsigned but carefully written, often in minute handwriting, and contain nothing direct to identify the author. For many years they were a family conundrum. Recently, in looking over the files of my father's letters, I came across several written to him in 1841 by his father, Joshua, in which he refers to having sent to him to Boston "many years ago" a package of his journals. A comparison of the handwriting of these later letters with that of the faded notebook left little doubt of the authorship, and this was confirmed by references to relatives later found in the pages of the old log. The following extracts are given because they furnish almost the only definite record of Joshua's early life, and also because they give an interesting picture of conditions of sea life in those early days.

#### JOSHUA'S JOURNAL

The first entry in the journal is of Saturday, November 16th, 1805, when the brig Sally of Boston, Captain James Bailey, got under way bound for Marseilles and Leghorn. Joshua was then only twenty years of age, and it was not only his first voyage to sea but also his first home leaving. The family had for generations been engaged in shipping, and the lure of the sea was probably inbred in the boy. He, apparently, was traveling as a supercargo, but his records show that he had also some knowl-



edge of navigation. The voyage was accomplished against head wind and some bad weather, during which he suffered severely from the pangs of sea sickness.

On December 6th, they ran into a North-East gale which continued for four days, seas ran "mountain high," decks all under water, and ship leaking badly. Joshua was obliged to keep below, and was sick with the close air of the cabin. By December 11th they sighted the island of St. Michael's, but hard, head winds held them thereabouts for a week or so longer.

On December 23rd, they were brought to by a gun from a vessel to the southward. She "lowered a boat and boarded us, sent for our captain and papers on board his vessel, a very bad sea going, she hoisted English colors. She did not detain the captain long, but treated him well, although it was with considerable risk he got aboard again. She proved to be the Phenix lugger of Guernsy, privateer, eighteen guns and sixty men, had a few days before taken a Spanish corvette with ninety-seven thousand dollars on board. From the captain of this vessel we were informed that about six weeks before there had been a great naval action off Cadiz, between the French fleet in that harbor (who had come out and offered battle to the English) and Lord Nelson's fleet, in which the English took twenty sail of the line, blew up one, and nine ran away, and that Lord Nelson was killed in the action." This, of course, was the battle of Trafalgar, which took place October 21st. Apparently news of that great victory had not reached Boston by November 16th, the date of the sailing of the Sally.

Early on the morning of December 24th land was made, and the straits of Gibraltar were entered that evening, after being chased all day by a large vessel supposed to be an English man-of-war. By twelve o'clock midnight, after sailing in a pleasant moonlight with a moderate northwest breeze, they were off Ceuta and opposite Gibraltar when they were hailed by a gun from a large English frigate. "What vessel is that?" *Answer*, "The Sally from Boston." "What is your cargo?" *Answer*, "Sugar, cocoa, etc." "Where are you bound to?" *Answer*, "Marseilles and Leghorn." "How long have you been out?" *Answer*, "Thirty-seven days." "Have you seen anything on

the passage?" *Answer*, "Only an English lugger a few days since." "Make sail, make sail." She then shot ahead, tacked, and stood down the straits.

Thence the Sally proceeded north and eastward along the Spanish coast. By December 29th, they made the islands of Majorca and Carbera, and, on the thirtieth, were in sight of Minorca. Then, delayed first by light winds and afterwards by head winds and stormy weather, they sighted the Hieres islands east of Toulon on January 5th. Here they fought hard, head winds and high seas for three days in an effort to make Marseilles, and were still in sight of the Hieres islands. On January 9th, finding it impossible to make progress, they bore away for Hieres harbor, the Sally being by then on short allowance for water, having only thirty gallons on board. They came to anchor about two miles from the town, thankful to be in a safe haven after their fifty-four days continuously at sea. On hoisting a signal of distress they were saluted by a gun from the fort, which, being considered a signal to go ashore, the captain and Joshua put off in the yawl. When about half way in, another shot from the fort whizzed over their heads, followed by a hail: "You Brig Americain, come ashore." On reaching the landing they were met by two "Sans Cullottes" armed with a speaking trumpet and a spy-glass, and they were soon surrounded by a motley group of ragged soldiers and Frenchmen, all of whom seemed to be speakers but not one could speak English. Thus Joshua's small stock of French was made to suffice. The ship's papers were demanded and, on Captain Bailey's presenting them, they refused to touch them but made him spread them on the beach and lay stones on the corners so that they could be read without touching. "I now perceived a man running from the custom house with a bowl of wine, and I concluded they were going to offer us to drink, but found it was for quite a different purpose. They intended to have put Captain B's papers in the red vinegar to purify them." The captain rescued them however. They were then confronted with a charge of about seven hundred francs for anchoring in the port, supplemented by a charge of fifteen francs for guns fired and vinegar supplied. Protests were without avail, and the plea



of distress was no consideration. They threatened to put the papers in the vinegar if that bill was not paid. Six days were spent in this port, detained by bad weather and with constant bickerings over demands for pay before the ship's papers would be surrendered. Finally, with a last payment of one hundred and twenty francs, the brig was allowed to leave, and, on January 16th, they hove anchor and got under way with a light northwest breeze.

That evening the city of Toulon was reached, and Captain Bailey decided to anchor in the harbor, though contrary to Joshua's judgment as wind and weather promised to be fair. There they stayed until the morning of the 19th.

This was Joshua's first experience in a foreign town, and to the young man of twenty, as he expresses it, "the immense public works, the height and compactness of the houses, the difference of architecture from that in America, combined at first sight to inspire me with the idea that I had landed in Fairy land." On first landing they were held under quarantine in the Lazaretto, a large stone building fronting on the mole. Here, behind three iron gratings, they were put to communicate with those on shore, like people in a jail. Their jailors were women, it being thought that women do not so easily take infection as the men. There, in full view of houses and people, they were obliged to wait. To relieve the tedium however, they dispatched one of the madames for a supply of food, and she soon returned with a basket full of grapes, almonds, chestnuts, apples, and wine.

From Toulon they made the port of Marseilles the morning of January 20th, 1806, thus finishing their voyage after a passage of sixty-four days from Boston, thankful to have arrived safely after the vicissitudes of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean in this boisterous season. A quarantine of thirty days, ten of which were at Pomegue Island had, however, to be further endured before they were at last permitted to land on February 18th, happy as jail birds to be delivered from their confinement.

Joshua apparently stayed in Marseilles or thereabouts for nearly three months, and his diary contains quite a full description of that place and of the city's life. At first sight it did not

strike him agreeably; the houses, he thought, had much the appearance of prisons, with their lower windows all covered by iron gratings, projecting into the streets. The streets also seemed to him "intolerably dirty, owing to the bad practices which prevail here"; they were, however, straight and handsome in general appearance, paved with flat stones, and lined by houses five to seven stories high. These houses he thought of great sameness, of one dull-stone color with hardly any exterior distinction; their substantial, massive construction, as if designed to last for centuries, much impressed him.

The time of Joshua's landing was just before the end of the carnival, and the whole city seemed to be devoted to mirth and pleasure, the streets filled with harlequins, grand-turks, buffoons, and all sorts of masques; particularly in the evenings, with dancing and gambling. The grand masquerade was held at the Grand Theatre, where the whole pit was floored over for dancing, and "here the French girls throw off all restraint, and are as free and easy as one could wish." "The French seem to be never tired of this dissipation, they go from one place to another the whole night, and seldom retire till sunrise." The fête ended with the "burying of the Carnival," in which "a ludicrous great figure, laid out on a bier, is carried by four buffoons and harlequins, followed by masques and almost the whole city in carriages, on horseback, and on foot," about two miles to Arran, where the Carnival is committed to the sea. Then they all returned "merry and half seas over."

The parks, the walks, the shops and theatres are further subjects of his descriptions. He is especially struck with the gaiety of the people, particularly on a Sunday, when "you see the whole city out in the public walks, the Bourgoise dancing in groups in the streets." One can well imagine the effect of such scenes and of all these novel surroundings upon the young Yankee boy, on his first absence from home. The three months' stay was probably not spent entirely at work, but apparently included much observation and a great deal of enjoyment. This was, of course, in the time of Napoleon, and was, indeed, almost immediately after the battle of Austerlitz, where the Russians and Austrians were so disastrously defeated. These festivities



may have been, in part at least, a celebration of victory, and an expression of the hope of the inauguration of a period of peace; this was, however, to be soon followed by a succession of appalling convulsions.

On May 13th, 1806, Joshua took passage from Marseilles with "Edward"<sup>1</sup> on the ship *Betsy*, Jno. Chipman, master, bound for Boston. Thence, for over a week, with varying winds, they skirted the Spanish coast, sighting and passing successfully Cape Sebastian, Barcelona, the rocks of "Colobres," and Capes St. Martin, Palos, and finally Cape Di Gato, the afternoon of May 22nd. Here, after sailing all day with a strong easterly gale called a *Levanter*, the wind veered to the westward and became squally with thunder and lightning. The next day, however, was calm and warm with smooth water, so much so that they drifted into a school of turtles asleep on the water, and were able to catch six of them from a small boat.

For three days they beat to and fro, between the coasts of Spain and Morocco, until, late in the afternoon of the 26th, they were becalmed close under the land in a bay which they supposed was Tetuan. Here, about two miles distant, they discovered what appeared to be a strong castle built on an island at the head of the bay, from which a gunboat, crowded with men, eight to ten oars to the side, was putting off. She came rapidly towards the ship, and, after firing a gun, ran alongside. She had Spanish colors hoisted, was armed with four brass swivels, and had about forty men, each armed with a musket, two pistols, and a sabre, very ragged in their dress, and looking like a gang of pirates. The *Betsy* had the American ensign at the peak, and Captain Chipman produced his papers to the commandant and explained, through one of his crew who spoke Spanish, that she was from Marseilles and bound for Boston. Notwithstanding this, however, they swarmed aboard and took possession, placing guards on the quarterdeck and forecastle, and proceeded to tow the ship in to within about a quarter mile of the castle.

<sup>1</sup> This is presumably a younger brother, who may have preceded him to Marseilles. There is no further reference to him during the voyage on the ship *Betsy*.

Here they anchored her for the night, the officers occupying the cabin. In the morning the ship was towed in still farther—to inside of the castle dock. After a long suspense, Joshua, who could speak French, and the mate were taken ashore, together with all papers they had. They landed at the foot of some long stone steps, and thence passed over a drawbridge and through a number of long avenues or streets to the top of the castle, where the governor, Don Francisco Corbera de Cordova, resided. Not without shuddering did Joshua make this passage, “being surrounded by soldiers, and not knowing what they intended to do with me.” The governor was in a small apartment, seated at a table with all of the ship’s papers before him. He was an elderly man, tall, yellow, and phlegmatic, dressed in a red silk coat, a wide embroidered belt around his waist, and white pantaloons. Quite a picturesque figure, he must have been. He demanded why the vessel was there. Said they had been seen taking soundings, and intimated that they had come to learn the strength of the castle. The captain of a Spanish corsair, who was present, used every possible means to induce the governor to detain the ship, saying they were English spies. The governor, however, after leisurely examining the papers, said he had no doubt the ship was American, and ordered her released, much to the chagrin of the captain of the corsair who had hoped to realize considerable prize money. The governor further gave them permission to come ashore and to inspect the castle, to go to church, to fill water casks and get provisions, all of which indicates that he was not only a sensible man but a kind hearted gentleman. Joshua took advantage of the invitation to inspect the castle, which he seems to have found interesting, and he gives quite a detailed description of it. It was called by the occupants Luzamar, which on the chart was spelled Alburamar. Covering an area of about one-third of a mile square, it was built upon a steep rock which rose fifty or sixty feet above the water. The age was given as about two hundred years, and as originally built to assist in keeping the Moors in subjection. It was defended by one hundred and seventy large brass cannon (some forty-two pounders), and was



garrisoned by about one thousand men and “some pretty Spanish women.”

The next morning, May 28th, the Betsy got under way again, and stood to sea with a light, easterly breeze, and soon lost sight of the Moorish coast. The fair wind did not last long, however, and the next morning it was fresh from the northwest. For four days they were then forced to beat against head winds, sometimes of gale strength, so that they had to lay to, but, by the evening of June 1st they were off Gibraltar. That night at twelve o'clock Joshua was awakened by a gun shot fired at the ship, and, on going on deck, found that the ship was close in with Ceuta, on the Moorish coast, and that the shot had come from the batteries of that place. The ship was immediately hove to and a lantern was hoisted in the fore shrouds, but, within five minutes, another shot was fired which carried a twenty-four pound shot, which struck the ship on the side, not more than six feet from where Joshua and the captain and mate were standing. This was followed by a volley of eight or ten shots which passed between the masts and cut the rigging considerably.

The captain hastily put ashore in a boat with his papers, but the firing continued until the boat reached shore, though it was bright moonlight, and it could be plainly seen that the ship was hove to. Fortunately no further damage was done, though the twenty-four pound shot had broken two timbers and started and split one plank. The boat returned without the captain, but with orders to stand in toward the town. This they tried to do, but what with head winds and current, the ship had to stand on and off all the next day; not until the morning of June 3rd, could they come to anchor before the town of Ceuta and take the captain aboard. He had been examined and given liberty to sail, but this had been coupled with a demand for sixty dollars for the shots that had been fired. This the captain refused to pay, and threatened to force payment for the damage the ship had sustained as a stand off. So they were let go at that, the men of the batteries bragging of the good shot they had made. So the Betsy again got under way with a fair breeze, all

thankful to have escaped this danger with a whole skin. But hardly were they out of reach of the Ceuta guns, and standing on their course down the straits, when they were again hove to by the guns of an English frigate, which came up close under their stern and spoke to them. They acted very civilly, however, and stood off again toward Gibraltar. Some eight or ten other sail, including two frigates and a seventy-four gun ship, were seen as they continued down the straits; but, by early morning of June 4th they had lost sight of Cape Spartel and passed out into the Atlantic. Thus, after over three weeks of sailing with adverse winds and other vicissitudes since leaving Marseilles, they finally got clear of the troubled waters of the Mediterranean, a record and experience which probably fairly well illustrates the difficulties of sea faring in those waters in those days. As Joshua writes: "We now began to think after all our perplexities, we were upon our way home, and felt easy we had no more batteries to trouble us."

Fair weather and winds continued for some days. On the 9th they passed the island of Madeira. On the 10th they were boarded by an English brig of twenty guns, but were not molested. On June 16th they had the interesting experience of a total eclipse of the sun at sea. At the time of greatest obscurity they could just discern a small rim around the moon; "at this time everything wore a gloomy aspect, nearly resembling twilight, the sea was perfectly calm and still, and not a breath of wind could be felt. When the rays of the sun first broke out a small breeze sprang up, accompanied by heavy drops of rain; the darkness continued about fifteen minutes." From observations on this eclipse Joshua had the knowledge and skill to calculate the position of the ship as at longitude  $27^{\circ} 15'$ .

On Sunday, June 29th, they were sailing with a fresh south-southwest-by-south breeze when the ship fell in with and struck a floating topmast and a large piece of timber, which was the cause of a lamentable disaster: "Our captain, unfortunately sitting at the leeward side of the table, a lee lurch threw the whole breakfast into his lap, — being hot coffee, etc., — which so enraged him that he seized every plate on the table, and, without mercy, broke every one into a thousand pieces; our crockery



was now reduced so low that we were obliged to eat all out of one dish, and had no tumbler to drink out of." A striking example of the actions of the choleric autocrat — the captain of sailing ships of the old days.

During the next week they ran into stormy weather, with thunder squalls and heavy winds, and, on one day, the ship had to lay to under stay sails in a southwest gale. Another week of fine weather followed, but, on July 7th, a gale of another kind sprang up between the captain and the mate. The latter, on account of some offense two boys had committed, set them to flogging each other. This set the captain into a violent passion; "he swore he would kill the mate if he didn't jump off the quarter deck — told him he was good for nothing but to set boys to fighting, got up an iron mallet and threw it at his head and swore he'd kill him. After some scuffling the affray ended by the mate leaving the quarter deck." Thus was the monotony of long weeks at sea relieved by some excitement. One can imagine the young Joshua standing by watching these agitations with open mouth, and then running below to get them into his diary.

Then for ten days they sailed, with variable winds and weather, some so thick that they lost their bearings by 4° of longitude, until, the morning of July 18th, they finally made soundings and got bottom at sixty fathoms, broken shells and gray sand, on the eastern edge of George's bank. Then they were further hampered by thick weather, and again lost their bearings until, on July 21st, they sighted land: "our dear shore of New England, at a great distance, bearing north-north-west, and being the high, blue mountain of Agamenticus near Portland, after seventy days at sea. Thence they beat down the coast of Maine, impatient to make their home port, passed Cape Ann, stood over to the lighthouse on Manomet Point off Plymouth, and then tacked and stood westward with a fine west southwest breeze and fair tide toward Boston harbor. At four o'clock the "Dome of Boston State House" was visible from the masthead. Soon they were in sight of the Boston lighthouse and "long wished for shores; how busily did passed scenes now hurry over the imagination after eight months' absence, how eagerly did we long to be once more landed on our own Dear land of Liberty.



But no." Adverse winds now held them back, and, after beating all night, with a favorable tide they were able to drop anchor within about four leagues of the town. At daybreak, July 24th, spurred on by impatience, the captain and Joshua deserted the ship to await a favorable wind, and jumped into a boat manned by four good rowers, and, after some delay at Rainsford Island for the doctor's inspection, they reached the town by sundown. "I leave it to those who have been absent from home the first time for eight months, and been on board ship a passage of seventy-two days, to conceive my sensation at this time! — to the Great Ruler of events, under whose providence we are continually, I return sincere thanks for being allowed once more to see all friends in health, and for having been protected thro the many dangers attendant upon a transatlantic voyage."

Despite these feelings of joy in home coming, and despite his realization of the perils of the deep, in less than four months after this return Joshua again embarked on a second voyage to the Mediterranean. On the next page of his diary, without word of or reference to his life at home during all these four months, is the entry, on Monday, 29th December, 1806, that he took passage on the Brig Favorite, Captain Samuel Pratt, as super cargo, "bound for Marseilles and a market." Brothers Isaac and Benjamin accompanied him on board, but returned in the pilot boat after giving them three cheers as a send off, which were returned. With a fresh west-southwest wind they stood out to sea, and were soon "out of sight of our native land, to which we bid a long adieu — how many events, what length of time may intervene before I again visit these scenes of my nativity and youth."

For a few days the wind and weather continued fair and cold, but on the 31st they ran into a northeast gale, and took in all sail and lay to under close reefed mainsail. It "blew hard all night, in the afternoon the mate fell down in a fit, all confusion; whistling, and rattling, and shivering of sails added to the bellowing of the mariners and roaring of the sea. The gale continued all the next day and night with increasing force, seas breaking continually over the ship and one, striking the stern, carried away the yawl, caboose house, water cask, and

quarter board, and the brig so deep as to be continually under water. — What a New Year day! ”

On January 2nd the gale abated, and, after that, the weather continued fine, and in a few days became quite warm. On January 19th they spoke the General Butler, bound from Liverpool to New Orleans, and were informed that a treaty had been signed between Great Britain and the United States. On the 20th they made a hundred and eighty-one miles with a fine north-northwest breeze, and calculated their position about two hundred and twenty miles from Cape St. Vincent. A succession of light and head winds then however, delayed their progress, and not until the morning of the 29th did they sight the coast of Morocco near Cape Spartel.

The next three days were spent in beating up the straits against head winds and currents, so that it was the night of the 31st before they passed Gibraltar. Thence up along the coast of Spain they progressed slowly, much of the time becalmed, and it was February 6th before they reached Cape de Creux, about seventy miles from Marseilles. Then it began to blow fresh from the northwest, increasing to a gale and with tremendous seas running out of the gulf. This moderated the next day, but the wind was still adverse, so that they could hardly make headway on their course, and not until the afternoon of the 9th did they make by Cape Croisette, so near the rocks that they could have thrown a biscuit ashore. Then, with the aid of a pilot, “ in an immense pair of wooden shoes, big enough for canoes,” they were guided into Marseilles harbor. There, “ riding at our anchor, still and quiet, surrounded with houses and ships, and no longer pitched and tossed about at the mercy of the winds and seas, we were just permitted to say ‘ how d’ ye do ’ to our friends ashore — when, without mercy, they placed us in twenty days quarantine, which one could endure any other time but at the end of a sea voyage ” of forty-two days.

After thus concluding his narrative of the voyage to Marseilles, the next entry in Joshua’s diary is dated Marseilles, Sunday, May 7th, 1809. in which he states that, after a residence of nearly two and a half years in Marseilles, he took passage on the Galetta Il Giorsepe, Captain Rais Achmet Benivuda (Algerian),



for Algiers, to return to the United States. No mention is made of the why or reasons for this prolonged sojourn, or of what were his occupation and experiences. It would be interesting had he recorded something of his years of life in the France of those days. But his diary seems to have been considered purely as a ship's log, with reference only to the events at sea.

This ship was embarked on for lack of any direct conveyance, with the idea apparently of changing to some American vessel in Algiers. A Captain J. B. Lockwood of New York was also a passenger. They sailed at six o'clock in the morning. The flag captain was the only Algerian on board, and he "squatted himself up in a heap and seemed to trouble himself very little about the vessel." The sailing master and crew were all Italian, "who regularly went down on their knees and told their beads every night at sundown."

Four days of favorable wind and fair weather carried them to near the Barbary coast, with a good prospect of getting in after a short passage. But then the weather became thick and rainy, and the captains decided not to attempt to run in, and, though the calculations showed that the vessel was to the eastward of their port, they tacked to the eastward under the advice of old Rais, who pretended to know the land and to be an excellent pilot. Both Joshua and Captain Lockwood remonstrated and took observations to convince the captain, but without success. After thus running away from Algiers for three or four days, and being becalmed for two more, they fell in with the American schooner *Manling* on May 16th, whose captain, with great difficulty, finally convinced old Rais that he was one hundred and fifty miles east of Algiers. Joshua and Captain Lockwood enjoyed a visit to the schooner, and were impressed by her fine appearance and shipshape condition, like a cruiser, in contrast to the vessel they were on. They parted, after wishing the Americans a pleasant voyage, and, after beating four days against a head wind, they were forced to put into Bougie, a port about thirty leagues east of Algiers, where they dropped anchor on Friday afternoon, May 19th, thirteen days from Marseilles.

In Bougie they remained until the morning of the 22nd, probably awaiting fair wind and weather. Joshua apparently

made excursions ashore and studied the country and its inhabitants with interest. He describes it as one of the best sea ports of the Barbary coast, and suited to be one of the important commercial places in the Mediterranean were it in possession of a civilized people. The surrounding country is fine and varied, high mountains with luxuriant valleys between. The inhabitants however, he characterized as quite savage, subsisting upon a little wheat and water and "some butter." Considerable oil is produced, but the money received from the sale is made no use of but to bury it in the ground. He was told of instances of old people dying and leaving their children destitute, because their money, hoarded in the ground, was impossible to find. If this condition was common it certainly bespeaks a remarkable lack of banking facilities. The natives in the country are described as having no fixed abodes, but wander about from place to place, pitching their tents wherever they like. They do little or no work, sleep among the rocks, and creep out in the mornings like so many wild beasts.

Bougie itself was a small village defended by an old Moorish castle. The houses were mere huts, built of stone and clay with small holes for windows, with trees and grass growing between. Nevertheless and notwithstanding these primitive and forlorn conditions, Joshua seems to have felt some charm in the land which led him to soliloquize, and he could not help wishing himself "buried in the obscurity of these luxuriant valleys, far from the busy haunts of busy men, cultivating in peace and retirement the ground, and inhabiting some little cottage with her who, alone, would be a fortune with whom the smiles or frowns of fortune would be regarded with indifference — how pleasing are the dreams of imagination! . . . but I forget that I am myself engaged in commerce, and doomed perhaps to pass my days in the shackles imposed by society and human institutions contrary to the voice of nature and of reason." Rather melancholy musings for a young man of twenty-four years, and suggestive of some feminine attachment. From these thoughts he passes, however, directly to mundane affairs, and remarks that "after having taken on board a Spanish man and woman, two monkeys, two dogs, and a sheep, we weighed anchor Mon-



day morning at five o'clock, and arrived at Algiers Tuesday, May 23d, after a pleasant run of thirty hours.

"How little do we know of Futurity or what is to be our situation hereafter! How little did I anticipate making so long a stay in this."

Here ends his diary of that voyage. The subsequent pages are lost. Presumably his stay in Algiers was prolonged much beyond his anticipations, perhaps into the following year of 1810.

The next record of the diary is a single loose page, without preface or conclusion, which recites the incident of several days at sea near the American coast, on a voyage bound eastward in the month of November, in latitude 41 longitude 65. On the 20th, he tells that they had the misfortune to lose four of their live turkeys overboard, which were let loose on deck. Probably a Thanksgiving dinner gone. On the 21st, they ran into an easterly gale and had to lay to under reefed mainsail. The wind then shifted to the southward making a nasty sea, and, late in the afternoon, again turned back to the northeast in a perfect gale — "the sky looked terrific, the sea ran in mountains, thunder and lightning added to the horrors of the tempest. We lay to all night under close reefed main sail, and our little bark rode out the gale without suffering any damage."

The events of the preceding paragraph were probably during another voyage to Europe in the latter part of the year 1810, for the next and final pages of this fragmentary journal are written in the summer of 1811, and begin with a description of an excursion in Spain. Joshua, on his way home, has apparently landed at Alicante, and is devoting a few days to an inland trip. He describes the journey by mule wagon or cart to Elchy and thence on to Orihuela, a distance of about nine leagues, where he put up at a small posada or inn where, "although the beds were none of the best, our fatigue and jolting made us sleep very soundly." At five o'clock the next morning he resumed his journey, and arrived in Murcia by noon of the same day.

He speaks of the country passed through as flat and rather barren, except in the neighborhood of Murcia. The principal crops were barley and wheat "which they were getting in and treading out at the time we passed." Murcia he describes as a



large and handsome city of fifty thousand inhabitants, with many handsome buildings and with fine public walks fronting the river. He mentions particularly the large Bishop's Palace, often the abode of the King. The Bishop lives in great style, is the head of the provincial government, and has revenues of one hundred thousand dollars annually. The cathedral he is much impressed by, its great size, handsome architecture, and rich ornamentation and furnishings; solid silver candlesticks six feet high, and many beautiful paintings. The great square tower he estimates to be nearly three hundred feet high. He climbed it and should know. "To form an adequate idea of the awe which the Catholic religion inspires in its votaries one must enter a church of this kind in the night, see the magnificence of the worship, the costumes of the priests, the light of the innumerable wax candles, and hear the deep and full swelling tones of the great organ, the chant of the choristers and the sound, at intervals, of a deep-toned bell which reaches through the immense vaulted arches. After seeing and hearing all this, one is not astonished at the attachment this religion exercises over the understanding of the lower classes of people, and at the influence which the Catholic religion, by its imposing form of worship, still maintains."

The streets were thronged by swarms of priests and friars, and he found it a great inconvenience to strangers to have to kneel to the "Host" when it passed. "It is commonly carried by a priest on horseback who has a little tinkling bell, at the sound of which everyone kneels until he passes, and, should you refuse to do this, you run great danger of being stoned by the populace." The streets were also full of officers and of young cadets from the local college.

Joshua left Murcia July 23d, and was back in Alicante the next day. Here he apparently remained for some two weeks without leaving any record in his journal of his doings. On Wednesday, August 7th, 1811, he sailed from Alicante for Cadiz on board the Spanish tartane, *La Virgen del Carmen*, under convoy of the Spanish frigate, *La Preuva*, of forty-four guns, in company with some fifteen English and Spanish merchantmen. After two days of head winds to Cape Palos, they caught a

“Levantor,” or east wind, which carried them along at a fine pace. They passed Gibraltar the night of the twelfth with a perfect gale of wind, and anchored in Cadiz bay early in the morning of the thirteenth. The gale and port formalities prevented their entering the harbor until the next day, and they could not land until August fifteenth, “the birthday of the Emperor Napoleon, for which occasion all the batteries on the French side of the Bay of Cadiz repeated salutes at sunrise and sunset.”

Cadiz is described as very attractive and handsome, with pleasant looking white houses and clean streets. The Alameda, or public walk, was a popular resort with “great numbers of Spanish ladies who display themselves to the best advantage; it was also thronged with Spanish and English officers. The town is by nature a strong place, and was well fortified and defended by about six thousand British troops and an equal number of Spanish. In the bay were many gunboats, bomb vessels, and men-of-war, which would occasionally exchange a few shells with the French batteries across the bay, but rarely was any damage done on either side.” He suspects that the Spanish residents were not very friendly towards the British, and that the latter were there largely to prevent delivery of the city to the French.

On Saturday, August 24th, 1811, Joshua sailed from Cadiz as a passenger on the American brig Reuben and Eliza, Captain Andrew Hunter, bound for New York. A Mr. A. Edwards of Connecticut was also a passenger.

For some three weeks the vessel worked its way westward, with variable winds and weather. On September 17th they had a fine view of an eclipse of the sun. Many ships were encountered and spoken. On the 22d, they ran into quite a heavy gale which lasted, however, only a day. On the 24th they got soundings on the western edge of the Grand Banks at fifty fathoms. On Monday, the 30th, they experienced a very heavy gale from the southeast which brought the ship under a balanced reefed trisail. In the afternoon it blew a perfect hurricane, and split the trisail to pieces. Three attempts were made to wear ship, during which the foretopmast stay-sail was split and carried away; the



ship trembled like a leaf, and they expected momentarily to lose the masts, and feared that the ballast might shift; they were unable to pump, as the pipes were choked with sand. At sundown, however, the gale broke, and the wind abated soon after. The next morning a vessel was descried under a jury mast and flying a signal of distress. On being spoken she was found to be the brig Nancy of Hallowell, entirely dismasted in the late gale. She pluckily declined assistance, and said they were "in want of nothing, and intended to make the first port." That same day they saw three other ships all dismasted and under jury masts.

On October 4th, the ship Mary Ann, one day out from Nantucket was spoken, who gave her longitude as sixty-seven and one-half, which made them three degrees ahead of their own reckoning. Thence the Reuben and Eliza continued westward, meeting and speaking various vessels; on October 6th they spoke the brig Mary of Boston, from Dublin thirty days, who gave the news that: "King still alive but on his last legs." They soon after got soundings in thirty-eight fathoms off Block Island.

#### JOSHUA'S LATER LIFE AND LETTERS

Here the journal ends, or, at least there are no more pages preserved. Presumably Joshua reached New York within a few days thereafter and returned to his New England home. Whether he made any more voyages there is no record. It was then fully six years since he had started on his first excursion, and doubtless he had had enough of roaming. He had then reached the age of twenty-six. He was married six years thereafter. During the years immediately preceding 1812 his future father-in-law, Major Caleb Stark, was an importing merchant in Boston, and it is probable that Joshua then made the acquaintance of Sarah Stark, whom he later married. But this is largely conjecture, and the next definite record of his life is nearly thirty years later, in four letters written to his son Francis, my father, from St. Croix, in the year 1841, in the same fine handwriting, though more mature.

The first letter is dated St. Croix, February 3d, 1841. It acknowledges a letter of Francis' from Buenos Ayres, and expresses regret at impressions the latter appears to have received as to

the reasons why he had not heard from his father of late: “ and although it has been our destiny to be separated nearly the whole of your existence, yet I have never ceased to learn with pleasure of your welfare and to regret that circumstances — have thus combined — to divide us. In leaving you under the care of your good aunt and second mother I felt easy as regards the earlier part of your life, and when you decided to enter the navy I foresaw that it would tend to lengthen the period of our separation.” He refers with surprise to “ unfavorable impressions you may have received regarding me from your late mother’s family ” — “ your grandmother was an excellent, good woman, and I always received from her every mark of attention and kindness. But misfortunes attending or following your mother’s decease in some measure estranged me from seeing much of her family afterwards, and the ill health which came upon me soon after those troubles made it necessary for me to change climate, being then nearly given over by physicians, and when I arrived at this island it was generally supposed I could not live three months.” He then describes his recovery with the aid of the tropical climate, though he still suffered from recurrence of his chest and lung troubles and remained far from being a well man. Nevertheless he expresses hope of being able to return to the United States the following summer, though with dread of its changeable and trying climate. He refers in this letter to having sent to his son “ some years since ” some “ manuscripts of my old journals ” and some notes about Algiers, and of never having heard if they had been received. He speaks of the many trials he has suffered as well as anxieties, caused by family troubles in Boston, as having seriously affected his health and ability to attend to business. In response to an inquiry from his son, he confesses to being in very straitened circumstances. He deplores especially his indebtedness to his sister Elizabeth (Pickering) , and requests his son if, on his return home, he can spare five hundred or six hundred dollars to pay it to her on his account. He congratulates his son upon being free from the prevalent reverses which have attended commercial pursuits, and that he is sure of a sufficient income. He expresses regret that his cousin John (the future admiral



and commander of the *Kearsarge*) thinks of leaving the navy, especially in view of the latter's father's recent great losses, and of John's new marriage ties and dependents. He concludes the letter with expressions of hope of an early meeting "if it pleases the Almighty, in whose hands and under whose merciful protection I pray you may be preserved from the evils and troubles of this life."

The next letter is dated March 17th, 1841, acknowledging the receipt of one from his son dated the preceding November 22d. This letter is itself endorsed by his son Francis as received at Callao April 18th, 1842, both illustrating the celerity of intercourse in those days. Joshua, in his letter, expresses much gratitude for a remittance of one hundred dollars, which he accepts with reluctance, and fears that his son may be depriving himself of what he really needs. He says he will remit the sum to his sister Elizabeth "in part payment of what I owe her; indeed I can never repay her for her kindness both to you and myself — may a gracious Providence reward and bless you both." This letter contains renewed references to his poor health and constant afflictions, but, nevertheless, he hopes to be able to return to the United States by June, where he depicts his poor family as having suffered very much. He bespeaks for his son the care of Providence, and urges reliance upon the Bible and its teachings, but concludes with the avowal that "alas I preach very different from my practices! I have been too negligent — but I hope a merciful Providence will take the will (often too wanting) for the deed."

October 31st, 1841, is the date of the next letter from St. Croix. It acknowledges the receipt of one from the *Pacific* dated April 28th, in which Francis has advised his father of his transfer, at his own request, from the *Marion* to the United States ship *Dale*; he also mentions meeting a Mr. Thornley from St. Croix, of whom Joshua writes that he remembers very well — "his father died here, and also the same season the last remaining male descendant of the celebrated Paul Jones, a Mr. Taylor, a midshipman in the Navy, who came here very sick with lung complaint, and whose last moments I attended." He complains of the delays and difficulties of communication, and says he will



send this letter to Chagres via Jamaica, as the new steamers from England are to commence running that month. He is a good deal concerned about dangers of war with England arising from the arrest of McLeod, but in a later postscript he is happy to announce that McLeod has been acquitted. He again acknowledges, gratefully, the receipt of the one hundred dollars remittance, but urges his son, while not to deny himself any expenditures which his needs and position require, at the same time to avoid extravagances as much as stinginess. "If we were in the enjoyment of all we wish, prosperity would injure us — this life is one of trials to prepare us for a better — may you, my dear son, be spared from any which may not ultimately lead to your own happiness, both here and hereafter." He regrets that he had been unable to go to the United States the preceding summer, but still hopes to do so the following spring, if his health, which is still precarious, permits.

He makes inquiry as to the status of his son's share of his grandfather and grandmother Stark's property (they having died only a few years previous to the date of this letter), and suggests that he might be of some service in attending to it in case of return to Boston. In a postscript, dated November 7th, he advises his son to prepare a will and have it properly executed when in some port. He recommends that the entire property be left to his sister (Francis' aunt), Elizabeth Pickering, in consideration of their joint indebtedness to her, "and in case of her decease, to me." This program he recommends because he is his son's legal heir, and "as I have old debts in the United States, in case of any accident happening to you (which may a merciful Providence prevent) some attempt at attachment by my creditors might be made — although I believe, from length of time they are outlawed now." Wise advice, even though tinged by some self interest and without expressed consideration for the claims of his old creditors. His sister Elizabeth, he writes, is in poor health, and others of the family much as usual. "Your cousin, John A. W., is domesticating at home, he has three children, and I am sorry to see he does not exert himself to obtain active employment in his profession, and his father has met with great troubles and losses and will be unable to assist him."

The final letter is of December 1st, 1841, and is largely in confirmation of the preceding one. He refers to letters received by his sister Elizabeth from his son, and of her pleasure in and appreciation of them, and also of some "poetic effusions" enclosed. "I see you inherit the love of poetry which your poor, deceased mother also possessed." But he warns him against giving away to melancholy subjects, as enervating and unfitting for active life. He renews his advice as to the preparation of a will, with particular reference to his sister Elizabeth. "I am more indebted to your good aunt than yourself, in various ways. In truth her taking care of you and bringing you up I take altogether as a debt *I* owe her, and not you, it being my duty to have provided for you. But I don't think she feels more attached to her own children than to you. She appears highly gratified with the letters she receives from you, and the favorable accounts of you from others." — "I am sorry to see your cousin, John A. W., remaining unemployed in Boston."

The letter ends with some general remarks as to the state of national affairs, political and otherwise, and with good wishes and advice. This is the last of the records which have been preserved of Joshua's life. He died and was buried at Saint Croix within two years after this writing.

## II · THE STARKS OF DUNBARTON

**T**HOUGH Francis was mothered by his aunt, Elizabeth, and brought up by her from a baby through childhood, his contacts and associations with his mother's family, the Starks, were developed as he grew older. As a boy he probably spent much of his summers in Dunbarton, and these sojourns continued at intervals during his whole life. The head and the most conspicuous member of this family was General John Stark.

### GENERAL JOHN STARK

John Stark was not only a prominent figure in the Revolutionary War but he was in many ways an interesting and picturesque character, a type of the rugged and adventurous men who were developed by the conditions of our early Colonial life. He was born in Londonderry, New Hampshire, in the year 1728, the son of Archibald Stark,<sup>1</sup> who migrated to New Hampshire in 1720. John Stark was thus born only a few years after the arrival of the first settlers in this part of the country, which was then a forest-covered wilderness. Under the conditions of life of such surroundings he was brought up, tempered, it is true, by the teachings of his father, who was a man of education. John was the second of four sons born in this country, all of whom held commissions in the British service during the Colonial Wars.

During the first twenty-odd years of his life, he lived with his father, and, presumably, helped in the development of the settlement and of his father's property, in the clearing and planting of land, varied by hunting and excursions into the neighboring country. In March of 1752 he embarked upon a wider expedition and adventure in company with his brother, William, and two other men. This was for the purpose of hunting and trapping in the Baker River country, about ten miles west

<sup>1</sup> In 1736 Archibald's home in Londonderry was burned, and he then moved and settled upon land a short distance above the falls of Amoskeag, which was named Derryfield and is now a part of Manchester.





GENERAL JOHN STARK





of what is now the town of Plymouth — then in the midst of forests, uninhabited and without name. Here, after a few weeks of successful trapping, during which they collected furs of a value of over £500, they had the misfortune to be captured by a band of Indians. One of their number was killed. John Stark and Amos Eastman were taken captives, while his brother, William, was able to make his escape. In this encounter John displayed both courage and sagacity. He was the first one captured, and, at the start, he misled his captors as to the location of his companions; subsequently he is credited with the temerity of striking aside the guns of the Indians while they were in the act of firing upon his party. Just how he managed to accomplish this while captive in their hands is not explained. He suffered a severe beating for the act.

The Indians, with their prisoners, then made their way northwards, and finally arrived at St. Francis in Canada, where they were held captive until July. During this sojourn Stark appears to have gained the goodwill and admiration of the Indians by his adroitness and boldness. On one occasion, when both he and Eastman were compelled to run the gauntlet between rows of young warriors — apparently a favorite pastime of Indians with their prisoners — he showed not only agility and courage in beating down some of his opponents, but taunted them with the romantic threat that he would kiss all of their women. Whether his ability to make good this threat was tested is again not stated, but, before he left, he was adopted by the Sachem, dubbed “Young Chief,” and treated with great kindness. His release was finally effected by agents from Massachusetts — a ransom of \$103 being paid. As the Province of New Hampshire would not repay this ransom, Stark, soon after his return, started trapping again to raise the money to discharge his redemption debt — a nice act of probity and good faith.

During the next six years, Stark’s life was one of great activity and enterprise — first as a guide and leader of expeditions to the Coos country near the Connecticut River, and later in military service with Rogers’ Rangers in the Seven Years’ War. In 1755 he was commissioned Second-Lieutenant in the company of the Rangers, and in 1757 was promoted to captaincy of the en-

larged corps. He was present and took part in the operations on Lake George, at Fort Edward, and Fort William Henry. He was prominent in sanguinary engagements near Crown Point and about Fort Ticonderoga. In the winter of 1757 he successfully defended Fort William Henry against capture by a large force of French and Indians. In 1758 he took part in the unsuccessful expedition under General Abercrombie against Fort Ticonderoga, in which Lord Howe was killed. The failure of this attempt was, in Stark's opinion, due to overconfidence and lack of artillery, and the attack was made contrary to his advice.

In August, 1758, Captain Stark returned home on furlough, and married Elizabeth Page, daughter of Captain Caleb Page, later of Dunbarton. In this connection is to be noted that his wife's name was Elizabeth and not the "Molly" of romantic history, who he prophesied would be a widow in the event he was not successful at Bennington.

In the spring of the next year he left his bride of less than a year and enlisted a new company and returned to Fort Edward. He was present at the reduction of Ticonderoga and Crown Point under General Amherst, and he continued with the army until the capitulation of Canada later in the year. He then retired with honor and with the commendation of his superiors in 1759. During this period of four years of service with the Colonial army, Stark is credited with many acts of bravery, and he displayed both good judgment and capacity for leadership. Thus terminated his services under the British flag. He resigned primarily because military operations in America were ended, but there were also feelings of rivalry and jealousies between British and Colonial officers which made continued associations distasteful, and probably engendered feelings which contributed later to the Revolution.

Stark returned to his home, and during the next fifteen years his life was given to the development of his properties and to community affairs. In this period he was active in the settlement of the new township of Dunbarton, together with his brothers and the Pages. He erected the first sawmill at Dunbarton, and was granted one hundred acres of land in that connection. He



was on the committee of safety, and was generally a person of standing.

In April, 1775, the call of the Battle of Lexington again took him away. He received the news while at his mill in Dunbarton and he immediately took horse and rode night and day towards Boston, calling upon and gathering in volunteers on his way. Arriving in Cambridge he organized a regiment of New Hampshire men, and was commissioned "Colonel" by the Province of New Hampshire. In the battle of Bunker Hill he and his men did valuable service, and the New Hampshire marksmen took their full toll in the defense of the trenches; they subsequently covered Prescott's retreat under "the cool and sagacious Stark." After the evacuation of Boston he and his command were transferred to New York, and took part in the defense of that city until May, 1776. They were then ordered north to Albany and later to Canada, serving successively under Generals Sullivan and Gates. Later in the year he was with Washington at Trenton, again under Sullivan. Early in 1777 Colonel Stark returned to New Hampshire, as the term of his men's enlistment had expired; but in March of that year he recruited a new regiment. Hardly was this completed, however, than he received word that Congress had omitted his name for promotion, though a number of junior officers were advanced to the rank of "Brigadier." Incensed by this unjust act, he resigned his commission to the Council of the State of New Hampshire, who responded with a vote of thanks for his services.

His retirement from service was, however, of short duration. The invasion of New York and Vermont from Canada by Burgoyne, in the summer of 1777, threatened also New Hampshire, and this precipitated at once a call to arms. Stark was immediately sought and responded promptly in the month of July, and in one short month he raised an entire brigade, mostly of New Hampshire men. He was put in independent command by the Council of New Hampshire. During the following month he met the Hessians under Burgoyne at Bennington, fought two battles in one day, and arrested the advance of the enemy in what is classed as one of the most brilliant and momentous battles of the war. Recognition of this service by Congress

followed quickly. A vote of thanks was passed and a commission was issued to him as Brigadier-General in the Federal Army.<sup>2</sup>

After the battle of Bennington, General Stark continued in military service during the rest of the war. He was not later especially conspicuous, but he did a great deal of valuable service, and he displayed much tenacity and patience under many trying conditions. He served with General Gates in New York and later in Rhode Island, with Washington in New Jersey, and under General St. Clair in New York. In 1781 he was placed in command of the Northern Department, with headquarters at Saratoga. In 1782 he appears to have been more or less unwell, and, during part of the year, he was at his home on leave, suffering from rheumatism. Early in 1783 he was, however, with General Washington at headquarters. With the recognition of the independence of the United States by England, in November, 1783, he retired from the Army, and his military career was ended.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Later in 1786, pursuant to another act of Congress, he was advanced to the rank of Major-General by brevet. The original of this commission, as well as the originals of the commission as Colonel from the Congress of the Colony of New Hampshire in June, 1775, the commission as Brigadier-General from the Congress of Delegates of the United States, October 17th, 1777, and a vote of thanks from that Congress, both of the latter signed by John Hancock, are at present in my possession. A. W.

<sup>3</sup> In December, 1932, there was published the following notice in a Manchester, New Hampshire, paper:

"The Manchester Historical Association is indebted to Mrs. Jennie A. Osborne, of 278 Ash street, for several unusually valuable contributions to its important array of historical relics. Mrs. Osborne who is a great, great granddaughter of General John Stark, one of the outstanding figures and patriots of the American Revolution, had in her possession the identical flag which floated over the indomitable little army, commanded by General Stark, when it put to flight the Hessians, hirelings of Great Britain, at the battle of Bennington.

"This flag was 17 by 19 inches, and presented a field of blue with 13 white stars, and its float was light green and without stripes. This flag Mrs. Osborne sold to a collector of historical relics in New York, but before parting with it took several photographs of the banner, and also retained a part of the silk float. One of these photographs, and a piece of the float, she has presented to the Historical Association, which has now been framed and occupies a place on the wall of the west exhibition room in the new Historical building.

"Mrs. Osborne also possessed the orderly book kept by General Stark, written by himself, in which he narrated incidents as they occurred during his service with Washington's army, stationed on the Hudson, in the memorable year of 1780. Outstanding in interest is General Stark's narrative of the discovery of Arnold's treachery, when he attempted to give up the fortifications of West Point to the British, and of the capture of Major André, of the court martial which followed, of the prisoner being found guilty of being a spy, and of his execution



General Stark passed the remainder of his long life either at his home in Derryfield, in the cultivation of his lands and in the bringing up of his large family, or, at Dunbarton in the development of properties he acquired there. He died in 1822 in his ninety-fourth year. He was buried on his estate, now in the city of Manchester, with military honors. His family was a large one, consisting of eleven children, of whom five were sons and six were daughters. From Caleb, the eldest, we are descended. He alone of all the children survived his father. General Stark is described as one of stern appearance, yet capable of winning the affections of his soldiers—as fearless and cool in danger, and inspiring confidence. He was of middle stature, and constant exercise prevented him from becoming corpulent. He always traveled on horseback, and even at an advanced age mounted his horse with ease.

The preceding somewhat long sketch of the life of our illustrious forebear I have written largely for the information of the next generation, who may not have the incentive nor the opportunity to read the history of his times.

#### MAJOR CALEB STARK AND HIS CHILDREN

Caleb Stark, the General's oldest son, was born in Dunbarton at the home of his mother's father, Caleb Page, December 3d, 1759, while his father was on service in Canada. He remained in the care of his grandfather in Dunbarton during all of his youth and until 1775. Soon after the action at Lexington, however, in June, 1775, when only fifteen years of age, against the remonstrances of his grandfather and probably in emulation of his father's act, he secretly collected his clothing, and, before daylight, mounted a horse and started for the American camp near Boston. He must have made fast time, for he is credited with having reached Charlestown the evening of the same day, June 16th, but this seems incredible. His reception by his father

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by order of General Washington. General Stark was one of the officers sitting at the court martial who heard the evidence in the case, and this he narrates at length in his orderly book.

"As she did with the flag, Mrs. Osborne sold this book in New York, but before doing so had its pages photographed and bound, and one of these volumes, a book of more than 100 pages, she has given the Historical Association. General Stark's handwriting stands out in bold relief, and is easily read."



was not entirely cordial, but, nevertheless, he was permitted to stay, and was assigned to the care of Capt. George Reid. He was thus present during the battle which followed the next day, and he stood at his post with his musket along with older men.

During the remainder of the campaign, Caleb remained as a cadet in the same company, and learned the rudiments of military life and practices. During the next year he was commissioned as ensign, and later advanced to the duties of quartermaster, though then only seventeen years of age, with the grade of lieutenant. As adjutant he was in the operations at Trenton and Princeton. In the spring of 1777 he was with Colonel Joseph Cilley at Ticonderoga, and was wounded in the left arm in October of that year. During 1778 to 1781 he was aide-de-camp, brigade major, and adjutant general of the Northern Department, then commanded by General Stark; he was in Rhode Island with his father in 1779, and was present at the battle of Springfield in 1780.

At the close of the Revolutionary War, Caleb engaged in mercantile pursuits—first in Haverhill, Massachusetts, and afterwards in Dunbarton, New Hampshire. He was later interested in navigation, and became the owner of several vessels. In 1805 and 1806 he was an importing merchant at Boston, in the English and East Indian trade. He traveled extensively, visiting the West Indies in 1798 and Great Britain in 1810, where he spent a year making purchases. In 1812 he abandoned business in Boston, and started manufacturing cotton in Pembroke, New Hampshire, where he established a residence and entertained Lafayette in 1824. He gave most of his attention to this undertaking for the next eighteen years. In 1830 he disposed of his interest, and went to Ohio to prosecute the family's claims to lands granted for military services. He secured these, only after long and vexatious legal actions, in 1837, and he died upon the property August 26, 1838, aged seventy-nine, before he could return to his home.<sup>4</sup> His body was brought back and buried in the family cemetery at Dunbarton.

<sup>4</sup> These Ohio lands were never occupied or even seen by General Stark himself, though they appear to have been assigned by or before the year 1801.

In a compilation of the United States laws published in 1838 are the following references:

In person, Major Stark is described as rather above the middle height, of a slight but muscular frame, with strong features, deep set, keen blue eyes, and a prominent forehead. He much resembled his father in appearance. His characteristics were indomitable courage and perseverance, united with coolness and self possession which never deserted him in any emergency.

Caleb was married in 1787 to Sarah McKinstry of Taunton, Massachusetts. She died in September, 1839, a year after her

*U. S.: Laws, statutes, etc.* Resolutions, laws and ordinances relating to . . . bounty lands, . . . by Congress to the officers . . . of the Revolution. Washington, 1838.

Resolutions . . . providing bounty lands for the officers of the Revolution. (1776, Sept. 16)

*Resolved* . . . That Congress make provision for granting lands in the following proportions: . . . to a lieutenant 200 acres. (1780 Aug. 12)

*Resolved* . . . That the provision for granting lands by the resolution of Sept. 16, 1776 is hereby extended to the general officers, in the following proportion: . . . To a brigadier general 850 acres, p. 20. . . . An act for the relief of Caleb Stark, *Sec. 1.* . . . for half pay as a lieutenant . . . *Sec. 2.* That the Secretary of War issue to the said Caleb Stark a warrant for the land bounty to which he was entitled as a lieutenant in the said army.

Approved May 24, 1828; p. 94.

The history of this grant of land, known as the "Stark Patent," is set forth in a paper entitled "Major Caleb Stark in Ohio." By George H. Twiss, in the *Ohio Archaeological and Historical Quarterly*, April, 1908, v. 17, pp. 150-159:

"This is the outlining on an important . . . case through the courts of Ohio in the form of a petition . . . by the plaintiff, Maj. Caleb Stark . . . Correspondence with the owners of the Stark estate in Dunbarton, N. H., brought the information that filed away . . . were some papers relating to the Ohio lands . . . They have been chronologically arranged and carefully mounted by the Archaeological and Historical Society, so as to be available for study by . . . historians, p. 152; The collection shows . . . a legal battle extending over a period of thirteen years . . . The courts finally secured to him (Caleb Stark) a title in the land in question . . . p. 152. . . . The Petition of Caleb Stark: . . . The Congress of the United States granted to John Stark, for military services, 850 acres of land; and to his son, Archibald, 200 acres, who, dying without issue, John became his heir and owner of the land, 1,050 acres, p. 153."

It appears that a James E. Smith and James Johnson, pretending a purchase, entered this land in 1801. This did not come to the knowledge of Major Caleb until 1816, when he immediately began action by correspondence and legal proceedings. He made a hurried visit to the land in 1824, and he continued legal action until and after his return to the land in 1830. It became both a legal and personal battle, accompanied by destruction of property, personal abuse, and menace of assassination. Evidently the fighting spirit was aroused. He was successful not only in accomplishing his own ends, but he is credited with having performed an important public service in determining a leading and important case, affecting rights of property of great value in Ohio, and defeating the operations of an organized combination of "land grabbers."



husband. They also had eleven children, of whom five were sons and six were daughters — a strange coincidence, the number corresponding exactly with that of his father's children.<sup>5</sup>

Of this large family three daughters and one son (late in life) were married; the other four sons remained single, as did three of the daughters. The eleven children were as follows:

1. JOHN		Born in 1788 — Died in 1836 — Unmarried. Buried Dunbarton
2. HARRIET	} <i>Twins</i>	Born in 1790 — Died in 1872 — Unmarried. Buried Dunbarton
3. SARAH		Born in 1790 — Died in 1791
4. ELIZABETH <sup>6</sup>	} <i>Twins</i>	Born in — Living in 1843 — Married Samuel Newell
5. CHARLES		Born in 1794 — Died in 1815 — Unmarried. Buried Dunbarton
6. SARAH		Born in 1794 — Died in 1819 — Married Joshua Winslow in 1817. Buried Dunbarton
7. HENRY <sup>6</sup>		Born in — Living in 1854 — Married late in life a Mrs. Randolph in Washington. Probably buried there.
8. MARY ANN		Born in 1797 — Died in 1815 — Unmarried. Buried Dunbarton
9. CHARLOTTE		Born in 1799 — Died in 1889 — Unmarried. Buried Dunbarton
10. CALEB		Born in 1805 — Died in 1864 — Unmarried. Buried Dunbarton
11. DAVID		Born in 1807 — Died in 1832 — Unmarried. Buried Dunbarton

JOHN, the eldest son, was a man of affairs, and was probably active in the mercantile business of his father during the first decades of the century. He traveled and lived for some time in the West Indies, and, in fact, the climate there so impaired his health as to have been a probable cause of his comparatively early death. Among the records in my possession is a passport issued to him in December, 1812, by the British Consul in

<sup>5</sup> Most of the information of these notes has been gathered from the following publications:

Memoir and Official Correspondence of General John Stark, with notices of several other Officers of the Revolution, etc., etc. By Caleb Stark. Concord, 1860.

History of the Town of Dunbarton. By Caleb Stark, Concord, 1860.

New Hampshire. By Frank B. Sanborn, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1904.

The Caleb Stark, noted above, was the grandson of the General and a son of Major Caleb Stark. He compiled these records during the latter part of his life, and was assisted in this work by his nephew and my father, Francis Winslow.

<sup>6</sup> The dates of birth and death of Elizabeth and Henry are unknown to me, and their names are inserted in the table on supposition of their chronological order.



Boston, for the British settlements in the East Indies, permitting him to proceed thither and to remain or to return thence without hindrance. This was apparently despite the existing of pending hostilities between England and the United States. But a later document, in the form of a Parole, drafted in Calcutta in May, 1813, modifies these privileges by obligating him not to aid in any plan hostile to the British Government, and to conduct himself in a peaceable and orderly manner; it further requires him not to leave Calcutta without permission, this all to remain in effect until peace is established or until he shall be released by the government. Probably, therefore, the state of war was one cause of a prolonged sojourn. No record has come to my knowledge of his doings and experiences while in Calcutta. A number of East Indian relics in the old house at Dunbarton, seen in my childhood, were attributed to him. He was a young man, only forty years of age when Francis was born, and they were probably well acquainted with each other. He died in 1836, two years before his father, who at the time was away in Ohio.

HARRIET, the next in age, I remember clearly when a child, as she lived to the ripe age of eighty-two, long after all of her brothers and sisters, excepting Charlotte. She was a masterful woman, vigorous and aggressive, dominating the whole family, probably even before her father's death. She would have her way, and had many conflicts, legal and of other kinds. She caused many to dislike her, even among her own family, and this was especially the case with her sister Elizabeth, who married Samuel Newell. She caused dissension and hurt feelings to my father and mother which led to estrangement. Yet she was a woman of great ability, and did much to upkeep the family property, was helpful and even charitable to relatives in need, and gave much to their support. She was only twenty-eight years old at the time of my father's birth, and she survived him by ten years. He knew her well, and was more or less under her direction and control in his early manhood.

CHARLOTTE, the youngest sister, was a very different person from Harriet. Kind-hearted and affectionate by nature, she was loved and remembered with affection by all who knew her.

She lived on at the old home in Dunbarton until her death in 1889, at the age of ninety. I remember her well, and it was with her I spent much of my summers between the years 1877 and 1881. Her kindness I shall never forget, her cordial welcomes, her tips and presents, and her ginger cookies. She was generous to a fault, and had little left of her property when she died; yet she remembered us all with thoughtful appreciation. Along with all her kind qualities she was of a strong character, sagacious in her judgments and firm in her decisions. She was the last of her generation, lingering alone seventeen years after her sister Harriet, whom she always remembered with love and loyalty. Only eighteen years old when my father was born, she had a girl's love for the baby boy and she cherished his memory with much tenderness.

Of the other brothers and sisters I have no remembrance. They all died before I was born, or very soon after. The second daughter, Elizabeth, had several Newell children, one of whom, named Samuel, changed his name to John Stark, and was the father of Charles Morris Stark, recently living in Dunbarton. Elizabeth lived little in Dunbarton after her marriage.

CHARLES was a twin brother of my grandmother, Sarah. He died at the early age of twenty-one, before my father was born.

HENRY, of about the same birth date, lived until after 1854. During the year 1850 he made a trip to Europe and met my father in Naples, when the latter was attached to the flagship Independence. During the spring they saw much of each other there, and took excursions together. They were also together in Washington in 1853 and 1854. He was perhaps twenty-three years old when my father was born. He was something of a politician, and held some government positions in Washington. He married there a Mrs. Randolph, late in life, and probably died and was buried there.

DAVID, the baby of the family, died at the early age of twenty-five from consumption. A portrait of him is in my possession, and shows him as a handsome young man, with good features, fine eyes, and waving hair, dressed in a dark coat, white waistcoat, and high black stock. He was cherished by his sisters, and was only eleven years old when my father was born.





MISS CHARLOTTE STARK



DAVID STARK





CALEB, the next youngest child, survived all of his brothers, and died at the age of fifty-nine in 1864. He lived most of his life in Dunbarton, and was known as the Squire. He had decided literary tastes and ability, and did much work in compiling the published histories of his grandfather and father, and also of other notable characters of Dunbarton and vicinity. His history of Dunbarton is a record of much local value. He also had some weaknesses of character, including fondness for drink, which made more or less trouble for him and other members of the family. Part of the time he lived in a small cottage off the "lane," of which only the ruins of the foundations now remain. This was known in my boyhood as the "Squire's Cottage," and here he would retire at times to be alone and possibly to pursue his literary work in quiet. It is also handed down that he did this to escape the domination of his sister Harriet.

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Thus, for one hundred and one years, these children of the third generation were born, lived, and died, some abiding more or less continuously in their country home at Dunbarton, others migrating for shorter or longer absences, and some leaving never to return. The first to die was the baby Sarah, Harriet's twin, a year or less old, in 1791; next followed, after the long interval of twenty-six years, Charles and Mary Ann, both in 1815; then came Sarah, my grandmother, in 1819. An interval of thirteen years then elapsed before David's death in 1832, and he was soon followed by John, the eldest son, in 1836, and by the father, Caleb, in 1838. There was then another lull of ten or more years, probably, until Elizabeth and Henry were called. Caleb's, the son's, death, in 1864, was followed by Harriet's in 1872, and, finally, Charlotte, in 1889, ended the list. This was the last of the Starks of Dunbarton.

### III · ELIZABETH

[1787-1866]

ELIZABETH WINSLOW was a younger sister of Joshua, born in 1787 and thus only two years younger. She was probably born in Boston, after her parents' return home, after the Revolution. Her birth was only six years prior to the death of her father, Isaac Winslow. Her mother, Mary (Davis) Winslow, survived her husband some five or six years, and Elizabeth, thus, must have continued in her care until ten or more years of age. Afterwards she probably lived with her oldest brother, Isaac, who was then about twenty-four years old, and who was a father and mainstay to many if not all of his younger brothers and sisters, at least during their childhood.

Of Elizabeth's child and girlhood life no records have been preserved to my knowledge, nor any descriptions of her appearance and character. She probably lived the quiet home life of those days, in the midst of relatives, brothers, and sisters. She undoubtedly had ability, and exhibited and developed qualities of kind-heartedness and competent helpfulness which characterized her later life. She lived to the age of seventy-eight, dying in Roxbury in 1866, and her body now lies buried, with those of her three boys and her grandchildren, in the family lot in Forest Hills. I myself can remember her dimly, in my early childhood years, merely as an old lady relative, whom we knew and called Grandma-Pick. A relic of her possessions, the property of her granddaughter, Susan Howard Pickering, is a beautiful and fine old silver "sugar box," made by her great grandfather Edward Winslow (1669-1753), and evidently one of her heirlooms. With the great value now placed on such old silver it is well worth as much as twenty thousand dollars. What a boon would this small fortune have been to Elizabeth in her straitened circumstances, if she could then have realized such a sum from it!



Elizabeth was married, probably about the year 1806, when she was barely twenty years of age, to William Pickering. Her husband was an Englishman who had been educated at Eton, and later was an officer in the British army. He came to Boston directly from England, with a younger brother, probably with letters of introduction to Isaac Winslow, or to other members of the family. He stopped in Boston on his way to the West Indies, where he or his connections had landed or other interests. Apparently he fell in love with Elizabeth quickly, if not at first sight, for they were soon married, and the young wife continued on to St. Croix with her husband. There, in this small and remote little island of the Caribbean Sea, she lived and bore her little family of three boys, during the next six years. Whether she ever returned home on a visit during this period, I have no record. Probably not, considering its remoteness, the difficulties and dangers of the voyage, the tender age of her children, and their close succession. Quite an experience if not an ordeal was this for the young, home-bred wife and mother, transported so quickly from friends and relatives to new scenes amid strangers. But girls of those times were not softened by luxuries and did not shrink from hardships, especially when tinged with adventure.

Sometime, probably about the year 1814, Elizabeth and her husband, with their three little boys, Arthur, born 1808, William, born 1810, and John, born 1812, returned home for a visit. For some reason, perhaps for health or to be near the sea and shipping, they took and occupied a house in Quincy, a suburb of Boston. Unfortunately they took not only a house but the children took whooping cough also, and this, transmitted to their father, caused his death. In a violent paroxysm of coughing he burst a blood vessel and expired soon after.

Thus, after little more than six years of married life, and when only twenty-five years of age, Elizabeth was home again. Left by her husband with her three little children and some small property, she took up life again in the midst of the scenes of her childhood, and surrounded by her family and relatives. This life was uneventful, of the simple and peaceful character of gentle people of small means in those times. It was undoubt-

edly arduous with the three small children to raise, the oldest being only about six years. That she carried on with good cheer, amiability, and affection was undoubtedly the case from the memories of her life which have survived, and from the light thrown on her character by her letters of later years which have been preserved.

Some four or five years after her return, in the latter part of the year 1818, her nephew, my father, Francis, was born. This was in Boston, and probably his aunt Elizabeth was present or near by on that occasion. The mother, dying a few months after the birth of the child, he fell, as it were, into the lap of Elizabeth. The tradition is that she, with feeling for the child's future and welfare, took him as a baby to his mother's home in Dunbarton for the care of his grandparents and his mother's sisters. But they, for reasons which have not been transmitted to my knowledge, declined the responsibility. Perhaps, and even probably, from knowledge of the characters of some of the members of the Stark family, the troubles alluded to in Joshua's letter to his son, still rankled. So, thinking, perhaps, that, as Elizabeth had so many little ones to look after, one more would make little difference, they let the little boy be taken back to Boston, to be reared by his father's people. And well did Elizabeth discharge this duty, with loving care and affection, as is evidenced by her later letters and by my father's devotion to her, whom he always addressed and regarded as "mother."

For fifteen years, until his entrance into the Navy, did Elizabeth mother the child, though part of his time, probably during the summers, was passed in Dunbarton, where his mother's family grew to regard and to receive him with affection. Then, with the beginning of his life at sea, he was weaned from Elizabeth's kind care. Her devotion continued, however, unabated, and her interest in his career and her pride in his record and accomplishments is expressed and preserved in a large number of letters written to him by her during subsequent years.

The first of these letters which I have found among my father's papers is dated November 23d, 1839, when she was fifty-two years



old. It was written ten days after his sailing from Boston for South America on the U. S. S. Marion. It expresses loneliness and sorrow at his leaving. She is living in chambers (Miss Livermore's) in Boston, and she speaks of their comfort and cheerfulness. She writes of visits of consolation from a Mrs. Hale and daughter Jane, for whom it appears that Francis, then only twenty-one years of age, had sentimental attachment, but whom Elizabeth evidently regarded as a flirt, she being then engaged to another man. She acknowledges with gratitude some "kind letter and bequest" which Francis had left with her, which she dislikes to accept on account of any feeling "that you *owe* me anything—for, though your father was unable for many years to defray any of your expenses, yet, as I kept house in the country and in a very economical way, one more child did not make any difference." Kind and brave heart! "Arthur being out of business and the times so hard may make me obliged to use your generous offer, but I feel very uneasy that you should have deprived yourself of a part of your pay during a year, and should not let you have done it if I had have known it."

From this date for nearly five years, to June, 1844, while my father was absent on his long cruise to South America and the Pacific coast, did such letters continue, mailed every few weeks, as opportunity offered, but written and added to every few days, a diary of doings and affairs of family and friends, full of affectionate interest and replete with concern for his welfare, gratitude for his helpfulness, and prayers for his safety.

During the first two years of this period Elizabeth was domiciled at a Miss Livermore's in Somerset Place; a boarding house which was apparently a favorite resort of members of the family. There she lived in her little rooms and parlor with her son Arthur and also her nephew George. It appears to have been a comfortable place, and run with a kindliness of feeling. Pleasant people frequented it, and the location was accessible to and from friends living on Beacon Hill. Among others, the aunts and other members of the Stark family were frequent visitors from Dunbarton. John A. Winslow and his wife and two oldest children were also residents for a short time. Later,



in the autumn of 1841, after the death of one of the Livermore sisters, Elizabeth moved to a Miss Lewis's home, on Boylston Street, near the end of the "Mall," opposite the Common, where, from the back windows there was a beautiful view of the country to the south and west.

Interesting and amusing to read are these letters for one who has been acquainted with the subsequent lives of the people she refers to. They show discernment and sense of humor, but with charity for all. To repeat all or even a large part of what she writes would be beyond the scope of this recital, but an abstract of the contents concerning certain individuals will be attempted.

#### UNCLE WINSLOW

An important personage in her writings, and one to whom she often refers, was "Uncle Winslow." This was her oldest brother, Isaac, the head of the family and its mainstay, already referred to. He was born in 1774, at the time of the beginning of the Revolution, and was thus only thirteen years older than Elizabeth, and, at the dates of these writings, was between sixty-five and seventy years of age. In April of 1840 she writes of his suffering from a nervous breakdown and acute melancholia, caused by worry over business troubles, such that he had to be taken to an insane hospital for observation and quiet. But, by the following September he had so far recovered as to return home, and in such spirits that his society did much to improve the cheer of the family circle, which was then segregated somewhere in the country, in or near Roxbury. The next month she writes of him as being perfectly well, and so enjoying his "beautiful place" in the country that he thinks of selling his Leverett Street house. In July of 1842 Elizabeth wrote that she has been staying in Roxbury with Uncle Winslow, and that he has purchased his place in Roxbury in the country, and has improved it very much, and that it is a lovely retired spot, but lonely. One has to go there from Boston first by omnibus and then walk about three-fourths of a mile. Sometimes in returning, if the omnibus is missed, one has to walk all the way. Again, in the winter of 1843, she writes of another visit to Uncle Wins-

low, and, spending the night "very what *you* would call *comfortable*. I slept in the room I used to occupy, a fine large one which, when I went to bed, I found prepared with a large fire, an easy rocking chair placed before it, a stand with a light, and a pile of books on it, all by Margaret's thoughtfulness, and so neat."

Thus he maintained himself in his old age, not only as the head but as the refuge of the family, in the patriarchal way, and he continued this to the end of his life, which lasted until 1856. His home, until his death, continued in the country in Roxbury, a suburb of Boston, which by then had developed nearly to a small town. It was on Walnut Street, about half a mile west of Warren Street.

#### THE PICKERINGS

Arthur Pickering, Elizabeth's oldest son and first cousin of my father, lived with his mother practically all of this time, and is described as a gay young bachelor, then between thirty and thirty-six years of age. Her younger sons, William and John had gone West to make their fortunes, but, as a matter of fact, had a hard time making their livings, somewhere near Chicago. Times seem to have been pretty bad in those years. But Arthur was, nevertheless, care free, and enjoyed living in town and paying attention to the young ladies, attending dinners and oyster suppers. In the summer of 1840 he went to visit his brothers and to see the country. He was still absent in September, and Elizabeth writes: "I had no idea I should miss him so much. I seem to have no one to go to in trouble or in joy, to communicate my thoughts, such a painful indifference seems to prevail around me. How I should like to have a small, neat house in Boston, and you and Arthur reside with me comfortably." Early in October she writes that Arthur has returned, and that he was taken "with jaundice and fever while travelling from Cleveland to Zanesville, and was confined at the latter place twenty days, at a hotel in a room without a fire and without a single friend; when scarcely able to travel he started for home and is now slowly recovering." William and John at the same time had been suffering much in the West from fever and



ague. Arthur was content to remain in the country while convalescing, but she thinks he will feel different when well, as he will wish to "run around and make those evening calls." And the next month, true enough, he was back again, giving oyster suppers and in love with a Miss Jane Hunt from New Haven. But in January she records: "A sad event for George and Arthur, Mrs. Hunt's family have left us, piano and guitar, cheerful society all gone. She has gone to housekeeping in Mt. Vernon Street, and invited us all to visit her frequently. — Yesterday the spirit moved George and Arthur to get up a sleighing party, or rather George, for Arthur takes no trouble for anything. They got an elegant team of horses, rivalling the snow in whiteness, and about fifteen persons, and went to the 'Ark' or rather as now named Mount Ararat. Mrs. Hunt and daughter, Alice Brooks and brother were of the party, a Miss Lawson from Halifax, Miss Goodwin and our family. After an oyster supper, plenty of whiskey punch, mulled wine, music, dancing, etc., we got into our big sleigh, and, spite of the thermometer standing eight below zero, we had a delightful ride in by light of a full moon. The Ark family behaved extremely well on the occasion, not much alarmed. George and Arthur rivalling each other in endeavoring to obtain the favor of Alice, the latter very constant. Aunts arrived on Monday. Have a law suit in Dunbarton with a neighbor. Visit from Alice Brooks. I think I shall keep her for you."

William and John were discouraged with their lives in Illinois, and wanted to move to Ohio to some land inherited by Francis from his mother, but Aunt Harriet Stark was opposed to this and it was never done. In the winter of 1841 business seems to have improved, and there was more gaiety in town, and Arthur offered himself to Alice Brooks and was refused. But, by the summer following, he managed to console himself, and his mother writes that his present love is Jane Hunt, and that "she does as well as anyone." In the autumn she writes that her son John had married a widow in the West, and had established a store, and was doing well in the winter, and very happy with his wife, whom he refers to as a "nonsuch." Arthur continues to be devoted to Jane Hunt, "but I tell him she won't have him."



The following spring her son John arrived from the West to obtain a stock of goods for his store; but, she writes, "John has again left me. Oh, the misery of these partings!" Arthur at that time, she writes, has no particular love, "I fear he is doomed to remain a bachelor." In the summer of 1842 he made a tour of the Springs, while she stayed with Uncle Winslow in Roxbury. Bad times were on again. Her nephews, Isaac and Tom, and her brother Edward had all failed, and the families were in a melancholy state. But George, Ben, and Arthur were doing very well, having established a line of packets to England in connection with a Mr. Marice, "a great merchant of London." But, in the autumn, she writes that her son John has been robbed by his clerk of about \$1000, "his usual luck." In a letter of the early winter of 1843 she relates, as an amusing piece of gossip, that a Mr. Lovering, who for some time had paid marked attentions to a young lady, had relaxed in his devotions, and, soon thereafter, was waylaid on Washington Street by the irate brother and given a tremendous beating, and had some front teeth knocked out. "Arthur says he will himself visit no more young ladies now, if such is to be the conduct of their brothers."

In the spring following, Elizabeth made the journey West to visit her sons, a trip she had long intended, but rather dreaded and postponed from year to year. The completion of the Western Railroad to Buffalo finally decided her to make the effort. From Boston to Buffalo by rail took thirty-six hours, and one can imagine the rough conditions and discomfort of long train journeys in those days. Probably, however, the novelty of the experience and the sights of the new country sustained the travelers. From Buffalo she went by water on what she describes as a splendid steamboat, carrying five hundred passengers, with saloons, piano, band of music, and dancing on deck. She was, however, disappointed with the West. She spent most of her time with her son John, whom she found living in two rooms over his store, one of which was vacated for her. His wife was at the time an invalid, and they had a beautiful little girl, only one year old, to whom Elizabeth became much attached. Within a month or two after her return, however, she was much distressed to learn of the little child's death.

The references in Elizabeth's letters to her oldest son Arthur might be construed to indicate that he was of a careless and frivolous nature. This, however, was not really so, and was not, I believe, so meant by Elizabeth; he had many odd ways, and was doubtless a subject of more or less good-natured humor on the part of the family. As a matter of fact, his was a kindly and lovable nature, with feelings of sympathy and charity for others. I remember him well from my early childhood until his death in 1891. He was sociable and fond of society, and susceptible to ladies, as is apparent from Elizabeth's letters. Shortly before 1850 he married his cousin and ward, Sarah Winslow Howard, daughter of the Dr. Howard spoken of in the letters. She was very much younger, a sweet and lovable woman, who, from then on, made a happy home not only for her husband and their three children, but also for her sister and her two brothers, William and James. Arthur, her husband, was practically the head of this household for nearly forty years, and he guided and provided for them ably and bountifully. At one period he was very successful in business in Boston, as a commission and importing merchant, until after the business depression of the seventies, when age and failing health gradually crippled his activities. He lived during most of his married life in Roxbury, and there I knew him well when a child. He and his wife were most helpful and generous to my mother in her widowhood and time of distress, and my brothers and sister and I were always at home with them, and were received and treated with intimate affection. I was named after him.

#### THE AUNTS OF DUNBARTON

There are many references in these letters to the Stark family, the aunts, uncles, and cousins of Francis. They stopped frequently at the house in Somerset Place, and passed through Boston on their journeys to New York, Washington, or the West. Their contacts with and their doings were not always pleasing to Elizabeth, but she dealt with and commented on them with charity, if not without bias. The aunts, Harriet and Charlotte, were in Boston in March of 1840, and returned to Dunbarton. They were there again the following June when



Aunt Harriet expressed her indignation that Elizabeth and Arthur had attended "Jane's wedding" — "since, as she says, she jilted you so. But I thought it proper to go on that very account — that the world might see we cared not for it." In September she writes, "It will distress you when I tell you I lent Aunt Harriet two of your journals, and she returned them unread for want of time. Aunt Charlotte would not have done so." Later she says the aunts will stay in Dunbarton this winter, "probably they do not know what to do with Caleb."

In January, 1841, the aunts again returned for a short time, but would soon return to Dunbarton on account of a pending law suit with a neighbor. While there, however, they enjoyed themselves, with oyster parties and mulled wine, among the house members. In a letter of the following June she expresses indignation against Aunt Harriet's rude behavior and accusations that she, Elizabeth, was trying to get Francis' Ohio property for her sons; but she was not worried as she knew he would understand, "but never again, dear Frank, propose to her anything for the benefit of any of my family, not even your father. I know your difficulties with them, and I fear the prejudices they have instilled against him in your mind, but I think and feel confident your own goodness of heart will in time overcome those prejudices, and that compassion alone, without the ties of relationship, to which I grant in this instance you owe nothing, would make you feel an interest in a man who has struggled for twenty years in exile in a strange land, in sickness and extreme poverty and too proud to ask relief."

In August Elizabeth writes of Aunt Harriet being constantly with her brother Caleb, and "watched as if fit for an insane asylum." That autumn Henry Stark was in town from Washington, and called often and stayed late. He had grown very stout. In January, 1842, the aunts had apparently relented and become reconciled, and had taken some of Francis' journals to read. In April they were planting peach and other trees in the garden at Dunbarton. The following September the railroad to Concord, New Hampshire, was finished, and Uncle Caleb called on her. He reported that the "silk house" had



been moved to the corner of the lane and fitted for use by Tom Sparhawk and family, who were in very straitened circumstances. Mrs. Newell (Elizabeth Stark) has gone West, and brought back her sick son Sam and his family, and established them in Boston; she was full of abuse of her sister Harriet. In January of 1843 Aunt Harriet was again in town with John Stark (alias Sam Newell) and family. She was befriending them, and they apparently needed it. She was also burdened with the whole of the Sparhawk family, now domiciled in Dunbarton. So she apparently had her cares, enough to tax her strength and executive character. Tom Sparhawk had managed to catch the smallpox, to add to the perplexities, and Aunt Harriet was much alarmed with fears of contagion. A relieving circumstance was that Margaret Sparhawk had married a rich man in Portsmouth.

The following June Elizabeth Sparhawk came from Dunbarton to spend the summer at Uncle Winslow's, with Margaret, and to take music lessons in preparation for teaching. There she much endeared herself through her sweet nature. She subsequently married Margaret's brother, Edward Winslow.

#### JOHN ANCRUM WINSLOW

John Ancrum Winslow, to become later, perhaps, the most noted member of the family as the Commander of the Kearsarge, which fought and sunk the Confederate frigate Alabama, is the subject of frequent references in Elizabeth's letters. He was then only a midshipman in the Navy, though twenty-eight years of age. Apparently his first love of navy life had waned, and the family was most observant and critical of his actions, and of his evident desire to be at home with his young wife and growing family. In Elizabeth's letter of December 13th, 1839, she writes of John and Kate (his wife) as having taken rooms at Miss Livermore's at a cost of fifteen dollars per week, "heavy for a midshipman." In February she reports him as having been ordered to duty on the Enterprise, but that, through carelessness in getting his mail, he did not receive the orders until three weeks after their arrival, and he had to get away in great haste. These orders, she describes, as "quite an overwhelming blow

to both him and Kate. They seemed as if neither ever expected such a calamity could have overtaken them. I do not believe John will stay very long at Rio; he will make some excuse and return if possible." True enough, the following September, 1840, she writes that John A. has returned from Rio, looking remarkably well, "but says he was so sick that the surgeons condemned him and pronounced the station unfit for him. — He now seems perfectly happy and nearly determined to quit the Navy. All his friends regret this, and indeed were sorry to see him return until his term was expired." In November she refers to John as still at home, having been assigned to duty at the Navy Yard, and happy with his babies. "He regularly goes to bed at nine o'clock to make up for lost time in keeping watch." She deplores his lack of sociability, in abstaining from all parties and retiring to bed from any family gathering.

The following February (1841) both John and his baby were sick with scarlatina, and apparently in much domestic trouble. This disease spread more or less through the house, and, later in the year, Miss Louisa Livermore, one of the landladies, died from it. In September the third child (Randolph) was born. Later in the year she writes that John and his family had gone to housekeeping, and bewails their condition; Kate inexperienced and sick, with three small children, John improvident and neglectful, servants leaving, all disorder. Truly a deplorable picture. In January (1842) she writes that John was at the time in command of the *Columbia* in Boston, as the captain had broken his leg; he was then about to give up his house as too expensive. The following summer he was on duty on the new *Missouri*, the first American steam vessel of the Navy, and she writes that his father, Edward, had failed, and was in very straitened circumstances. He remained on the *Missouri*, and was with her until her sad and fateful end in Gibraltar, by fire, in August, 1843. In May, 1844, she writes that John A. is at home since December, living in their cottage, in Roxbury, with his wife and four little children, and is very happy. She remarks that "he has spent only six months at sea since you left" (in 1839).

These reflections on the nautical zeal of her nephew doubt-



less had some foundation in fact, but some allowance must be made for the love of domesticity to the young married man against the hardships of life at sea in those days. Also, in the straitened circumstances of his father, and of other members of the family, there was a stern feeling of insistence that each and every one should exert himself to the limit of his ability. The subsequent life and record of John Ancrum, especially in the long, arduous cruise, under most difficult conditions prior to the engagement with the *Alabama*, amply prove his latent ability and devotion to duty.

#### WILLIAM WALDO

William Waldo, a collateral member of the Winslow family, then an old man, was also a resident in the house in Somerset Place. Apparently he had his idiosyncrasies. He is now-a-days principally remembered as the owner of some fine old family portraits of Isaac Winslow (1709-1777) and his family, by Copley and Blackburn, which, at the time of Elizabeth's letters, were in safe keeping with other members of the family, as William Waldo had, apparently, no fixed or suitable place of abode. The Copley portraits are now in possession of Susan Howard Pickering, granddaughter of Elizabeth, while the Blackburn group is in possession of the family of George Scott Winslow, a descendant of Isaac. There are frequent humorous references to William Waldo in Elizabeth's letters as an occupant of the house. In November, 1840, she writes, with some amusement, Amory Winslow (John Ancrum's sister-in-law) has fallen in love with William Waldo. Later, in the winter of 1841, she writes that William Waldo has come into the possession of some property, but that, nevertheless, he "makes no alteration since his accession to fortune," same old shabby room, no fire except Sundays, and then borrows his coal and will not pay for having his boots cleaned. In the summer of that year she recites that he has made a will which Arthur witnessed. This she thinks fortunate, for, if he had died without one, Dr. Howard would have taken possession, "and it would soon have vanished." In May, 1844, is the final message concerning the old man that he



was then very ill and low, with Mrs. Howard in Brookline, and there he died on May 26th.

#### THE WINSLOWS IN BOSTON AND OTHERS

Other members of the family, now all gone, but many of them familiar to me and to others of my generation in years gone by, are frequently referred to, along with items of general news. In June, 1840, she writes of having moved to the country, to a sort of communal life, with other members of the family, consisting of Aunt Henrietta (her brother Isaac's second wife), her son Arthur, her niece Margaret, and her nephews Edward, George, and Benjamin, and the latter's wife, Quincy, with their small children, Henry and Erving. They have acquired a horse and a covered wagon, which takes the four men into town early every day, "as economy is the order of the day they take care of the horse themselves, and do all other necessary work, the females doing the same in doors. — Our life is very monotonous. They rise at five, Edward, Ben, George, and Arthur go out and do some scratching with hoes and rakes which they call work. At seven we breakfast, when they all go to town and we to work. About noon we have a sort of luncheon, and at dark they return, when we have supper — very little company visit us."

Later, Arthur having gone West, she bemoans that all of her children are away, and that she feels very blue and misses them sorely, and that the country life is very dull. Of September 10th in that year (1840), she describes a great Whig procession, extending from the Common to Bunker Hill, accompanied by many festivities, and a large fair in Charlestown. In November she was still in the country, and it was a very beautiful autumn, but very dull. Ben and Quincy, with the children, had left for town. "The loss of their society makes us, or rather me, feel rather desolate, as I am of a nature to become attached to those I live with, if they have any attachable qualities, and I think Quincy has a great many." But, after Thanksgiving, she moved back to Boston to their three old rooms at Miss Livermore's, George with them, sharing Arthur's room "as you did." — "Now I am back again I miss you the more. . . .

"Today is a tremendous snow storm, the wind so high that the old trouble, the smoke, comes puffing down the chimney, and the drifts promise pretty high banks ere tomorrow. I would not be expecting you for anything . . . "The Constellation sails today, so I hasten to close."

The following summer, in June, 1841, she writes that "our rich cousin, G. W. Erving, has just arrived from Paris, come, as he has long promised, to lay his bones here." He will probably stay with Uncle Winslow, she thinks, and, though he is probably seventy-two or more years old, he has lived so long in Paris he will probably soon tire of life in Boston, and take his old bones back to France again. In July she writes that many ships of war are in Boston, and that the streets are filled with officers in uniform. In August she paid a visit to Nahant, which she much enjoyed. She writes there that her nephew Tom with his wife and interesting little girl Olivia are at the "Ark." The wife she describes as no beauty but pleasant and unaffected. Later in the autumn she writes of balls and festivities on the visit of the Prince de Joinville, and also of balls on the ships at the Navy Yard. The end of 1841, she writes of the celebration of the opening of the "Western railroad," and that George and Arthur and half the city had gone to Albany on that occasion. She speaks of the death of old Mrs. Perkins, who had been paralyzed the previous summer.

At that time Dr. Howard and his family had moved out to Brookline again (to what was recently the James Little place), and they were in much reduced means, and were sending a market cart to Boston every week to sell vegetables, flowers, etc.; and that the doctor works himself in the garden, and is said to have much improved. At this time she notes that there is a great temperance wave on, and that many people have taken the pledge. In the following autumn of 1842 she send news of a disastrous failure, by defalcations, of a Charlestown bank in which many naval men suffered great losses, Captain Percival lost \$5,000, Captain Smith, \$14,000, and many others all their savings. About this time she records that both Charles and Henry Perkins had been expelled from college, and that the latter is not allowed to come back. Their brother Edward was



away traveling. That winter of 1842-3 she writes of the news of the mutiny on the U. S. brig Somers, and of the hanging of Midshipman Spencer (the son of the then Secretary of War) and two others by Captain Mackenzie. This excited much comment and controversy, but the action of the commander was generally commended by Navy men. He was acquitted by a subsequent court martial.

#### FRANCIS HER "SON"

Her "son" Francis, however, is the person on whom her letters principally dwell. The news items she sends are for his enlightenment and amusement; she dwells with interest and at length on the accounts of his doings and adventures; the letters are full of affectionate solicitude for his welfare, with words of advice and pious guidance; she writes of his love affair with "Jane" sympathetically but disapprovingly; much is written about his father, of his pitiful condition, and in appreciation of Francis' assistance both to him and to herself.

A few months after his sailing from Boston, she writes that his "sister" Jane is as gay as ever, and going about with Arthur and others, pursuing every amusement with great avidity; that Aunt Charlotte does not like her. "I hope now, my dearest child, you will be enabled to conquer this ill-fated passion."

In April, 1840, she writes in acknowledgment of his first letter that "yours in a journal way is exactly such a one as I like to receive, and I spent a delightful evening reading it, feeling myself for a time with you, viewing the scenes you describe, feeling sad when you were sad and pleased when you were pleased; but, above all, it made me feel as if you indeed considered yourself writing to a mother." The following summer she sends a description of Jane's wedding to Lieutenant Dale of the Navy, to whom she had been engaged for some time. It took place the evening of June 11th at Jane's house, No. 7 Chestnut Street. Elizabeth attended the ceremony, but left immediately afterwards and watched the subsequent proceedings from the Bradford's, across the street. She describes it in detail, and it must have been quite a festive occasion. There was a guitar serenade from the street, with three voices, and, later, the



Brigade band; the street was thronged on both sides by people listening to the music.

In July she writes in appreciation of his journal, but fears he is not well and is despondent; she warns him against yielding to such feelings. She speaks of having heard from his father, of his illness and poverty and his mortification at his inability to show his affection for Francis in a substantial way. But she assures him of his father's former extravagant affection, of which she had "ample testimony, and no one could have known better as you both lived with me, and why should this change?" She recognizes that Francis may not feel so strongly, as he could hardly recollect his father, but urges his solicitude, as his father cannot live long. "My affection and confidence in you make me feel that you will do this."

In a letter of the following winter of 1841 she writes about the disaster to the *Marion*, described in a letter received from Francis, that "you must have been also very dangerously situated, although you make so light of it, and I hope, my dear child, you feel gratitude to that Merciful Being who preserved you in that as well as so many perils to which you are constantly exposed; indeed, I should think a sailor's life would, of all others, lead them to an entire trust and dependence on the Almighty Ruler of Events." Such was the piety of those times. About the same time she acknowledges a letter, written the preceding December, which "was received last night and read to a delighted audience." She also acknowledges the receipt of sweetmeats and preserves sent from far off South America, evidences of thoughtful remembrance. She at the same time advises him against a proposed change of his station to the East Indies, as dangerous for his health. The next month, on learning of Francis' transfer to the *Dale*, and of his prospective voyage around the Cape, she writes: "I have no heart to commence a letter to you now, you seem so far off, I felt quite discouraged — with the intelligence of your change," but she accepts it with resignation, and will think it for the best, and trusts he may still be preserved in health and safety.

In June she sends news of Jane, whom she has seen with her baby girl, and how she is busy with her motherly duties, sewing

and tending her baby. Acknowledging later some recent letters, she writes: "I treasure all your letters up, you will be very glad to see them again yourself some years hence." Prophetic thought! And, in December, "When do you probably expect to return? I long to have you again with us," and, as an inducement, she adds that he can visit Eliza at the United States Hotel, and see all the pretty girls that may be there. About that time she writes that Miss Georgiana Silsbee of Salem, then about eighteen years of age, was staying at their house — "the very girl to please you." She mourns the sudden death of her sister, Mrs. Hudgens, and feels it as a warning that her time is fast approaching, and "the dread accountability I have to give — when I look back on my long life and find so little to be satisfied with the way in which I have spent my time." A humble attitude for one who had suffered her vicissitudes and carried on, widowed and four children to care for. At the same time she acknowledges a letter with "substantial proofs of your remembrance," but she cannot consent that he should deprive himself to pay his father's debts, though extolling his "noble character."

The following winter of 1842 Elizabeth suffered from sickness, with cold and fever, probably what we now-a-days would call grippe, and in April she writes that this has lasted for nearly three weeks. During this confinement Lieutenant Dale and Jane had called upon her, the latter apparently not leaving a pleasant impression: "My dear Frank, you would not like to hear me say so, but she would not have made you happy had she married you instead of Dale. Thousands are delightful acquaintances, or even friends or sisters, but very few are calculated to make good wives; it is easy for a young lady to be amiable and sweet-tempered when all around her conspire to please her and administer to all her wishes and whims, but, in after life, let troubles and cares arrive, then see the difference, and very few will bear the ordeal."

Letters written the end of this year, and in January following, are full of distress at his absence, "and though I could find in my heart to murmur at the protracted absence of yourself from us all, yet I will trust it is for the best — it is hard you should



be spending the best part of your youth in acquiring for old folk, who need but little to finish their course in life." She commends him to Heavenly guidance. She begs him not to be concerned about his father's "so called" pecuniary obligations, "he has never charged any commission for what he had done for me, and when I was left, at only twenty-five, a widow, with almost nothing to get along with, until our affairs were settled he stepped forward and insisted in sharing his small salary with me, and he has always evinced the most disinterested affection for me, and nothing but the most absolute want would have made him withhold any part of those payments made me. I shall do very well, dear Francis, now; that you should aid your father somewhat, although you know him not personally, is what I hope and know you will; he needs but very little, — he is so economical, — but do not fear for me — I have Arthur, you know."

In the same letter of January, 1842, is the only direct reference found to Francis' young mother, Sarah Stark, who died a few months after his birth: "I often think of your poor mother's wishes for you when I used to watch with her, which was very often during her illness, as she liked to have me. In the morning I would take you to her, and she would contemplate you with such a melancholy interest, and speak of your future fate; she was very calm, and, just prior to her death, desired the 103d Psalm to be read to her."

The following winter of 1843 was one of great severity, and, until the latter part of April, there had not been a spring day, and it was snowing hard, with ice in the streets a foot deep. As late as June, it was still cold, and large fires were still necessary, and there were two nights of frost, with ice in the streets. Most of the family were ill, and the times gloomy generally. She gratefully acknowledges further remittances, but insists there shall be no more. She thanks him also for what he had sent his father, who at that time was very sick and depressed. Indeed it was his final illness.





# GENEALOGY

## KENELM WINSLOW

**EDWARD WINSLOW, 1st**  
1570 to 1620 [50 years]  
Lived in Droitwich,  
Worcestershire, England

**MAGDALENE OLLYVER**  
Married in 1594, Nov. 4

**JOHN WINSLOW**  
1597 to 1674 [78 yrs.]  
Came to America in the  
Fortune in 1621. Married  
1627. Moved to Boston in  
1657. A merchant in Bos-  
ton.

**MARY CHILTON**  
Came to America in the  
Mayflower in 1620. Died  
in Boston in 1678

**EDWARD WINSLOW, 2nd**  
1634 to 1682 [48 yrs.]  
Born in Plymouth, died in  
Boston. A merchant and  
master of vessels in his  
father's employ.

**ELIZABETH HUTCHINSON**  
1639 to 1728 [89 yrs.]  
Grand-daughter of Anne  
Hutchinson

**EDWARD WINSLOW, 3rd**  
1669 to 1753 [84 yrs.]  
First married in 1692 to  
Hannah Moody; second  
marriage 1712, Elizabeth  
Pemberton; third mar-  
riage 1744, Susanna Ly-  
man. Distinguished citi-  
zen, goldsmith. High  
Sheriff of the county  
1725-42. Colonel of the  
Boston regiment. A. &  
Hon. Art. Co.

**HANNAH MOODY**  
1672 to 1711 [39 yrs.]  
Daughter of Joshua  
Moody  
Minister in Portland and  
Boston

**JOSHUA WINSLOW, 1st**  
1694 to 1769 [75 yrs.]  
Prominent Boston Mer-  
chant.

**ELIZABETH SAVAGE**  
1704 to 1778 [74 yrs.]

**ISAAC WINSLOW**  
1743 to 1793 [59 yrs.]

**MARY DAVIS**

**JOSHUA WINSLOW, 2nd**  
1785 to 1843 [58 yrs.]  
Invalid. Died in Santa  
Cruz.

**SARAH STARK**  
1794 to 1819 [25 yrs.]  
Grand-daughter of General  
John Stark

**FRANCIS WINSLOW**  
1818 to 1862 [44 yrs.]  
Commander U. S. Navy  
Born in Boston  
Died at sea.

**MARY NELSON**  
1827 to 1903 [75 yrs.]  
Of Fayetteville, N. C.  
Died in Washington, D.C.

## IV · FRANCIS WINSLOW

[1818–1862]

IN the preceding Introduction, and in the succeeding chapters, have been given the salient facts of my father's life and much has been written concerning his immediate family and the doings of some of its members. Before proceeding with the detail of his personal history and correspondence it should be of interest, at least to the younger members of the family and of those to come, to record here something of the family history which preceded the people and events herein described. On the opposite page is a skeleton chart of the Francis Winslow line of descent. Much more detail of this lineage is given in Mackenzie's "Colonial Families of the United States," Vol. III, published in Baltimore in 1912, and much of collateral lines is contained in our own family chart, in my possession, of which blue print copies have been distributed by me to different members of the family.

### ANCESTRY

#### THE PILGRIM FATHERS

Kenelm Winslow, who heads the column of the opposite table, was of an old English family of Worcestershire, England. He lived during the sixteenth century, probably in Droitwich. His son Edward, also of Droitwich, who married Magdalene Ollyver, was the father of five sons, all of whom migrated to America immediately or not long after his death in 1620. These sons were in order:

EDWARD	b. 1595 — d. 1655 at sea
JOHN	b. 1597 — d. 1674 in Boston
KENELM	b. 1599 — d. 1672 in Salem
GILBERT	b. 1600 — d. 1650 in England
JOSIAH	b. 1605 — d. 1674 in Marshfield



The oldest of these sons, Edward, was the brother of our ancestor John. Edward was only twenty-five years old when he arrived in America. He and Gilbert, of the five brothers, were Mayflower passengers and signers of the Compact and Edward probably participated in its composition. He was also, in all respects, not only the head of the family but also was one of the foremost men of Plymouth Colony. He is frequently referred to in the early history; he was for three terms Governor of the Colony. He was helpful in establishing friendly relations with the native Indians, through tact and kindly deeds; he made several trips back to England and sojourned there for years at a time, in the interests of both the Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies; he was on a voyage to the West Indies, as a High Commissioner for Oliver Cromwell, when he died and was buried at sea, far from his homes and friends. He was the author of several important works relating to and in defense of the Colonies. His portrait, painted in England when he was fifty-six years old, is preserved in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, and it is the only existing contemporaneous portrait of a Mayflower passenger.

John, our ancestor, came to Plymouth the next year, 1621, in the ship *Fortune*. Of him more anon.

Kenelm came later to Plymouth, in 1629, according to an unverified newspaper article; he moved to Marshfield in 1641, and is credited with participation in the settlement of Yarmouth and of other towns in Massachusetts. He is said to have died in Salem in 1672.

Gilbert is reported to have returned to England in 1627, and to have died there before 1650.

Josiah migrated to Saco, Maine, in 1631, but later went to Scituate, Massachusetts, and finally to Marshfield.

"These five brothers founded the American family, and their descendants may be found in almost every state of the United States," and there are many others in Canada.

#### JOHN WINSLOW AND MARY CHILTON

John Winslow arrived in Plymouth in the year 1621, on the ship *Fortune*. He was thus one year later in arrival than his



GOVERNOR EDWARD WINSLOW



EDWARD WINSLOW  
*Sheriff and Silversmith*





wife to be, Mary Chilton, who was a Mayflower passenger, with her father, James Chilton. She is credited with having been the first woman from the Mayflower to have stepped ashore on Plymouth Rock. They were married about 1624, and, thus, had ample time to have become well acquainted. They apparently lived happily together, and attained some prosperity. John became a merchant, and engaged in shipping and was owner of several vessels. They moved from Plymouth to Boston in 1647. Their home was on Spring Lane, that narrow alley-way running now from Washington Street to Devonshire Street, close to Water Street. A tablet in commemoration has been placed there by the Massachusetts Society of Mayflower Descendants, and it was unveiled on October 23d, 1924, by my granddaughter, Mary Chilton Winslow, then three years old. Mary Chilton Winslow was the only Mayflower passenger who settled in Boston and died there, and she came to America earlier than any other woman who settled in Boston. John and Mary Chilton Winslow were the parents of eleven children, of whom Edward was the fourth. John died in the year 1674, and Mary followed him four years thereafter. They both left wills showing considerable property; the originals of these wills are still preserved in the files of the Suffolk County Registry of Probate at Boston. They are quaint old documents, disposing of property from houses, gardens, and ships to "petticoats" and "spoons," bedsteads and "cupps"; five pounds to this one and twenty pounds to another, and "unto my Deare and well beloved wife Mary Winslow" — "the sume of four hundred pounds in lawfull money of New England." Finally, "my will is that my Negro Girle Jane (after she hath served twenty yeares from the date hereof) shall be free; and that she shall serve my wife during her life." They are reputed buried in the graveyard of King's Chapel in Boston, as is recorded by a tablet on the gate and by a Winslow tomb; but no definite reference to the place of their burial has been discoverable by me.

#### EDWARD 2D AND ELIZABETH HUTCHINSON

This Edward, whom I have designated as the 2d, was born in Plymouth seven years after his parents married, and prob-

ably moved to Boston with them or about the same time. He died there in 1682, at the comparatively young age of forty-eight years. Very little of his history has come to my knowledge. He was a merchant and master of vessels, and probably continued with the business his father had begun. His second wife, Elizabeth Hutchinson, was a granddaughter of Anne Hutchinson, the noted trouble maker of the Bay State Colony in the time of Winthrop and Sir Harry Vane. Elizabeth survived her husband by forty-six years, until 1728. They had only five children, of whom Edward 3d, born in 1669, was the oldest.

#### EDWARD 3D (THE SHERIFF) AND HANNAH MOODY

This Edward, grandson of John and Mary Chilton, was a vigorous and outstanding character. He was born November 1st, 1669, doubtless in Boston. He lived to be eighty-four years of age. He was active in affairs, both private and public, and was classed as one of Boston's distinguished citizens. He became a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company when only thirty years of age, and continued with it for more than thirty years, passing successively through the ranks of Sergeant, Lieutenant, Captain, Major, and Colonel. He is frequently referred to in the records of that old organization. From 1725 to 1742 he was also High Sheriff of the County, a Crown office of much importance. At the same time, along with other business, he engaged in the art of Goldsmith, a designer and manufacturer of gold and silver articles for household and decorative uses. His productions were, many of them, of great beauty in design and excellently made, entitling him to rank high as an artist and artisan in such products. The pieces which have been preserved to this time are highly esteemed for museum purposes, and are valued at large prices.

In 1692 Edward married Hannah Moody, then only twenty years of age, daughter of Joshua Moody, a well known minister of Portland and Boston. They had, during the nineteen years of her married life, ten children, of whom Joshua, our ancestor, was the second. Of these ten children three died in early childhood, but four lived from sixty-six to eighty-five years. Edward,



subsequently, in 1712, married Elizabeth Pemberton, by whom he had one daughter, Elizabeth. In 1744 he was married a third time, to Mrs. Susanna (Furnam) Lyman, by whom there was no offspring, and who survived him. Of this Edward, the Sheriff, two contemporaneous portraits have come down to us, one or both of these, perhaps, by Smibert. The one is the property of Miss Susan H. Pickering of Boston, inherited from her grandmother, Elizabeth; the other is in possession of Mr. Willard Winslow of Scarsdale, New York. They picture him as a large man with strong features and florid complexion, dressed in wig and red coat, perhaps his High Sheriff costume.

#### JOSHUA AND ELIZABETH SAVAGE

Joshua, born in 1694, though the second son of Edward, was actually his father's eldest successor, for the first son died at the early age of nine years. He married Elizabeth Savage probably about the year 1720, when he was twenty-six years of age and she only sixteen. Joshua resumed or continued the shipping business of the family, and became a prominent and well-to-do merchant. His residence, at one time, was on the south side of Dock square, part of the building having recently been demolished and the front restored during the widening of the street. His seventy-five years of life carried him close up to the beginning of the War of the Revolution, and he must have felt the effects of the disturbance leading up to it. Though not so versatile as his father, or so conspicuous in public affairs, he nevertheless appears to have carried on very well, and he and his wife Elizabeth certainly contributed their share to the population of Boston, as they were the parents of sixteen children. Of these, however, five apparently died as babies or in early childhood, and of the eleven remaining only two attained the age of fifty-eight. Two portraits, one of Elizabeth and the other of Joshua, perhaps by Smibert, are in my possession. They came to me from older relatives in a very dilapidated condition, having been relegated to the attic of some temporary residence, where, uncared for, they had been used as targets by unappreciative children. By the aid of a skilled old artist they were,



however, very cleverly restored to a presentable condition. Another portrait of Elizabeth Savage as a child is in possession of my cousin, Miss Susan H. Pickering.

#### ISAAC AND MARY DAVIS

Isaac was Joshua's fourteenth child, born in 1743, and, though he lived only fifty years, until 1793, he survived all of his numerous brothers and sisters. Mary Davis was his second wife whom he married, probably in 1773, and she survived him. They also had a large family of ten in a period of twenty years. Of these my grandfather, Joshua, was the seventh. Isaac's and Mary's lives extended from before and during the War of the Revolution to ten and more years after. They thus lived through a long period of disturbance, and suffered much from the vicissitudes of the war, along with other Royalists. They moved to Nova Scotia, with the evacuation of Boston by the British Army, and much of their property was confiscated. While in Halifax Isaac tried to carry on some business, as a means of sustenance, and there are letters of his preserved dealing with shipments of merchandise, of fish, and other products, to and from the Colonies. Quite pitiful they read, as indicating the straits they were in, and these conditions apparently continued into the period after the war and of his return to the United States, until his death in 1793, and were inherited by his descendants and relations thereafter. This brings our ancestral recital down to Joshua, my grandfather, whose life and career have already been covered in preceding chapters.

#### FRANCIS' BOYHOOD

Having thus climbed down the genealogical tree, following always the trail of Francis' lineage, we have now caught up with him as a baby boy, somewhat forsaken, but yet warmly cherished and nurtured in preparation for his subsequent roaming life and its adventures.

As has been stated, Francis was born September 6th, 1818, in Boston, and began his childhood there in care of his aunt,



JOSHUA WINSLOW



ELIZABETH SAVAGE WINSLOW





Elizabeth Pickering, in the way described in the pages of the chapter on "Elizabeth." There seems to have been no fixed abode during his boyhood, and there were domiciles, for longer or shorter periods, in Boston, Roxbury, and Jamaica Plain, where members of the family made their homes. Probably old residences had been lost, times were hard, and there were no means with which to maintain establishments. Hence cheaper ways of living had to be resorted to. That he was a student of the Boston Latin School is shown in the record of 1827. His father and grandfather were also Boston Latin School boys, and, in fact, it was quite a family resort; between the years 1730 and 1876 nineteen Winslow school-boys are there listed, all members of different generations of this same family.

As Francis grew older he visited his uncles and aunts in Dunbarton, and doubtless spent his summers in that then remote and quiet country place. He rode and fished and lived in the woods and fields, read in the old library, which was stacked with the old Classics, with records of the Revolution, and with relics of Napoleon, Lafayette, and others who were cherished as heroes in those days. His grandfather, old Major Caleb Stark, veteran of the Revolution, was then still living in Dunbarton, and, in fact, the latter's father, the General, did not die until 1822. The boy grew to love the place with a deep and lasting affection. He frequently reverts to it in his letters, and there is a constant longing expressed, when far away, to be back there amid the old haunts and associations. It was not for very long, however, that this boyhood home was enjoyed, for, in 1833, when only fifteen years old, application for appointment as a midshipman in the Navy was made. How this came about, and why a naval career was selected, I do not know. Probably the fact that his cousin, John Ancum Winslow, who was seven years older and already in service, had an influence. Probably the appointment was secured through the boy's uncle, Henry Stark, who was much in Washington and had some political influence.

This appointment as Acting Midshipman, dated July 8th, 1833, has been preserved among my father's papers, and it is an interesting specimen of such official documents of those days. It reads as follows:

Navy Department, July 8, 1833

SIR.

You are hereby appointed an Acting Midshipman in the Navy of the United States; and if your commanding officer shall, after six months of actual service at sea, report favourably of your character, talents, and qualifications, a Warrant will be given to you, bearing the date of this Letter.

I have enclosed a description of the uniform, and the requisite oath; the latter, when taken and subscribed, you will transmit to this Department, with your letter of acceptance, in which you will state your age, and the place where you were born.

Your pay will not commence until you shall receive orders for actual service.

I am, respectfully,

LEVI WOODBURY

Midn. FRANCIS WINSLOW, of Mass.:

*Care of* HENRY STARK, Esq., Dunbarton, N. H.

Apparently this appointment was received with joy, and young Francis was doubtless eager to start on his career, for, under date of August 1st, is received a second communication, addressed to Midn. Francis Winslow, acknowledging an application for service, which must have been written shortly before, briefly stating that "probably you will not be wanted till another season," Undaunted by this rebuff, however, another letter was written on August 19th by the young appointee, which brought, on the 29th, a more encouraging response, to the effect that "The Dept. will endeavor to assign you active service as early as a suitable opportunity shall present, which will probably be in the course of a month." Disappointment must have followed this, however, for, two months later, he is again advised that a "suitable opportunity of gratifying your wishes has not yet presented." In consolation, however, notice of his newly acquired dignity is evidenced by an invitation to a "Military Ball" in Concord, in January addressed to Midn. Francis Winslow, which reads, as follows:



## MILITARY BALL

## THE COMPANY OF

Midn. FRANCIS WINSLOW

Is requested at the GRECIAN HALL, Eagle Coffee  
House, on Thursday evening, January 23, 1834.

BENJAMIN GROVER	{	Man- agers	{	HORATIO HILL
JONATHAN E. LANG				MOSES G. ATWOOD
ZEBINA LINCOLN				JOEL C. DANFORTH
STEPHEN BROWN				ARLOND CARROLL

Concord, January 2, 1834.

OFFICERS in commission are requested to appear in full uniform (caps excepted) ;

EX-OFFICERS, if not in full uniform, are desired, if convenient, to appear in light pantaloons.

Not until January 28th, 1834, however, were orders finally issued, assigning him to the Brandywine, then, apparently, outfitting at the Navy Yard in New York, and, under date of March 6th, he received orders from the Commandant, Commodore Charles G. Ridgely, to report to the commander of the Receiving Ship at that yard "for the purpose of messing on board that vessel until the Brandywine shall be ready to receive her officers and crew."

One can imagine the elation of the boy, then only a little over fifteen years of age, at receiving this long delayed order. The prospect of soon actually entering upon his career, of the new experiences to be encountered, of new places to be seen, of new friends to meet and make, and of all the adventure and romance of a sailor's life, as they are pictured by a young boy. There is no record of his ever having been away from his homes in Boston and Dunbarton before this time. One can picture the preparations of his aunts and other of his relatives for Franky's going away. Imagine him, a frail little fellow, always



small and slender, with a carpet bag and box, perhaps, leaving Boston for the circuitous and long journey which the trip to New York then was; see him arriving there, and piloting himself carefully and anxiously to the Navy Yard. He was always painstaking and precise, and doubtless he managed this journey successfully. On the Receiving Ship, what were his feelings and what his reception from his messmates? Undoubtedly there was much homesickness and perhaps already some disillusionment. But he had good staying qualities and courage, and he undoubtedly soon settled down and made the best of things until his transfer to the Brandywine.<sup>1</sup>

#### FIRST CRUISE TO SOUTH AMERICA

The Brandywine sailed eventually for South America, but there are no records of the boy's experiences and impressions on this, his first voyage. Probably he suffered severely both from seasickness and from the rough living conditions which a midshipman of those days had to put up with. He was always delicate, somewhat fastidious, and a frequent sufferer from seasickness in after years. Thus the first record of this voyage among his papers is a letter dated August 5th, and from his captain in Rio de Janeiro, relating to his being detached from the Brandywine on account of his delicate health. This letter is interesting and noteworthy both because of its kindliness and also as an illustration of the personal interest which the officers of the old Navy maintained and exhibited towards the young men under their charge. Letters preserved during his whole career constantly display this spirit, both to him from those in command and from him to his subordinates. The letter also is indicative, at this early age, of his ability or quality to make friends and create attachments, which qualities grew and were maintained through life.

<sup>1</sup> The Brandywine was a frigate of 1726 tons, carrying 50 guns. She had been built at the Washington Navy Yard in 1825, and was thus, at this time, a comparatively new ship. It was on her that Lafayette was taken back to France, after his visit to the United States. This was her maiden voyage. She had been named in his honor "solely to recall my first battle and my wound." She sailed from the Potomac river, below Mount Vernon, the morning of September 8th, 1825.

U. S. Ship BRANDYWINE  
Rio de Janeiro Harbour, *August 5, 1834*

SIR,

Under the circumstances that you are about leaving this ship, it is as an act of duty towards you that I express my unqualified approbation of your gentlemanly deportment while under my command. Your transfer has arisen from the recommendation of a board of surgeons, who reported to the commanding officer here, that your delicate health rendered it unadvisable for you to remain on board the Brandywine during her cruise. The commanding officer accordingly detached you from this ship. You have my warmest wishes that the arrangement may prove most beneficial to your health.

Respty yours  
D. DEACON

Mid. FRANCIS WINSLOW  
U. S. Ship BRANDYWINE

The order of transfer was from Com. James Henshaw, commanding U. S. Naval Forces on the coast of Brazil on board the Natchez. It was very brief, and simply instructs him to report himself to "Mastèr Commandant John P. Zantzinger, for duty, on board the Natchez."

His service on the Natchez was very short. On December 31st, of the same year, he is ordered by Com. Henshaw to report to Lieut. Commandant A. S. Campbell for duty on board the U. S. Schooner Enterprize.<sup>2</sup> No reasons are given for this transfer, but that he left the Natchez in good standing is evidenced by a letter from Capt. Zantzinger in which he says that: "It affords me great pleasure to express my entire approbation of your correct deportment as an officer and attention to the duties assigned you . . . and shall be pleased to hear of your future

<sup>2</sup> The Enterprise was the third of the name in the service. She was a schooner of 194 tons, and had been bought in 1831. The first Enterprise was a sloop built on Lake Champlain in 1776. The second, a schooner of 165 tons, built in 1799, had a notable career for twenty-four years, under many notable commanders, beginning with French privateers in the West Indies, later at Tripoli in the Mediterranean, and lastly in the War of 1812, after conversion into a brig. She was finally wrecked on Little Curacoa in 1828.



advancement in the Navy." Another one of those nice letters. That his record was satisfactory is further borne out by the receipt soon after this time of his "Warrant as a Midshipman in the Navy," dated February 6th, 1835, to take effect as of the 8th of July, 1833.

After a stay of only three months on the Enterprize he was, on April 6th, in Montevideo, again ordered by Com. Henshaw to report to Master Commandant John Percival for duty on board the U. S. frigate Erie, which he did on April 10th, 1835.

At last the young midshipman reached a settled berth, and it must have been most welcome. Service on four different vessels within one year, and this his first year in the Navy, must have been a very trying experience to anyone, and especially so to a boy of home-loving nature. Life on the Erie must have been relatively comfortable. The Erie at this time was the flagship of the station under Com. Henshaw. Young Francis remained on her for over two years, and returned in her to Boston in September, 1837. No letters or other records have been preserved of his experiences and duties during this period. They must have been interesting and full of instruction for this novice on the sea. He apparently behaved himself well and attended to his duties, but there is a suggestion of perhaps a little too much self-satisfaction in the following letter written him by Captain Percival on his resigning command of the Erie.<sup>3</sup>

U. S. Ship ERIE

*August 10, 1835*

SIR,

Your conduct morally and officially has met my entire approbation since you have been under my command, and it is an additional pleasure to me to declare I have not observed the least disposition on your part to deviate from the path of Virtue and Honor.

You are yet young, permit me therefore to give you a friendly advice,—guard against flattery, and don't be too much excited

<sup>3</sup> The Erie, twenty years before this date, took part in the operations against Algiers, under Decatur.





U. S. SHIP BRANDYWINE



U. S. S. ERIE



even by the sincere praise of your friends. I have had some young men under me of much promise, and who have had every opportunity of improvement, but their progress has been much impeded by self conceit. I hope your good sense will direct you better, and teach you to avoid that rock upon which many have split.

Very Respectfully your friend,

PERCIVAL, Com.

To Mid. FRANCIS WINSLOW

U. S. S. ERIE

Soon after the date of this letter, the Erie arrived in Boston, and the young man was soon after ordered to attend the Board of Examiners for Midshipmen to be examined as to his proficiency. That he left the Erie in good standing and with the best wishes of his commanding officers is attested by the following letters:

U. S. Ship ERIE

Harbor of Boston, Sept. 16th, 1837

GENTLEMEN:

The honor of presenting you this is given to Midshipman Francis Winslow, who has served with me since the time of my assuming the command of the Brazil Squadron up to the present time, during all of which I have found him attentive to his professional duties and studies, and uniformly correct in the united character of the Officer and the Gentleman.

I am respectfully, your obedt servt,

JAMES HENSHAW

(Commodore)

To the BOARD OF EXAMINATION OF MIDSHIPMEN

New York, Nov. 15th, 1837

SIR

I take much pleasure in recommending to the notice of the Board Midn Francis Winslow. During the short time he served under my command in the Erie his moral conduct, gentlemanly



deportment, and strict attention to his duty met my warmest approbation, and I hope he may pass a good examination.

I am very Respectfully, your Obt Servt

WM. E. MCKINNEY

Commander

#### LIFE ASHORE, 1837 TO 1839

Of the next two years of Francis' life, from the autumn of 1837 to September, 1839, there are only fragmentary references in notes and letters. Apparently he was ashore on leave in and about Boston and also in Dunbarton. He also was unwell part of the time, and later letters speak of his time of convalescence. During this time also he was intimate with the Dales and developed the unfortunate attachment for Jane, which is so frequently referred to in the letters of Elizabeth.

Of this attachment there are numerous evidences in poems left among his papers and in letters to and from him after his leaving home for his long absence in South America. Chestnut Street must have seen much of him, and No. 7 became almost one of his homes. That he was deeply impressed, this boy of only twenty years, is only too apparent, as well as that he suffered severely. He was undoubtedly encouraged by Jane, and she probably returned his feelings, though she was already engaged to another man, then absent at sea. This became known to Francis, and caused him many struggles and much misery, which culminated in a poetic protest of outraged feelings entitled "Inconstant," which he preserved among his papers, with his odd habit of conserving his life's records, even the most intimate. The effects lasted with him for years and added to the depression of his naturally melancholy nature.

The last days of this two years ashore and at home were spent in Dunbarton, and his melancholia at that time is expressed in a long poem which he entitles "Farewell to Home," and as "written at the Family Cemetery at Dunbarton in September, 1839, immediately previous to sailing on my second cruise in the U. S. S. Marion." The poem is full of feeling and sentiment, of thoughts of the past and of the future, of events recent and remote. Of that very beautiful spot, the cemetery, he writes:

- “ THE crystal waters sweep around  
The base of yon low wooded mound  
Secluded vale of hallowed ground  
My sainted Mother's tomb!
- “ There rest the beautiful and brave  
Who ne'er might find a lovlier grave  
While sombre pines, sad o'er them wave  
In deep funereal gloom.
- “ 'Twere sweet if when my days are sped  
I might repose this weary head  
Thy sleeping form beside,  
And sweet to rest me, calmly laid  
Beneath where fling these pines their shade  
In tall and stately pride.
- “ Loved scene! Farewell! from thee ere long  
I part, to hear the wind's wild song  
When waves are dashing high  
While, swelling with the freshening gale  
Its snowy canvas, spreads the sail  
Against the stormy sky.
- “ Farewell! the *last* from *me* perchance  
Full oft I've lingered here entranced  
And now is bent my parting glance  
On thee, before I go.  
My Boyhood's well remembered Spot!  
Sweet place! thou ne'er may'st be forgot  
Tho' thro' long years I see thee not,  
Long years of gloom and woe.”

## THE CRUISE OF THE MARION . 1839-1841

In September, 1839, Francis, then a "Passed Midshipman," received orders to join the U. S. S. Marion and, within three days thereafter, he reported for duty on the 23rd. He joined the ship on October 4th, and on that same day she was put into commission and hauled off the Navy Yard in Charlestown. Her commander was William A. Belt. On November 6th, she received sailing orders to join the Brazilian Squadron in Rio de Janeiro and, on the 9th, weighed anchor and stood down the harbor with the frigate United States, and, after "having backed and filled and sealed the guns," took her departure from Boston Light at 4 P.M., standing to the S.E. with a fair wind, under royals and flying jib. The following morning the frigate was out of sight; the guns were shotted, anchors secured and chains unbent, and all preparations made for sea. The records of this cruise are preserved in a carefully kept log or journal, and also in letters written to relatives during the many weeks at sea. Also there is a parting poem, written soon after sailing, which shows much sorrow and even some anguish of feeling from the unfortunate infatuation of the young man, mingled with home sickness:

" Yet know I this must be — nor did I deem  
Thou ever might'st be mine — yet still the start  
To life's reality — from such fond dream  
Was bitterness unspeakable — to part  
From thee — the cherished idol of my heart.  
To know how blessed I might be — but to feel  
The more, how cursed I am — and to depart  
With bearing cold and calm — and to conceal  
All trace of feeling — more than this could fate reveal.

" Mid those around — as one apart I stand  
Wrapped in the shroud of my own bitter thoughts,  
Nor breathes there one from whom I may demand  
One word, one glance of sympathy, with aught





STARK HOMESTEAD, DUNBARTON



STARK CEMETERY, DUNBARTON



That I have felt and still must feel, and naught  
 Of intercourse with such this heart may hold  
 But must remain unseeking and unsought  
 Sinking within itself — silent and cold  
 Living but in the Past and prematurely old.

“ ’Tis done — the hour is past — the effort made  
 Forth from my home — self exiled and alone  
 I go — My native hills — I’ve seen thee fade  
 Gilt by the parting gleam of sunlight thrown  
 On their receding outline blue, which shone  
 With loveliest hues of day’s departing gloom.  
 I stood and watched them melt and still gazed on.  
 What e’er may meet mine eye, where now I go  
 That farewell glance — remembrance ne’er can cease  
 to know.”

MARION AT SEA, *November, 1839*

#### AT SEA AND IN RIO DE JANEIRO

The voyage lasted until December 30th, and was, as a whole, pleasant, with the exception of a gale which they ran into the night of December 3rd, with heavy rain and lightning which necessitated shortening sail to the “F. S. M. and stay sail,” and sending down the top gallant yards. By the 7th, however, it was calm and pleasant again. There was the usual mustering of the crew, gun practice, and other exercise. At 5 P.M. of December 30th the ship was standing in for the entrance of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro under all drawing sail, when, at 5:30, a land wind took her aback with a black squall, with rain and lightning, and she was forced to continue standing off and on, with light, baffling winds, for two or three days, finally mooring ship in the harbor the afternoon of January 2nd, 1840.

This is the record of his log, but in letters to his “mother” (Elizabeth) he gives details of his life at sea and other incidents. He writes on December 7th, immediately after the storm referred to above, “This is Saturday afternoon — it is comparatively quiet and still in the steerage just now, as most of the youngsters are on deck, indeed the whole ship is very quiet at



this 4 P.M. of a hot afternoon, and scarcely a sound reaches my ear but the noise of quills travelling over paper at a rate of prodigious rapidity." . . . "We have at last reached our much desired tropical latitude and trade winds, and are slipping along, five knots an hour, with no more perceptible motion than that with which we dropped out of Boston harbor." "We have all our light sails, for the air is scarcely strong enough to cause a ripple on the long undulating swell." . . . "We are indeed sailing on a 'Summer Sea,' but I won't be romantic" . . . "Wednesday morning. Having kept the morning watch and breakfasted, rendered myself decent and then been on deck again and exercised my division at the guns, all of which has taken me until eleven, I sit down to scribble. I should like very much to know how the papers noticed the dashing manner with which we circulated around the harbor previous to going to sea . . . we passed within twenty yards of Long wharf; you recollect we sailed in company with the frigate and rather beat her going out, but before night she had ranged ahead of us." . . . "The next day, I think, was pleasant tho the wind was fresh — it was Sunday but far from being a day of rest to the marines and youngsters who were for the first time out of sight of land; poor fellows, they did suffer dreadfully, and I very sincerely pitied them, and wondered why I was not affected myself by the motion, but my time was yet to come. The next day, towards night, a regular north-easter came on, squalls of wind, with pelting rain and hail, we were in the Gulf stream, and the current being opposite to the wind raised a very heavy sea. We were scudding before it under very short canvas, and the decks were wet fore and aft, and, altogether, it was very uncomfortable. Meantime I got very sick indeed, as bad as I was before, but I did not like to give way to it as there were none but the old midshipmen able to attend to duty at all, and so, tho I couldn't taste anything or scarcely hold my head up, I continued on duty for two days until, thro the want of food and rest, I was so perfectly exhausted I could scarcely stand on deck, and was obliged to give up and endure a miserable existence stretched out on my back in the steerage or on the fore-castle for three or four days until the sea went down. . . . I have rarely passed a more

miserable week. . . . As is the case with all fast sailing, sharp ships, the Marion is *wet*; for the first twenty days the deck forward of the main mast was scarcely dry an hour, and the spray almost constantly flying over the forward part of her where I kept my watch." He found his high boots and his "goodly supply of Pea Jackets, cloaks, etc.," extremely useful to both himself and his messmates. The night of the storm all hands were on deck nearly all night, and "the water was rolling about a foot deep in our apartment." Stores and vegetables were holding out very well — "we suffer most from want of water, being on an allowance of three quarts per day for all purposes, and, with the heat, that seems very short indeed" . . . "Still this is as pleasant a ship as a man-of-war can be, and I am as well contented in her as in any other . . . but nevertheless it is a wretched profession for a man to pass a life in."

Running south, they crossed the Equator December 20th, with variable weather, calms, and very heavy rains. "I got soaked regularly every watch." But his health remained good, though troubled a little by indigestion, due to keen sea appetite and lack of sufficient exercise in so small a ship. He writes with cordial feeling about his ship, the Commander, the wardroom officers, and his mess; so far no difficulties of any kind, and the crew extremely smart and willing.

A final sheet, dated January 11th, 1840, announces the arrival in Rio three days earlier, after the vexatious delays in entering previously referred to, and, indeed, this was with some danger in the night, as, from lack of wind, the ship nearly drifted onto the rock, on which the fort was built at the entrance to the harbor, was within one hundred yards, and the order was given to "stand by the anchor," and the boats were lowered to tow. "I was on deck next morning very early, and oh how beautiful the scenery of the bay appeared!"

Francis took the first chance that morning to go ashore, and the first thing he did was to get an ice cream, which he termed "extremely grateful"; then he indulged in the luxury of a quiet dinner, without having to watch plates and glasses sliding off of the forecastle table. This, with a very little iced claret, induced a mood of soliloquy in which he mused on the luxuries



of life ashore as contrasted with life at sea, and on how beneficial were the hardships of life in a steerage in developing an appreciation of the good things of life. While lingering here he was found by a Mr. Hunter, the son of the American *Chargé*, an old acquaintance of his last cruise. Mr. Hunter met him with great cordiality, and insisted that Francis should come home with him for the night. He informed the Captain, who had conveniently come ashore, that he was taking Mr. Winslow home with him, and off they started on horseback through the muddy streets out into the country. Great was Francis' delight at being on horseback again, the first time for a year, and the ten-mile ride was much enjoyed. A beautiful afternoon, approaching sunset, cantering along a beautiful, level valley, between two ranges of green hills, green hedges on either side, behind which were picturesque country places of the Brazilian gentry, or of English or American merchants. Towards dark the road became narrower and ascended steeply into the hills, and, finally, with the aid of a torch, they wound their way along a narrow horse path into "a small esplanade of level ground in front of a little white cottage, with a stable adjoining, completely shut in by the towering hills on all sides, except where we had entered this natural basin." This level stretch of ground was traversed by a small stream which ended in a beautiful cascade and waterfall of over one hundred feet, the falls of Tejuca.

This was the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, who gave Francis a warm reception. Here, after enjoying a good home supper, he spent the night, lulled to sleep by the sounds of running water and of the cool breeze through the surrounding trees. A delightful spot he found it, about sixteen hundred feet above sea level, cool in climate and very different from the plain below; ideal for a few weeks' residence during the extreme of summer heat. "After a fine night's rest, the first sound I recognized on waking was that of the waterfall; it had mingled in my dreams, and I imagined I was on board again and listening to the roar of winds and waves, and was agreeably disappointed to find myself in a snug little room and quiet bed again." The day was spent pleasantly in loitering about, bathing under the edge of the waterfall, and, later, in a horseback excursion to points



of view. The next morning there was the ride back to town in a pouring rain, where they arrived pretty wet and mud splashed, but none the worse for the experience.

For over a month the Marion remained in the harbor at Rio, and Francis, growing tired of lounging in cafés and billiard rooms, occupied himself, when off duty, with excursions ashore, leaving letters of introduction, with long rambles along the shore, horseback riding, etc. He writes thanks to his "Uncle Winslow" for the numbers of letters he had supplied, and especially for one to a Mr. Birkhead, who received him with much politeness and hospitality. "I think officers have nothing to complain of from want of such from their country-men abroad." However, society had little attraction for him at this time. On board, every one was busy painting and refitting and getting in sea stores. "The ship looks like a beauty, and we are all ready to go to sea again," but still awaiting the arrival of the Independence or orders from the Commodore. Remembering the folks at home, Francis took the opportunity of the offer of a Mr. Curtis, who was sailing on the Madagascar for home, to send a case of preserves for distribution to friends and relatives. This was later diverted to the store ship Relief, which arrived from the South Pacific and sailed again for the States, in the care of Mr. Dale (Jane's fiancée). He writes of a new acquaintance acquired, a Mr. Gilmore of Philadelphia, who had a snug little cottage on the sea shore, and a young wife "about two and twenty and rather pretty withall," . . . "a cool, quiet retreat, commanding a fine view of the harbor, and a very pleasant stopping place when we return from our rides." Very pleasant, hospitable people he styles them. He is tired of the city and of its few attractions. The large theatre he attended was of fine appearance, four tiers of boxes with a Royal center one for the little fourteen-year old Emperor of Brazil. Ignorance of the language marred the enjoyment of the play, and intense heat, together with a profusion of fleas or other similar insects, forced an early retirement with a resolution of "never again."

On Saturday, February 1st, 1840, the U. S. Frigate Independence and the U. S. Sloop Fairfield arrived, "and when they had anchored and exchanged salutes with us, the American force

in Rio looked very strong indeed." The orders from the Com-modore arrived, as expected, and were to sail with all dispatch, and, on February 6th, the Marion succeeded in getting to sea "with the assistance of half the boats in the harbor." "At 6 saluted the Flag with 13 guns which was returned with 7. At 8, being outside the fort, cast off, backed the main yard and hoisted up our boats and pulled away, standing to the *S<sup>d</sup>* and *W<sup>d</sup>* with the sea breeze."

#### MONTE VIDEO AND BUENOS AYRES

The run to Monte Video took about ten days, and the Marion came to in the harbor on February 15th. She came in with a strong south-easter blowing, so much so that they dragged anchor and had to let go a second anchor and struck yards and top-masts so that "before long the little Marion was about dismantled." The storm lasted until the 17th, with squalls of rain, but at sunset of that day, the sun broke clear, and the next day was gloriously fine and all were "busily at work putting the ship in her former effective state (all of which was accomplished by the French and English squadrons before breakfast in the morning), but, as far as working quick goes, as a Nation, I think our service is vastly inferior to others." . . . "It was a splendid sight, that evening, when the sunset flung its crimson glory over the wild clouds of the then breaking tempest, and the angry waters of the river, the crowd of men-of-war riding it out, giving life and animation to the scene. I should think there were fifteen or twenty of them all told, from heavy frigates down to brigs and schooners. And, besides, the French have a large force in Buenos Ayres and blockading along the shore, yet with all this they have as yet effected little or nothing." <sup>4</sup> . . . "This old place looked very familiar to me, everything seemed the same

<sup>4</sup> In 1838 a dispute between General Rosas and the French Government led to a blockade of the port of Buenos Ayres by the French fleet. This led the next year to an insurrection by Lavalle. He was later defeated by the troops of Rosas and captured and shot. The rule of Rosas became then one of terror and almost incessant bloodshed in Buenos Ayres, whilst his partizans endeavored to exterminate the revolutionists throughout the province. Rosas continued with strife and turmoil, including a later intervention and blockade by both England and France, until he was defeated in 1852, in the battle of Monte Caseros, when he escaped from the battle field in disguise, and sought refuge on board H. B. M. steamer Locust.



as when I left it three years since. These Spanish places change very little and improve very little; the same dirty streets and excruciating side walks; the same black dingy hotel." The streets were crowded with French officers. Strolling about the town or playing billiards being about the only diversions, Francis again took to his favorite pastime of horseback riding out of the city. Some old acquaintances were renewed, especially with a Mr. Hamilton's family, he being at the time the United States Consul there. More serious occupation was the study of Spanish and practice in speaking, and also historical reading. Good sport in shooting was available, and "every pleasant day a party go ashore, landing five or six miles from the city, and they usually came back well laden with birds of various kinds" . . . "great is the pomp and parade of preparations, however, in the way of game bags and filling the shot pouches and powder flasks, and cleaning of the guns, from double and single barreled London made fowling pieces warranted not to burst, down to common Springfield ship's muskets."

Notwithstanding these diversions, however, Francis' sentiments asserted themselves, and, under date of February 19th, 1840, "Marion, Rio de la Plata," he inscribes in his journal a poem of fifteen stanzas which begins:

"Queen of my Soul! within this bosom's shrine  
Thine idol form retains its wonted throne.  
The homage of a heart sincere as thine  
Yes! even tho' by Thee, by all unknown  
Recurring years can bring no day to me  
More dear than this, of thy Nativity."

Then follow the many stanzas largely reminiscent of the previous year's anniversary and its festivities, and these conclude:

"Perchance thy thought ' (vain hope) ' is wandering even now  
To distant clime, far o'er the deep blue Sea,  
Where crouched along his bark's rude deck, with brow  
Leaned on his hand, and gaze bent mournfully  
On yonder star, reclineth one, whose lay  
Did welcome, one year since, this festal day.



“ No more — against the side the sullen splash  
Of chafed and foaming waters, and the sigh  
Of the unresting wind, which, with hoarse dash  
And hollow moan, the wave still surges by.  
Save these, no sound I hear. 'Tis past night's noon.  
Wild gathering clouds sweep swiftly o'er the sky.  
Thro' yon bright rift breaks out the horned moon  
With love's fair star, which most attracts mine eye.  
And here, at this lone hour, on this broad river  
My thoughts still turn to Thee — fondly as ever.”

On February 24th the Marion weighed anchor and stood up the river bound for Buenos Ayres, but, meeting with frequent head winds, was forced to anchor several times; thus it was not until the evening of the 26th that they reached and were able to moor the ship in the “ outer Roads,” some five miles from the city, and here they remained over six weeks, until May 12th.

In a letter of April 10th, 1840, Francis bewails the fact that so far he has not received a single letter since he left home, over five months before. He finds himself, however, pleasantly situated, though the only means of communicating with home is through “ Her Majesty's Mail Packets ” to Rio Janeiro, which run to and fro once a month. On account of the blockade no merchant vessels are in the Roads, only a French frigate and corvette and a small British frigate. Armed boats from the French ships attempt to enforce the blockade. But, nevertheless, there is much smuggling and blockade running, especially during dark and stormy nights. His difficulties in finding space and quiet for writing he illustrates by describing the “ about six foot square quarters ” occupied by himself and four others, for eating, dressing, and sleeping, besides containing all of their “ personal estate.” “ Truly a most heterogeneous mixture, as I glance around. The washing apparatus in one corner, the mess lockers in the other, damp towels festooned gracefully around, gold laced caps and tarpaulin hats, cloaks, coats and uniforms, old boots and shoes, books of all kinds from Spanish history down to Tom Jones, two guitars, one flute, all stirred up in elegant confusion. Knowing my peculiar ideas on space, order, arrange-

ment, etc., don't you wonder how I continue to accommodate myself to all this? And then the noise. Those youngsters over the other side are skylarking again; but they are always at it; shouting and bumping and thrusting each other around; well, they're happy."

In this letter Francis dwells particularly upon the excellencies of his commander, William A. Belt, urbane, considerate and kind hearted, with much consideration for others, although he troubles himself very little about the ship; "left her and took rooms ashore the day we came to, and has not been near her since" . . . "The good understanding between the officers still continues unimpaired, and, really, this is as happy a ship, take her all in all, if not more so, than any I have yet served in."

Sometime about the middle of April Francis and other officers took leave ashore, where he stayed for about a week, free from ship's duties and enjoying the pleasures of society and of daily horseback rides. Here he received his first letters from home "quite a little package in all and (I) retired to my own room to read it all undisturbed, and, after one or two perusals, enjoyed the luxury of an hour or two's quiet thought in a solitary ride." He, in his answering letter to his "mother" (Elizabeth), expresses much affectionate concern for her health and welfare, and adds, "You must not, dear mother, feel any uneasiness on my account with reference to pecuniary affairs. The station I am attached to is not an expensive one—my wants are not many, and, such as they are, the portion of my pay that I have retained is amply sufficient—so you see I am doing very well." With reference to his affair with Jane, he writes with much kindness, and possible naïveté, that her conduct was "dictated by nought but her natural kindness of heart; never for an instant has it been blamed by me, even in thought; we were happy in each other's society, but I well know it was never her intention to give up Mr. D——. Indifferent acquaintances have and may still censure her conduct. I never can."

One of the letters of introduction given him by "Uncle Winslow" was to the German Consul, a Mr. Zimmerman, by whom he was treated with much politeness, and at whose country residence he attended a dinner party and dance. "The gentle-



man seems to be very well off . . . as his house is very comfortably furnished and he sports his carriage and horses, etc., and exhibited no small degree of plate the day I dined with him, besides very sufficient quantity of good wines, which I *merely tasted* in compliance with the established custom of taking wine with everybody at the table. We sat down at five, and did not adjourn to the drawing room till about half past eight, when coffee was served and, after that, we danced until midnight." At the table he sat between two married ladies with whom he practised his Spanish all the evening, and thus " contrived to escape the temporary starvation usually resulting from being unfortunately placed between two young girls, who, being too ethereal to eat themselves, never allow you to." Sage and mature conclusions from an old man of twenty-two. On a later riding party, with these same people, he distinguished himself by a stumble and fall, horse and all, into a ditch, both deep and soft (" but not wet ") , so that only his boots and spurs were visible, fortunately without injury. Both he and his pride must have felt the fall.

On May 2nd, 1840, Francis begins a diary to his cousin, Arthur Pickering, under difficulties: "I sit down to scribble notwithstanding that two of the mess are assiduously occupied in confusing my ideas and creating anything but music on two guitars at the same time." . . . " Confound those guitars. I expect to get sick of the very sight of them. There is a perfect guitar mania in the ship. One middy bro't off a rusty old thing with three strings and, strait, all hands think they must do likewise, and now there are no less than seven on board, besides flutes, fiddles, and accordians." . . . " There are two great charms about our life ashore in a foreign port, the strong contrast to the ship, and the courtesy and attention we meet with in society; quite a different thing in Boston, you know — there as a class we are not very much esteemed. And, being so intimate with each other, and always leaving the ship by parties, we are never without amusing associates of our own age." . . . " I have not had a line from you yet. If I don't get some better returns I shall most certainly give up writing as an unprofitable occupation." " From the following estimate you would be dis-



posed to imagine we were rather overdrawing passed midshipman's pay; for instance, our mess bill \$100 per month, charges at the hotel ashore \$20 per day (we are ashore about half of our time, when no one is sick), in addition to which we most of us own our horses and keep them at the rate of \$80 per month. However, as our Spanish specie brings us at the bankers some \$20 of the currency, it is not expensive after all, our income here (\$800 U. S.) being \$16,000 per annum, which sounds quite large."

" May 10th. I have been on board the last ten days and it has been wet and rainy and disagreeable all the time, the fall of the year here." Raw and uncomfortable on deck. He feels the confinement and is irritated by the annoyances, resents being roused when asleep by the mess boy, who must needs have access to the mess locker on which his bed is placed at night. But he realizes it might be worse if he were sick, as was the case with one of the mess, " poor Clary." Job would have lost his reputation " if he had been subjected to the ordeal of a fit of sickness in the steerage of a man of war." " The ship is almost out of whiskey," and, as without it the efficiency of the U. S. Naval forces would be almost destroyed, " we are going to Monte Video in a few days to get a fresh supply, together with some other stores we are in need of, and have been waiting this week past, all ready to start, for a smooth chance to bring off some lady passengers, to whom the skipper has very politely offered the use of his cabin. Indeed they are right glad of the opportunity of making a convenience of a fine, large ship, in place of the confined quarters of the little monthly packet schooner of H. B. M., that is usually crowded with some eighty passengers, stowed as they do in one of our Sound steamboats when there is no competition — every inch of space packed with men and women, and the interstices filled in with children." . . . " The blockade remains as usual; last night was dark and stormy, and this morning at day-break the Frenchmen must have been somewhat annoyed at seeing a nice little brig snugly anchored under the guns of the fort." . . . " I would bet something it was a Yankee. Whoever the owner is, he will realize an enormous profit." . . . " They won't venture to cut him out where he

lays. It would be rather warm work, as the people ashore do know a thing or two about artillery, and have some very pretty specimens of long brass guns." . . . "They move them with great ease and rapidity, and gallop along the beach until they get within range." . . . "The other day the government, having obtained information through one of its spies that some dozen persons were about to leave the city clandestinely in the French boats, the governor stationed some three companies of infantry in the vicinity and, when the poor people came down, wholly unsuspecting of an ambush, all who could not escape by speed had their throats cut on the spot, in cold blood, a perfect butchery; one fellow died game, fighting to the last with his knife, but they cut him down at last, and the whole party was tossed into a mere hole in the ground."

By May 12th the Marion was anchored at Monte Video, with a fresh wind blowing and a heavy ground swell, precluding access to the shore, much to the distress of the disconsolate, seasick lady passengers, who had by that time quite enough of water parties. One of these ladies had to keep on deck all of the morning and promenaded on the arm of an officer most of the time. They were in fine shape the day before, when the water was smooth, and they danced and sang and drank egg-nogg in the cabin until after ten o'clock, where "most of us enjoyed quite a merry time of it."

Notwithstanding Francis' satisfaction with his ship and shipmates, as expressed in several of his letters, and notwithstanding the pleasures of travel, of new scenes, and of social attentions, he was already, after these few years of naval service, tired of the life and dubious about his future. Hence, on May 14th, he writes a long letter to his Aunt Harriet, unfolding his tale of woe and asking for her advice and aid. "Thus far I have done very well. I have established my standing in the Service" and reached independence with little assistance. "Yet, still I am not forgetful nor ungrateful for that which I have received, or unconscious that I owe all this, even my new profession and the power of being independent, to the kindness and influence of my mother's relatives." But the future dismays him. With two hundred names above his own on the list it must be ten



years before he could be promoted to a lieutenancy, and he feels he would probably die before attaining anything higher. Moreover he feels that his health and constitution would not stand the hardships; and the life is uncongenial to one of his temperament and habits. He asks for consideration of the matter for action on his return from the cruise, in two or three years. He suggests securing a purser's appointment or a situation in Washington, but, he humbly concludes: "If you do not think it advisable I shall say no more on the subject, but content myself with my present situation" . . . "I should be glad of some situation which would enable us all to form a common home."

From Monte Video, after a stay of a few days taking on stores, the Marion returned to Buenos Ayres. Apparently there were here at that time no docks or even wharves with conveniences for landing, and passengers to the shore were taken off of the boats in carts. These were very rough contrivances with "the horses attached to the tongue by a broad hide girth, and the driver, a half clad, savage creature, perched on one of them"; people arrived generally more or less spattered with water, but feeling fortunate not to have been actually spilled, as was frequently the case.

Francis writes of meeting Governor Rosas, "the Lion of Buenos Ayres," then the dictator of the Argentine, and of having half an hour's conversation with him. He describes him as of about fifty years of age, with light hair and a moustache and a piercing grey eye, much dignity in expression, but exhibiting more of firmness than of intellect; of about middle height and with muscular chest and shoulders, but at that time somewhat corpulent and "commodore like" — "withal a remarkably fine looking man." They attended a ceremony at the cathedral on the twenty-fifth of May, in celebration of the anniversary of Argentine independence, and there was a great display of rich official costumes of dignitaries and diplomats, and the military were much in evidence. The music was fine and the service impressive.

Later he attended a State ball given in the "Fort," situated on one side of the Plaza. The invitation was for eight o'clock, but the festivities did not begin until nearly eleven, when the



Governor and his suite arrived, after dining at the British Embassy. The entertainment was in a connecting suite of six different State apartments, fitted up and thrown open the first time for many years. A long corridor ran along this suite, in which were musicians at each doorway, and off of which were refreshment rooms, etc. Here also were numerous sentries with fixed bayonets. These, with their rich uniforms, and the diplomatic corp gave a very glittering effect. This ball was evidently much enjoyed by Francis. There was constant music and dancing; waltzes and quadrilles until about four o'clock, when the supper room was thrown open and a bountiful meal was served — “a most brilliant affair, and the champagne was good and plentiful.” Afterwards dancing was resumed with vigor until after seven o'clock in the morning, when the affair broke up in broad daylight.

Francis had previously met the Governor's daughter, Miss Manuela Rosas, and paid her much attention, and danced with her often at the ball. She introduced him to her father, and he was able to converse with him at some length, so far had his studies of Spanish already carried him. He describes Miss Rosas as not handsome but prepossessing, twenty-three years old, dark hazel eyes and fine dark hair, about of middle height and with a good figure, graceful and vivacious. Francis was evidently much pleased with the lady; he admired her good sense and intelligence and sense of humor, and “I find an hour passes in her society with more satisfaction than any Spanish lady I have yet met.” He therefore cultivated the acquaintance, and was a frequent visitor at the Governor's residence. He apparently became quite intimate and was most kindly treated. Hearing of his fondness for riding, the lady courteously put one of her saddle-horses at his disposal, “a lovely creature, and I have never mounted an animal with such an easy, prancing trot and pace for the streets, and at the same time such a noble gallop for the open country.” He was a “pinto” with white face, legs, and underbody; and the neck, shoulders, and flanks of a dark fawn color with small black spots. Rainy weather following, however, in mid-July, must have marred his pleasure in horseback riding, as he later writes that the roads and streets “are in most places

almost to the saddle girth in mud and clay — and so riding, as a pleasant pastime, is almost if not entirely out of the question.”

Early in September, 1840, the Marion left Buenos Ayres, and on the 10th weighed anchor from Monte Video and stood down the river, bound for Rio de Janeiro. The last week at Buenos Ayres Francis spent ashore, and he describes it as “a very brilliant wind up to our six months on the river — the weather was delightful, corresponding to our Spring, the country beautifully verdant and fragrant with the blossoms of countless peach trees; and then, as it was known we were to leave, we had invitations to *tertulias* every night, and actually danced till daylight of the morning we returned on board, and then there was waving of white kerchiefs — when the boats shoved off for the ship.” . . . “In good earnest we were all hands extremely sorry to leave Buenos Ayres.”

#### RETURN TO RIO DE JANEIRO AND BACK AGAIN

Not until September 24th did the Marion finally make Rio, having been held back first by calms and then by a fresh northeaster, which forced them back and out to sea as they were approaching port. Arriving, they found the Commodore had sailed a few days previously for Monte Video, leaving orders for the Marion to follow as soon as she could refit. So, on October 1st, they weighed anchor again, and after a run of seven days came to anchor near the mouth of the Plata River, under the lee of the flagship Potomac, Com. Ridgley. Here they remained, attending a court-martial, with occasional changes of anchorage, in company with the flagship, for three weeks.

#### AGROUND IN THE RIVER PLATA

On the 29th, at 4 P.M., they weighed anchor and proceeded towards the mouth of the river on a S. and W. course. “At 1 A.M., judging ourselves to be in the middle channel and close to the Ortiz bank, she was brought up to W. N. W., being then in  $3\frac{1}{2}$  fathoms water. At about 1:30 the ship struck on hard bottom.” Francis describes this episode in considerable detail in a letter to his cousin, Arthur Pickering. The approach had been made with some concern, as the night was dark, and they



knew of the variable currents and the dangerous shoals, from which the buoys and light ship had been removed by the blockading squadron. Further, the pilot was a new man recently arrived from the States.

So Francis retired from his watch at midnight, after glancing at the compass with surprise to find the course some four points off of what he thought it should be. However, thinking the pilot knew his business, he went below, and, after a bite of cold ham washed down with a little brandy and water, turned in and was soon asleep. From this he was rudely awakened by the heavy shock of the ship grounding. By the time he reached deck the anchor was let go and the men were aloft furling sails. The rest of the night was spent in sending boats out for relief, and to make soundings to determine location. At daybreak an anchor was laid to seaward, but, as the water continued to fall, the ship could not be moved, and soon she began to fall over on her port side. The captain gave an order to cut away the masts, but was persuaded by the officers from doing this, and, instead, sails were unbent and all top hamper sent down from aloft, and the lower and top sail yards were got over the side as shores.

By this time the ship was so careened that it was impossible to stand on the deck without lines. At the same time, provisions, water casks, shot, guns, and everything that could lighten the ship were put overboard, some in boats, some on a raft constructed from spare spars, and some, like guns and shot, dropped into the sea and marked with buoys. The weather fortunately continued fine with the sea relatively smooth, and a lovely sunset gave promise of a quiet night; "it was sad enough, tho', to see the tidy little Marion lying there dismantled, ensign union down, and the water flowing into the lee ports — a short 24 hours before and we weighed from the Mount with all the pomp and circumstance of naval etiquette, and stood out under every inch of canvas."

Nevertheless, Francis, after about thirty-six hours of continuous deck duty, turned in and slept soundly until daybreak. Soon after, with the rise of the tide and with the aid of a heavy bower anchor laid out to seaward, the ship was pulled off the shoal into deep water. But *none too soon*, as they were not clear much



over ten minutes before a fresh northeaster began to blow, starting with a sharp squall, and continued fresh all night, with a heavy sea. The next morning boats arrived from the frigate, and a small schooner from the Mount, and the Marion was soon restored to pristine condition, apparently unhurt from the experience, and proceeded to Buenos Ayres.

#### BACK TO RIO AGAIN

On November 1st the blockade was raised by mutual treaty between the belligerents, and there was great rejoicing in Buenos Ayres, with much ceremony and homage paid to Captain General Rosas. Merchantmen came flocking in, twenty or thirty a day, and business was brisk. The squadron was ordered away from Buenos Ayres in short order by Com. Ridgley, with no time allowed for shore leave or rest of any kind. By the 11th, the Marion was anchored at Monte Video and under orders to sail for Rio with the first fair wind, there to be heaved out for examination of her bottom. They left the next morning, after taking on board as a passenger the daughter of the Consul, a Miss Hamilton, the Marion being popular for that service. The cruise was uneventful, excepting for a dinner given by the captain to the ship's officers, eked out by borrowed provisions and table ware, as the ship's stores were by this time very low.

#### A WEEK-END WITH MR. GARDNER ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND

By November 25th they were moored at Rio. Here they lay for over a week, suffering from excessive heat, but delayed by the dilatoriness of the government in granting the necessary privileges preparatory to the "heaving down" of the ship. The tedium of the delay was relieved, however, by excursions ashore. Of one of these Francis writes a letter on December 5th, to his cousin Arthur Pickering, in which he narrates in great detail all the events and scenes. It is an interesting account of a young naval officer's pastime ashore in those days, and of the hospitalities which were extended to them when in foreign ports.

"The pleasantest place in the *City* of Rio," he begins, "is decidedly the Hotel Pharoux, just opposite the landing place, with its spacious 'Restaurateur,' cooled by the full sweep of

the sea breeze, and enjoying a delightful view of the shipping and the bay. — And here it was that the doctor and myself — arrived about the time of 3 P.M., on Saturday week, and, in company with one of the middies, proceeded to indulge and astonish our inward man (albeit little used to such sumptuous fare after the late starvation and low diet at sea) with turtle soup, stewed oysters, and shrimp salad — refreshing and solacing at the same time our thirsty souls with very excellent hock and champagne — the same being in strict accordance with an old and long established custom in the Naval service on getting ashore for the first time after a cruise at sea — and in present compliance with a solemn treaty between the doctor and myself on one of our late days of fasting and abstinence. The dinner and wine both being unexceptional, and ourselves in the mood to enjoy them, and so it passed off very well. About five we found ourselves, by previous appointment, waiting at the stone stairs (landing) for Mr. Gardner to join us.”

After some delay the party were all assembled. They consisted of Mr. Gardner, the host (formerly of Salem, and whose wife was a Miss Endicott of that place); his nephew Henry; Miss Emma, his daughter of 10; his partner, a Mr. Colman; two sheep; Francis and Dr. Wheelwright, and the crew of blacks. All were finally placed in the large sail boat for a seven mile sail to Mr. Gardner’s summer place, on Governor’s Island. Mr. Colman, he describes as clad in a dark frock and light pants, and exhibiting, under a black hat and brown silk umbrella, a very red countenance and an exceedingly inflamed nose. Miss Emma he pictures as a sallow young lady, tastefully arrayed in a pink bonnet, a white frock, and pantalets. They started with a fine and fair sea breeze, but, when about half way, the sea breeze died down, and a brisk land wind set in against them, and a thunder squall gathered. It grew blacker and blacker over head, the water was curling and whitening around them, and, just as Mr. Colman was suggesting the reducing of sail, the mast and sail toppled over with a loud crack. “After considerable jabbering among the blacks, the mast and sail were got in and the oars were got out,” and, incited by Mr. Gardner, “the black boatmen did pusha with considerable vim.” . . .” The wind favored us,



and the weight of the squall passed around along the hills — and we arrived without any serious damage, and were all kindly welcomed on the porch by Mrs. Gardner, and, afterwards, when safely housed under the green verandah in front of the cottage, watched with much interest the progress of the squall on the waters of the bay.”

“ After having disencumbered ourselves of boots and uniform coats, than which nothing can be worse adapted to the climate, and assumed white jackets and slippers, we tea’d and adjourned to the verandah to enjoy the coolness of the evening breeze after the past shower. The sky was clear again and the stars bright; there was no moon, but the fireflies sparkled amid the shrubbery, and the cocoa leaves pattered over our heads, stirred by the passing air, and the cricket’s chirp and the low note of the distant owl soothed the ear, and it was all very pleasant.” By nine the children were trotted off to bed under the wing of their mama. “ The doctor and our host discussed the politics of the day, both foreign and domestic. Mr. Colman, having established himself on a comfortable cane sofa, and adjusted the several cushions and pillows to his satisfaction, was surmised to be asleep. Mr. Henry was discovered to be similarly employed on another sofa in the drawing room. Being myself of moderate wishes and easily satisfied, I was content with enjoying in silence the quiet and beauty of the situation. After Mr. Gardner retired, Mr. C. woke up, and, feeling much refreshed, lit another long cigar, woke up the neighboring sleeper on the other sofa, and really ‘ opened out quite rich,’ regaling the doctor and myself with several curious and original anecdotes illustrative of ‘ life at Rio de Janeiro.’ Indeed we found out he was a very original character and quite a pleasant companion, and so it was about midnight before we all turned in.”

“ The first thing I was conscious of in the morning was a summons to turn out and bathe, at about 6 o’clock. The water is just at the foot of the garden. — According to the fashion here, you just thrust your feet into a pair of wooden shoes, wrap an extensive sheet around you, and strut down to the beach. — The water was delightful, though a little chilly at first. — After a glorious swim, we rolled ourselves up in our respective sheets



and strutted up again to the house. — After quickly dressing in our rooms, we sallied out for a walk around the farm, and looked at the mules and horses and cows and sheep. — Everything was neat and calculated to remind one, in this far country, of a New England country seat. — By eight we were all seated at the breakfast table, rigged in white thro' out, and everybody looking remarkably clean."

Immediately after breakfast, to avoid the mid-day heat, the party started on a horseback ride. Mrs. G. was mounted on a "quiet brown nag," Mr. Colman on "a sleek and sedate looking mule," the doctor on "a dignified white charger, not over high," and Francis, after some difficulty and delay, managed to mount "a fretful little grey pony, about the size of a large sheep, but of perfect proportion and remarkably easy action. I had scarcely mounted before he was off on the gallop and soon along side of the others. You remember some of my previous rides near Rio, and this was very similar — the same narrow, winding, bridle paths, cut through the most luxuriant under growth, the foliage of the trees at times entirely overarching and excluding the sun's rays, and then again, at times, you come out at once on the naked brow of a hill, and catch a beautiful glimpse of the scenery of the bay. At almost every turn you have it in a different point of view: it's no use, it baffles description. — My fiery little Arabian would keep pace with no one and would be first. — We had a fine ride and made quite a circuit round the island, and arrived home about noon." The afternoon, Sunday, was spent in relaxation, in reading and napping, and the evening passed off much as the preceding. "The next morning, another dip, breakfast, an hour's pull down to the city, mutual shaking of hands all round, boat from Palace stairs to the ship and we on board once more. I don't know how all this will seem to you, but to me it was a quiet, happy day, and so I have marked it here."

#### "HEAVING DOWN" OF THE MARION

It was at this time that preparations were being made to "heave down" the Marion, in order to examine her hull for any damage she might have sustained when she went aground

so recently in the river below Buenos Ayres. With the scarcity of dry docks and the absence of divers in those days, the procedure was not uncommon with the smaller vessels, for purposes of repair or for the painting of the bottoms.

To perform this operation the Marion moved to the island of Enchados early in December, was emptied and secured, and all hands were moved ashore excepting a lieutenant and a few men as care takers. Francis came ashore with the marines in the last boat, and they were marched to the end of the island, where they established a guard house. The ship's galley was installed under a large, tile-roofed shed, in the center of the island, with a force of half a dozen cooks. Close by were the armorer's forge and the carpenter's work shop.

In a letter of December 6th, to his cousin George, Francis gives a long and detailed description of the conditions on this island and the accommodations provided. The lower floor of a large dwelling house was allotted to the men. "A venerable, time-worn chapel," with a small turret belfry, was given to the "Forward Officers." It was stript of all religious emblems, though the niches for images and the altar and screen above still remained. "The Purser has set up shop in the quondam organ loft, and stood his slops and cash box there. — On one side the chapel is the best apartment in the establishment, and, in course, taken by the Captain. It is very handsomely furnished, the wainscotting and ceiling, doors and window frames and book cases being of highly polished dark Brazil wood. — It commands a splendid view of the entrance of the harbor, a portion of the city, whole of the opposite shore, and of the upper portion of the bay, with its numerous islets and the peaks of the Organ mountains, blue in the far distance." A long and lofty hall on the other side of the building, with five windows but no view, was taken by the wardroom officers. Opposite the entrance of this hall was the door of the "Steerage," occupied by the ten midshipmen, a room twenty-five feet square, and, though roughly equipped and without scenic beauty, was cool and airy, with the sea breeze playing in "quite a delightful contrast with the heat and confined air of our little, six foot square box on board ship."

A week or so later Francis adds a mournful postscript: "Poor



little Marion! Little did anyone think when we stood out of Boston harbor in company with the 'States,' in all the pride and consciousness of our beauty, that little better than a year would pass before the one should be crippled and disabled and the other water-logged and helpless. All that can now be seen of the 'Prettiest sloop in the Service' are the tops and some portion of the lower masts. — It is a mournful sight for those of us who had seen her built and launched, and, in a measure, felt ourselves united with her fortunes." "Mismanagment — may have been — somewhere, but where? It is not fitting that one so young and inexperienced in the Service as myself should presume to say. — No one is quite able to say how she contrived to fill. — She is lying in five fathoms of water, soft bottom."

The process of heaving down is described briefly in a private log which he kept, and, as the attempt was not only a failure, but disastrous in its results, the following extracts from this log are interesting reading:

"*Friday, Dec. 4th* (1840) at 2 P.M. midnight, made sail and stood up to the Isle of Euchados, about a cable's length from which came to and moored ship, unbent sails, sent down top gallant masts and housed top masts. Continued during the ensuing week closing the hold, getting out guns, etc., etc., preparatory to heaving down with a view to repair whatever damage may have been sustained while on shore in the river, sending everything ashore on the island or on board the heaving down hulk (barge) along side. *Friday Dec. 11.* The officers and crew moved on shore to live, the ship being then in entire readiness to commence heaving, the masts shored and secured, hatches battered down and purchases rove, it being deemed prudent to wait a smooth chance. *Monday, Dec. 14* at 4 P.M. commenced heaving, and by 6:30 the ship was well down and shortly fell over and commenced filling. All efforts with the relieving tackles to right her being ineffectual, she continued to fill, and, at about 7:45, disappeared under water entirely, with the exception of a small portion of the larb'd side of the poop deck and quarter gallery; the tops and lower masts being still above water, her stern apparently afloat, and her bow aground in five fathoms water, soft bottom. Altho' the keel was not hove out, it was ascertained the



ship's bottom had sustained no further injury than loss of the copper, probably rubbed off by the anchor (all this labor and disaster seem worse than needless). Crew at present employed removing the tops and stripping everything available. *Monday, Dec. 21.* The ship was once more afloat and pumped out dry, having been gradually raised during the last week by chains from her hawse and under her bottom, and tackles applied to the gunwale, floating and warping the ship into shoal water at the height of the tide, and taking down the slack of the purchases and chains at low water. Empty casks were also forced under the top qt. forcastle and lashed to the ring bolts in the deck, and the whole accomplished with four lighters and two launches for laying out anchors. The Brazilian government thro' out showed us all courtesy, and rendered the assistance of some hundred blacks and several officers, the whole under the command of a captain in their service (a most capable man). The ship was perfectly black inside from the effects of the bilge water, and, during the ensuing week, the crew were occupied in cleaning, airing, and drying the ship."

For nearly a month work continued on the reconditioning, and, not until January 28th were the caulkers finished and the ship warped to the other shore, near the Navy Yard. Here the work of securing the masts proceeded, and preparations were begun for another attempt to "heave out." On January 24th, Francis records that the frigate *Constellation*,<sup>5</sup> forty-two days from Boston, arrived and anchored, and also the U. S. ship *Dale*, forty-two days from Norfolk.

#### CHRISTMAS TIME IN RIO

The enforced prolonged sojourn on the island, because of the heaving down disaster, Francis found far from disagreeable. There were, of course, many duties and things to attend to, but the island was cooler than it would have been on the mainland, was free of mosquitoes, and there was the luxury of a beautiful

<sup>5</sup> This was the old ship *Constellation*, built in the last years of the preceding century, along with the *Constitution* and other frigates, and launched in 1797. She served during the War of 1812, and in the Mediterranean under Decatur. She is now preserved and in service as a receiving ship at the Navy Yard in Newport, R. I.

beach with fine bathing. The life was also freer and without the restrictions of quarters aboard ship, with the monotony of routine duties; and *there was plenty of time for writing*. On Christmas, notwithstanding their cast-a-way condition on the "islet of sand and rock," a quite sumptuous dinner was provided, consisting of mock turtle soup, preserved salmon with fresh oysters, shrimp salad, and squash pies, washed down with Hochheimer, Champagne, and Madeira that "we might in fitting style pledge them who in distant land would that day pledge us."

On New Year's Day Francis and the doctor made an excursion to the city, and, after stopping for refreshments at the Hotel Pharoux (consisting of raw oysters and brandy punch), in which two friends joined them, they proceeded by boat across the bay to the opposite shore to the "Praya Grande," where they left orders for preserves with certain French ladies noted for the excellence of their manufactures. On returning, they strolled in the evening through the city to the Emperor's palace, together with about one hundred other loiterers, to witness his departure, on this "Dias de Fiesta," for his country residence.

The young Emperor he describes as "a youth with a pale face and light hair, and slightly formed chest, in a dark fancy coat, not particularly well cut, and a very stout pair of legs in a pair of white kerseymere pants, adorned with a broad stripe of gold lace." The imperial carriage was drawn by eight black horses in green leather harnesses, with a great number of gilt plates and buckles. The glass coach was covered with much barbaric gilding and carving. On the box was a stout coachman, in green and silver livery, tights and silk stockings, with gold buckled shoes. The hammer cloth was of green velvet with a gilt fringe; on the coachman's head was a huge chapeau, worn "athwart ships," and fringed with white plumes. He guided the four rear horses with green reins, while the two leading pairs were managed by two little post boys in costume *à l'Anglaise*. Four outriders and two footmen, similarly clad, completed the "turn out."

The ceremony began by the call to the Infantry Guard to



form parade. Next a squadron of Horse Guards trotted down the Square and wheeled into line in front of the palace; the imperial carriage drew up in a very dignified manner, the band played the National air, and a file of household troops, in peculiar costumes and carrying long poles with spear and battle-axe heads, marched down and formed an avenue to the carriage. Then came two gentlemen ushers bearing massive wax candles shielded by glass shades, followed by the young Emperor. He was adorned by an enormous pair of epaulets and much rich embroidery, stars, and ribbons. He moved actively, sprang into the carriage, and was followed by two young princesses, his sisters, who were a blaze of diamonds and other jewelry. The door was closed, the steps turned up, the coachman cracked his whip, and off they went, the Horse Guards clattering after.

Another excursion of more sombre character was the burial of one of the sailors who died on the island from an incurable disease of paralysis. Francis was detailed for this, together with the doctor and a squad of sailors. Shortly after sunrise the coffin was carried down to a boat and placed in the stern sheets, draped with a flag. They then were rowed for about half an hour into the upper harbor, to a promontory luxuriantly green with trees and flowering plants, where, at the head of a small bay, was the Protestant cemetery. Here the coffin was borne up on the shoulders of the men and lowered into the grave, the burial service being read by Francis. The poor fellow was left and soon forgotten by his shipmates. Francis inquired of the sexton about the resting place of an old friend and messmate left here on his last cruise, but was unable to discover it.

#### AN EXCURSION TO THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS

The last exploit of this stay in the waters of Rio de Janeiro was an excursion to the Organ mountains, which occupied about a week's time. The party consisted of Francis, Dr. Wheelwright, the captain's clerk, and the assistant surgeon of the Boston. They started the morning of Saturday the 16th of January, 1841, and proceeded first to the city, where they supplied themselves with saddles and bridles, having already en-



gaged mules to meet them at a point of landing at the head of the bay. Then, as the steamer would not leave until afternoon, they repaired to the popular Hotel Pharoux and fortified themselves with oysters and sherry sangaree. At about two o'clock they boarded the steamer, together with their saddles, ponchos, and one carpet bag which contained the condensed wardrobe of all four. In addition, there was a formidable medicine flask of French brandy slung over the shoulder of the tallest member, for emergency uses. The voyage occupied the whole afternoon, and was accomplished without incident, at the rate of about five miles per hour, with some discomfort from the heat of the engine and sun, and the crowded condition of the small boat. At about six o'clock they reached their destination, "Piedade," at the head of the bay.

Here they found their mules awaiting them, in charge of a small black boy who was to act as a guide. The animals were small, not much more than donkeys, of the size commonly used in South American countries for trail riding and packing. It was about sunset when the cavalcade started, one behind the other, with the small darkey in the rear leading a spare mule that had been brought by mistake, laden also with the common carpet bag.

One can picture the party of young men, Jacks ashore, starting forth on this expedition into the mountain wilds, unused to riding and the vagaries of the mule, new to the country and its ways; with jokes and laughter at mishaps, they wended their ways. Francis humorously describes them as the "Long Doctor" from the Boston, the "Little Doctor" Dr. Wheelwright, the "Clerk" robust and short. Progress was slow, with mules already tired from the trip down from the mountain; they lagged and browsed. It soon grew dark. The Little Doctor in the rear managed to fall off his mule, fortunately without hurt. The Long Doctor soon after entangled himself in a hedge by the side of the trail and was extricated with some difficulty. The little darkey, in the excitement, managed to lose his spare lead mule. About midnight, after a tiring ride of sixteen miles, they reached their resting place, which was a small building combining a store, groggery, and tavern, known as a "Venda," pre-

sided over by a Señor Gaetano. Here they were given a very good supper, despite the late hour, and then to bed on cots, or small cane bedsteads, which were ranged around the eating room, and on two of which two earlier arrivals were already slumbering.

Only about two hours, however, were they allowed to rest, for the two other travellers were then awakened and prepared to start on their way. This aroused the whole party and led to introductions all around. They proved to be two Englishmen who were going in the same direction, who were familiar with the country and offered to guide the whole party by a new and better road. So off they started in the dark, up hill and down dale, following the winding narrow trail, with blind reliance on the mules beneath. Francis was nearly thrown off by a low hanging branch, and lost his much treasured whip. When day broke they were well up the mountain, on the side of a deep ravine, while above rose the bold and naked mass of the Organ mountains. Crossing a stream, soon after, both doctors suffered wettings, the "Long" one from inability to keep his legs out of the water on his small mule, and the "Little" one from his donkey's slipping and falling into a hole. The scenery of the latter part of the ride Francis describes as very beautiful, as they travelled along the mountain sides, above deep ravines "clothed in all the rich luxuriance of the Brazilian forest, with its thousand unnamed trees, creepers, and plants," with brilliant flowers, and, at times, above the waving foliage, there were glimpses of the brown pinnacles of the Organ mountains."

The sun was bright, but the air cool and exhilarating, far different from that of the valley below. Ascent was made slowly, the riders dismounting and walking up the steeper slopes. Some pack trains passed them for which they had to make room, and, sometimes, "on a stout and sleek mule would pass a travelling 'Caballero' with slouched straw hat, boots of rough, untanned leather coming above the knee, and huge iron spurs and holsters with pistol butts peeping out therefrom — the whole rig bringing to mind the ancient pictures of the 'Cavaliers,' 'all of the olden time.' Every man rides armed here, consequently the highways are to the last degree safe and secure. Every man



salutes you, *en passant*, and it would be extremely rude not to return it; even the slaves ask your blessing."

On reaching the summit of the pass, at an altitude of thirty-five hundred feet, there was a magnificent view which caused a burst of admiration: below was the mass of green hills with their luxuriant growth, beyond this were the blue waters of the bay and the distant ocean, all sparkling in the bright sunlight; back of and above them rose the sharp peaks of the Organ mountains. Thence, descending for about a mile, they reached their destination, a "rude farmhouse" in a hollow at the foot of the hill, partly concealed by trees. Here they parted from their English companions, who continued on to their own country houses, a short distance beyond. Passing through the farm yard with its stables, offices, and negro huts the party soon reached the main residence, a neat, white, one-storied house, with a portico and long veranda in front. Here they were warmly received and hospitably entertained by the host, Mr. March, and here they remained for several days, most comfortably.

This abode of Mr. March's was on a large farm, or ranch, stocked with cattle, horses, and other animals, where over one hundred slaves were employed. It was beautifully situated and well equipped. Guests were received and entertained by Mr. March, largely for the pleasure of their company, at a small charge. Francis and his friends enjoyed their stay here immensely. During the days, excursions were made over the farm and to near points of interest and beauty. The evenings were spent mostly at the dinner table, from sunset to bedtime. He gives a description of such a dinner which sounds quite sumptuous, and which is worth quoting as an illustration of high living in the wilds of Brazil:

"About dark dinner was announced. The gentlemen (including some other guests) dropped in from their different apartments, our host took one end of the table, and a large, dark-faced, curly headed man, who was agent and overseer of the estate, at the other, all hands having changed from the undress of the morning to the usual dinner dress, according to English style. The wines had been cooled in the nearest stream,



the doors and windows were closed and the candles lit, and everything wore a highly cheerful aspect." — "Soup came first, and, accompanying it, forcibly reminding me of Sunday at home, baked beans (you know my partiality to the same); we had them every day with the soup. Then there was fish and mutton and fowl, prepared in divers ways, and stewed guana, a very palatable dish, something between hare and fowl. The wines were of a quality not to be met with at hotels — Hochheimer and Bucillas and Sherry, Port and Madeira, a formidable array, of which I confined myself to the first, and that sparingly. About the time the dessert was introduced, we were considerably edified by some dozen of the slaves immediately belonging to the place coming in, one at a time, to report themselves as it were, and asking blessings from the master of the house, a custom, we were told, prevalent in the country, probably to see that none were missing." — "Peaches and apples with dried fruits composed the dessert. After this the port was circulated once more, as if they had just begun to drink. I need hardly to say a very small portion sufficed for me, nor was there any of the usual pressing on such occasions. It was certainly a very pleasant dinner." — "About nine o'clock coffee was brought in, beautifully strong and clear, and then, most of the gentlemen took to their cigars," and Francis to bed, after his first strenuous day, and slept soundly under a pair of blankets, in this cool and invigorating temperature. After the cigars brandy and water were partaken by all.

During the first afternoon of their arrival they experienced a violent thunder storm with intense lightning and rain, like the bursting of a water spout, "a second deluge, every gully in the hill side was now a torrent; in half an hour the brook had risen to have nearly overflowed the adjoining meadows." The next morning there came many reports of damage done by the storm: roads washed away, trees blown down, bridges destroyed, and one mill swept off entirely.

One morning Francis' love of the beauties of nature spurred him to rise before daybreak and to ride to the summit of the pass, known as "Bõa-Vista," to view the sunrise: "The morning air blew fresh and cool, and the valley behind was still dark

and untouched by the sunshine; before, all was bright and beautiful, the brown rocks and deep green foliage close at hand, the valley gradually expanding to the plain below, with here and there a rising knoll, islanded in rosy mist, the distant bay and still more distant ocean, the varied hues of cloud and sky were all lovely with the first rays of the rising sun."

The evening before their departure "our last dinner was a very pleasant one. Our host brot. out some old 'mountain dew' and hot water, lemons and sugar, and we had some right nice punch and singing all around until eleven, and some of us (but of course this does not include me and the medicos men) woke up in bed next morning with a very indefinite idea of how or at what time we came there." After breakfast, however, they were able to pack the carpet bag and to mount their donkeys, and, accompanied by the same small darkey guide, started on the return journey.

"We took leave with no little regret of our kind and gentlemanly entertainer," — "and, after a long, lingering look back at the old farm house, at the turning of the road, we pushed on." It took several hours, riding and on foot, to descend the mountain to the Venda, where they had passed the night on their up-journey. The trail was much damaged by the storm, and the mules had to climb around the trees, between rocks, and wade through mud, but in the sure footed way of their kind. It became warmer and warmer as they descended, and soon the heat was very oppressive. In the early afternoon the route led through the plains, sometimes in woodlands and sometimes through plantations. Late in the afternoon a heavy shower cooled them off and also drenched all hands, but they arrived, nevertheless, quite fit, though wearied and travel stained, at about dusk at Piedade, the place of embarkation. Here took leave of them their patient mules and the little darkey guide.

Here also they were dismayed to learn that the steamboat on which they had come from Rio had been discontinued for the season, and that the only other vessels were the fellucas, or large covered boats, two of which might be in before morning. So they resigned themselves to the situation, and sought con-



solation in an indifferent supper of eggs, bread, and coffee. Later, despairing of a large boat arriving, they decided to venture crossing the bay in native canoes. After a first excursion in a small canoe, manned by two blacks, for a short distance along the shore, they reached the owner's home, where they were to be transferred to a larger boat. Here they waited, in the shed-like home of the owner, a fisherman, and were given some excellent coffee, which they drank, huddled around a small fire in one corner of the shed with the "flickering light of a resinous torch."

After a short rest at this rude shelter the party were carried on the backs of the men to the larger and more commodious canoe, some twenty-four feet long by four feet wide, made from a single tree, fitted with a mast and sail and managed by three blacks. A raised platform in the middle served as a resting place. About midnight they started across the Bay with "a nice little breeze before which our light barque was skimming along five or six knots, and the rippling surface of the bay was brilliantly luminous with phosphorescence of the water" accompanied by barbarous songs of the blacks. Francis soon fell asleep, but in about an hour was awakened by a heavy, pelting shower of rain which the boatmen seized upon as an excuse to run the canoe ashore on the Isle of Pines, to lay-by until the rain should stop. After remonstrance on the part of the passengers, however, they dowsed the mast and took to rowing, but retaliated by "setting up howling worse than ever yet heard by civilized New Englanders"! — However, "at about four o'clock, chilly and exhausted, half drowned and wholly miserable, to the great surprise and edification of the officer of the watch and sentry on post — we glided along side the stairs at the island and disembarked, early in the morning of Feb. 1."

Thus ended the week's trip to the Organ mountains, of which account, covering eighteen pages of closely written sheets of foolscap, this description is an abstract. It was enjoyed and long remembered by Francis and friends at home. It was begun under the sunny skies of a tropical climate at Rio, continued on his voyage from there, and finished "amid the mists and snows off Cape Horn."



The day of Francis' return he writes of the arrival of the store ship Relief, with friends and old shipmates of the Erie on board, including Mr. Worden (later the hero of the Monitor — in the Civil War) and Dr. Pinckney. He also takes up the considerations of a transfer from the Marion. The Constellation or Boston, then in Rio, bound for China, were out of the question, as there was no vacancy on those ships. But the Dale, bound for the Pacific coast, has no one of his grade. Captain Belt of the Marion has no objection to his making a change and Captain Gauntt of the Dale wants him. So he decides to try for the transfer. He had had most congenial associates on the Marion, and his life there had been very pleasant, but he was learning little or nothing, and had only six weeks at sea since arriving in the station. Moreover, he had a feeling of shame, though in no way responsible for the recent disastrous mishap to the Marion in attempting to heave-down. It was a bungling piece of work, and a delicate subject to broach to anyone connected with the ship. Further, he felt the desire and need for other and wider professional experience, and also was curious to see more of the world. So, when, on February 2nd, the flagship Decatur arrived in port, Captain Gauntt went on board, and, in the afternoon, returned with the brief orders from the Commodore for Francis that "you will report for duty on board the Dale."

### THE CRUISE OF THE DALE,<sup>6</sup> 1841-1842

As the Dale was due to sail very soon, Francis lost no time, and the same evening made his transfer in a ship's boat from the island to his new home. When he arrived on board, with his boxes and bags, including a saddle and other horse equipment, he was received with "great admiration" by the midshipmen of the watch, who expressed some doubt as to whether there would be found room in the steerage for all the impedimenta, and, facetiously, asked when the horse would arrive,

<sup>6</sup> The Dale was a new but small ship of 566 tons, carrying 16 guns. She was built in Philadelphia in 1839.

suggesting that, in the meantime, the marines could use the gear to display their equestrian abilities on the spanker boom — all with good nature, however. This was about midnight, and Francis dumped his property in the first available place, and stowed himself in a hammock under an awning on the poop deck.

About seven o'clock the next morning, "I woke up and turned out, washed in a tin basin, and contrived to dress once more in the limited space of a steerage, after having during the past two months been accustomed to our large, airy apartment ashore, began to realize the horrors of my situation, particularly as the breakfast table was without the ceremony of a cloth, and the cups of all manner of patterns, and the whole affair worse than anything I had seen since the schooner *Enterprise*, of horrible memory. The breakfast consisted of an indefinite quantity of water boiled up with a very small quantity of coffee, the same partaken without milk and very indifferent brown sugar, and two emaciated fish and some toasted bread. The fact is, I have dropped into a regular midshipman's mess, which has always been the same and never will improve from now to eternity; all in debt to the purser and consequently obliged to draw rations from the ship, instead of laying in their own sea stores and making some provision for their comfort. What little money they do get, of course, is spent in visiting ashore."

As the vessel was not sailing until the next day, Francis went ashore again, for a last visit to his friends on the island, where he enjoyed a farewell dinner with a bottle or two of champagne, and returned on board feeling very "homesick." And melancholia clung to him; newly formed ties were being broken; he was leaving his ship and friends of whom he had become fond. Hence, a short time after sailing on the *Dale*, his feelings gave vent in quite a long poem called "The Wanderer." This deals with the roamings and restlessness of his life so unappealing to one:

" — formed for love and gentleness  
And all the kindly courtesies of life."



“ And well content were he, with peace and love  
To dwell retired, o’er desert seas no more to rove.”

“ The place that was his home, for him had now  
No charm. ‘ The lady of his love,’ was wed.”

“ And he did mingle with the gay, and sought  
At pleasure’s shrine, oblivion of the past  
Vain — vain — the jest the song, the dance was naught.”

“ onward still he hurries fast  
His restless doom, from scene to scene to rove,  
Bearing the curse of his scathed heart, where’er he move.”

U. S. SHIP DALE — At Sea

*Thursday afternoon, Feb. 22/41.*

#### AROUND CAPE HORN TO VALPARAISO

On February 5th the Dale sailed from Rio in company with the Yorktown and Relief. For about ten days they had fair weather and fine, smooth sailing southward, about one hundred miles from the coast. Francis settled himself in his new quarters as well as he could, and soon got used to the new life. The air was cool and refreshing, and he felt well and happy. He was placed in the master’s watch, also a passed midshipman assisted him in the navigation and had free use of his state-room. He remarks especially on the lovely nights and the beautiful sunsets. He expresses amiable liking for his messmates and also for his commander, Captain Gauntt. They enjoyed also the company of the Yorktown, which was generally in sight and communication, but always astern, as she was a slower vessel.

By February 16th, however, they ran out of pleasant weather into raw mists and fog at latitude 42° S., and the Yorktown began to be lost sight of. They were also reduced to “ salt junk and hard tack.” On the 17th they baited and caught a young albatross, which measured nine feet across the wings, but which they let go for good luck, after labeling it. The next day they had a clear S. W. gale, and were under double reefed top sails.





U. S. S. DALE



MACEDONIAN

UNITED STATES



The topmasts were reduced to "stump top-gallant masts," and they double lashed boats, spars, and anchors, and the two bow guns, and all shot was passed below. On the 19th, in latitude 45 S. longitude 60 W., a gale set in at night and they reefed down twice: "during my watch we were careering along at a rapid rate, with swelling canvas and sheets of glittering foam flashing off from the bows":

"With sloping masts and dipping prow,  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe  
And foreward bends his head,  
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,  
And southward, aye, we fled."

Captain Gauntt he finds to be a very timid sailor, and, though the Dale is a much faster ship, the Yorktown keeps close astern by carrying more sail. Alternations of fine and foul weather followed. Roused from his slumbers by an untimely squall on the 25th, evoked the following poem:

"T'was ever thus from childhood's hour —  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay.  
I never loved a tree or flower  
But t'was the first to fade away.

"I never sought to snooze an hour  
Before my watch, but that alway  
There was sure to be the Devil to pay  
With top-sail to reef, or something as bad  
And no sweet repose at all to be had."

On February 28th they passed Staten Island, off the end of Terra del Fuego, with clear and pleasant weather, and soon after reached latitude 56 S. — 65 W., off Cape Horn. Here bad weather set in with head winds, hail and sleet, and the ship under "close reefs" and under storm stay sails, one day drifting forty-six miles E. by W. From then on, during almost the whole month of March, they beat against head winds with stormy weather, much of the time "laying to" in very heavy



seas, under storm stay sails, with rain, hail, and snow, decks wet above and below, and the temperature near freezing.

The watches were "cold and dismal." Francis spent his leisure time largely in reading and writing in the master's room. His books included *The Conquest of Mexico* (in Spanish), Southey, and the Bible. A "dog's-life" he calls it. One week they advanced only two hundred miles, what with head winds and currents. This was largely, according to Francis, because of the timidity of the commander, an excellent and kind old gentleman, but "no seaman, and entirely unfitted to command a man of war, having been residing ashore on his farm the *last ten years*." The food became short, and they were living on ship's allowance. All felt disgruntled, with ambition gone, and resorted to "hot whiskey toddy every night before turning in."

On March 17th they had gales with snow gathering on the sails and in piles on the gun deck, "the men as busy snow balling as any set of school boys let loose. The staid old purser, going aft along the weather gangway, to his great surprise and indignation was hit on the head by one of those 'hot shot' from the hand of a mischevious young midddy, who immediately scampered aft the other side, and, by the time the purser reached the quarter deck, was innocently engaged staring into the lee-binnacle to see how the ship headed."

By March 27th they were at last north of the 50° parallel (making less than 10° of latitude in nearly four weeks) after a most disagreeable month of gales and gloom, living under close battened hatches, everything damp and dripping, so that Francis had to rig a tent over his bunk to keep the bedding dry; feet always cold and wet, stinging with chilblains. Otherwise, however, he remained very well. They were then reduced to a water allowance of only two quarts per day per man for all purposes. They had one *very heavy* blow, with mountainous seas, but the ship stood it well. At this date, however, they were enjoying fine weather, and were running with a fair wind from ten to twelve knots under close reefed sails; "a fine ship." With this good weather and light fair winds they began drying out lockers and quarters generally. Books, boots, clothes, and everything were mouldy, and his guitar nearly ruined. The past bad

weather and its hardships were, however, soon forgotten under these changed conditions, and on Sunday, April 4th, they sailed into the harbor of Valparaiso, and were moored in port before sunset, after a passage of fifty-seven days from Rio.

Immediately after arriving all were busy getting letters ready for a vessel sailing the next morning for Panama, anxious as they were to get their news home. The Yorktown, their old sailing mate, they learned had arrived before them nearly two weeks, despite her inferior sailing qualities. Also in the port was a small French brig and H. B. M. frigate, *President*.

Some five days later Francis wrote that he is somewhat disappointed with Valparaiso, and that it does not compare with Buenos Ayres. Since their arrival the ship *Relief* came in with many old friends. He has been ashore several times, left letters of introduction and met the Walshes and a Miss Bridge of Charlestown, an acquaintance of William Waldo's. He is in the best of health and very pleasantly situated on board. Captain Gauntt has proved a kind and worthy man, most considerate of his officers, who are "a very gentlemanly set." He is quite intimate with the assistant surgeon, who had passed a year in St. Croix and "frequently met with father, describing him as a little, dark, reserved man, who sometimes gave him the very best of advice touching the snares and temptations of the world."

The Dale remained in Valparaiso for about three weeks, and then, on April 24th, having taken on provisions, wood, and water, at 7 A.M. she weighed anchor and went to sea, bound for Callao, Peru. A run of about ten days, during which they had pleasant weather and moderate breezes, took them to that port. The crew were exercised as usual at general quarters. On May 2nd they came in sight of San Lorenzo, and lay-to there over night. At daylight the next day they stood into the harbor of Callao, and, at 3:30 P.M., came-to outside the frigate *Constitution*. The following morning they again weighed and took berth nearer in, sent down royal yards, hoisted out the boats, and proceeded to fill up with stores and water. At this time there were in port the *Constitution*, *Yorktown*, and *Relief*, the



French frigate *Thetis*, and sloop *Camilla* and H. B. M. frigate *Actaeon*.

#### IN CALLAO FOR THREE MONTHS

Here in Callao Francis and the *Dale* remained for three months, into the month of August, 1841. On July 11th a short excursion was made when the *Dale* stood out in company with the *Constitution*,<sup>7</sup> which was then home bound. A trial at sailing demonstrated the *Dale*'s superior qualities over the *Constitution*'s, to Francis' satisfaction. After the contest they parted company, after cheering the *Constitution* farewell on her homeward voyage, and returned to anchor in the harbor.

July 4th was suitably celebrated by setting the ensign at the Fore and Mizzen, and, at meridian, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired, in company with the other men-of-war and the fort on shore. Similar salutes were fired on July 28th, for the Peruvian Day of Independence, and for the French national festival the day following. On August 7th colors were half masted, and twenty-six minute guns were fired in memory of the then late President, General Harrison.

Francis' time here seems to have been passed pleasantly. Through letters of introduction, which he had been furnished with by his Uncle Isaac, he met a number of resident families with whom he passed pleasant evenings ashore. He also made some excursions, including a three-day visit to Lima, which, with its "arched gateways, venerable churches, and jalousied balconies, has an air of antiquity." He found it, however, "horribly expensive." He had a box at the opera, and attended a bull fight which he thought was disagreeable and disgusting. The port of Callao he speaks of as a miserable specimen of a seaport town. The climate he found of a delightful mild temperature, and though it never rained at that time of the year,

<sup>7</sup> This was the famous old frigate "*Ironsides*," built in the last part of the eighteenth century, and launched in 1797. She carried 44 guns. She was conspicuous during the War of 1812, and, afterwards, served in the Mediterranean under notable commanders. She was preserved for many years at the Navy Yard in Boston, and has only recently been entirely rebuilt, largely by private subscriptions, and taken, under convoy, on a patriotic cruise to many parts of the country of both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. She is now returned to a permanent home at the Navy Yard in Boston.



there were heavy dews and fogs at night which, however, were dissipated by ten or eleven in the mornings, and the remainder of the day was clear and pleasant.

Writing and reading occupied much of his time, and he mentions Gil Blas (in Spanish) as one of the books he then read. He bewails the lack of letters from home, over six months without a line. On June 16th, however, letters of the preceding December 7th, reached him, but, he says, dates don't matter, "it is the glow of satisfaction *in hearing from home*."

He seems to have been well and happy nevertheless, and content with his lot. "I have registered a vow never to growl any more at the excessive prudence of the skipper, as his qualities in other respects are so very estimable." He is glad he made the change from the Marion, even though he prefers the Brazil coast. The duties are pleasanter and more responsible. "Believe me, dear mother, *well, happy, and contented*, and as ever your affectionate son, Frank."

#### A CRUISE TO LEEWARD

"Aug. 12, 1841, ship being full of wood, water, and provisions, and by order of Cap. French Forrest, at noon, weighed and stood out of the bay of Callao, under royals and larb. steering sails, on a cruise to leeward. At 3 P.M. took our departure from the island of San Lorenzo." Two days later, August 15th, at 3 P.M., the Dale anchored at Santa, "a small port consisting of two mud houses and a grog shop pleasantly located on a sand hill. One barque and two schooners lay at anchor in the little bight that formed the roadstead, and, just outside of them, the Dale 'clewed up' and dropped anchor with a degree of noise and importance only attainable in a man of war, with twice the number of officers on deck that are really needed, and everybody giving orders. Nothing can be more grand than the first glimpse one gets of the Peruvian coast, with the distant range of the snow-capped Andes towering above all; and nothing more utterly barren and desolate than the mixture of sand and rock developed by a nearer approach. In fact, from the ocean to the base of the mountains, Peru is, to all intents, a desert."

Curiosity, however, led Francis and a few others to venture

ashore in this desert, and to undertake a horseback ride to the town, about a league inland. He found it a paltry collection of mud huts, a few common shops, and a white-plastered chapel; people mostly Indians, blacks, and mixtures. In contrast he writes of a New England country town of similar size, "with its fine old trees and neat white cottages and gardens and orchards." They were glad enough to gallop back to the sea shore and re-embark, "our feeling of contentment with the ship not a little enhanced by the brief visit to the shore."

The next day they weighed anchor at 11 A.M. and stood out to sea, heading for Payta, which they reached the evening of the 18th, and remained there until the 25th. This was then the principal Pacific port of American whalers, and eight of such were at anchor there during the Dale's stay. The town, Francis describes as a miserable collection of huts, with the exception of some few residences of important citizens and foreigners, with no hotel or other resort. The population was perhaps three thousand. The anchorage, however, was good and the climate delightful; but the country was arid and desolate, no rains of consequence having fallen for several years.

On the 25th the Dale got away again. "Just as we were weighing and had tripped our anchor, the sea breeze came down with a smart puff, and the ship took the bit between her teeth, as it were, whirled short around, and went off at the rate of nine knots, narrowly missing running over two whale ships in the evolution." On the 26th they were standing up the gulf of Guayaquil. "This sort of cruising on a proverbially summer sea, and looking into a new port every day or two, is more like yachting than sea service, and comes in delightful contrast with the exposure and hardships off the Cape, and particularly agreeable is it in a pleasant ship like this." He looks forward to Guayaquil with cheerful anticipation. Men of war are scarce visitors there, and are given much attention. Pineapples and oysters are promised. The heat is already oppressive, but the vicinity of the mountains and the sea breeze will temper this.

At 1:30 A.M. of August 27th the Dale, approaching the land, came to in twelve fathoms of water to await daylight before proceeding farther. At seven o'clock the next morning they



made sail again, and continued up the narrowing bay all day, anchoring at seven in the evening in six fathoms, off the town and island of Puna. Here they lay until eleven the next morning, presumably waiting for a favorable tide, and then weighed and proceeded up the river. Francis writes with much ardor describing this sail of fifty or sixty miles up the great river to Guayaquil. The scene "was a rich contrast to the barren shores of Peru." — "We continued on deck all the day, lounging in the quarter boats or on the forecastle. — We had a splendid sunset, and I believe there was scarcely a soul on board that did not feel the influence of the hour; it was entirely unlike all previous navigation, gliding smoothly yet rapidly along with all sail set and just enough breeze to make them 'sleep.' " — "The trees seemed to spring directly from the water and covered with ever verdant foliage, and the air rich with fragrance. No sound to break the repose of the scene but the continuous rushing of the water past the ship, the call of the leadsman in the chains, and the occasional orders of the pilot. It was too beautiful to last, and was broken upon by the call of 'work ship.' " — "The breeze freshened and the light sails came in, and, a few minutes after, we 'braced up' for a bend in the river. The remainder of the passage was accomplished 'neath the 'blue and starlit sky' of the tropics and by the light of as lovely a moon as ever looked down on — no matter what." . . . "By ten we were moored, sails furled, and the boarding boat along side."

#### IN GUAYAQUIL

The next morning, the 30th, revealed "the ship snugly moored, awnings spread, etc., etc., just abreast the city of Guayaquil," about a cable length from the shore. "The wind sail is down the hatch, but, as the breeze is not yet set in, the heat is rather oppressive. Cloth vesture and indeed vests of any kind are not just now the thing, but white jackets and pants, with a black ribbon twisted loosely around the neck, and collar turned down, and broad-brimmed straw hats, is the latest touch of fashion on board." — "This morning made us acquainted with the luxuries of Guayaquil in the shape of fresh milk, eggs, and oysters, alligator pears, pineapples, and melons, besides the more sub-



stantials. At noon we saluted the place, which was returned from a small park of field guns mounted in front of the Government House. In the afternoon some of us went ashore to take a glimpse at nearer view, and attend the theatre in the evening, the governor having very politely offered his box for the use of the officers."

The next ten days were passed most pleasantly at this hospitable port. There was sea bathing in the Rio Salado, a narrow arm of the sea making up opposite the city, "where everybody goes in the morning before breakfast to bathe." — "The spot is very secluded and shut in by the hills. A small bamboo shanty with some half a dozen compartments, all of cane and matting, serves as a dressing room. Two or three pretty girls and cavaliers attendant were paddling around, all in bathing dresses, and the utmost delicacy and propriety prevailed." The officers of the ship were given the freedom of the "Foreign Club," where they enjoyed breakfasts and games of billiards. There were visits on board from the governor and other officials and prominent citizens. The theatre was not much enjoyed, and Francis writes of it as an "indifferent affair, badly lighted and worse ventilated," with poor music and poor acting.

The houses he describes as all of the same plan, admirably adapted to the climate and its vicissitudes, as well as to the earthquakes. They were built on tall posts buried in the ground, and are strongly framed of wood, with sloping roofs of Dutch tile, all firmly knit together so that the house can "rock like a ship and yet sustain no injury." These houses are generally of two stories, built around a square court, with a covered gallery inside. The lower story was generally of stores and the upper was used as residences. The apartments were large and high and airy, and the verandas delightful places to lounge and enjoy a cigar or a siesta.

The city was laid out in squares as rectangular as that of the Quakers, with wide streets remarkably well lighted. At every corner was a reservoir of water, and there were three or four real Yankee fire engines. The planked sidewalks were covered by the projecting verandas above, protecting one from both sun and rain. All the drinking water came from some leagues above

the town, and was brought down on great rafts carrying about two thousand gallons. "One of these huge 'balsas' came drifting down yesterday with the full force of the current, and before it could be checked stove a boat and smashed the side ladder." — "Huge logs of wood and little islets of grass, etc., came floating down and fouling the hawse and the boats." . . . "Such are always to be seen drifting up or down with the tide, together with large canoes filled with fruit and vegetables."

In the evenings the river bank is a promenade for parties of ladies walking or sitting on the benches in the moonlight, and listening to the music of the governor's band, which plays twice a week.

"Monday morning, September 6th, 1841, Guayaquil. Three and twenty today — truly I am getting somewhat advanced in years, and nothing better than a poor devil of a Pass<sup>d</sup> Mid<sup>d</sup> yet." — "The reflection of how much was intended and how little has been accomplished is rather saddening than otherwise; it seems like another year lost." Rather a premature soliloquy this would seem. That evening, however, as if in celebration of his birthday, a ball was given by the governor which was well attended by the officers of the Dale, including the captain. They arrived early and had a first glance at the rooms, which were lofty and airy and well lighted, and fragrant with the perfume of flowers, with which the supper table was decorated. The girls, Francis found, were quite as pretty and graceful as in Buenos Ayres, and indeed more fair and like "ours at home." He enjoyed the dancing and the opportunity to exercise his knowledge of the language, being in this respect better prepared than were his fellow officers. Special dances, such as the Cacucha, were performed very prettily by some of the most graceful señoritas; other dances were the quadrille, waltz, and the contra-dance. At half past three the ball broke up.

From this place there was opportunity for a relatively quick mail service, *via* Panama and Jamaica, and Francis writes of his well-being and liking of the place, and of his regrets at the prospective early leaving. The day after the ball he attended the captain at a dinner given by Governor Rocafuerte. It was "the first of a diplomatic nature" he had ever attended. It was given



at the residence of the governor's brother-in-law, one of the wealthiest merchants of Guayaquil, and Francis describes it as a quite "sumptuous" entertainment. "The apartments were most spacious, ornamented with gilt cornices and rich furniture, including the only harp in the place, and a piano of superior tone and finish."

The governor, who received them at the head of the stairway, was a "brisk little old gentleman of about fifty—a gentleman of the old school, very neat in his dress, and of a polished, courtly manner. He spoke both English and French. General St. Cruz, late president of Peru, was also a guest with his suite, together with various foreign agents and the military commandant of the province. The party was graced by the wife of the host and her daughter, Donna Adela, "a fine specimen of a brunette, just sixteen," next to whom Francis was placed at table. The dinner was abundant and delicious, including oysters, shell fish, and many enjoyable native vegetables. Punch and iced champagne were served, and the attendance was excellent.

After a short adjournment to the drawing room, the party returned to the "dessert," where they found the table decorated with flowers in richly chased silver vases, and covered with ices and fruits of every variety, the cheramoya and granadillas of Peru, the pineapples and oranges of the country, and many others unfamiliar to Francis. Burgundy and other wines were circulated, toasts were given and responded to with thanks and appreciative remarks. Afterwards, in the drawing room, coffee and cordials were served, and there was music and singing. An especially fragrant touch was a salver in the center table containing what is called "mezala," being the mingled leaves of a variety of flowers sprinkled with eau d'Amber, which diffused a delightful odor over the apartment. Each guest was also presented with a fresh lime, studded with spices, and a rose.

During a great part of the evening Francis, apparently, basked in the company of Donna Adela, "whose color was just a shade heightened from the excitement, and whose soft, dark eyes, sweet smile, and usual quantity of pearls thereby displayed, were quite sufficient for a heroine of Byron. Her good taste was displayed in the simplicity of her dress and ornaments of frosted



silver, and, though so young, her manner exhibited a remarkable degree of lady-like dignity." There was "a polish of education I was quite unprepared for; indeed, I am told that they are so fully aware of the necessity of education here that all who can send their sons and daughters to France or Germany to be finished." Quite a rhapsody, this, for an old man of twenty-three.

#### SOUTHWARD-BOUND AGAIN

The Dale remained in Guayaquil only a few days longer, and the prospect of leaving was viewed with much regret. A nice port of call, Francis found it, and they had enjoyed pleasant weather, had made a number of friends, and all would gladly have stayed longer. But on Saturday, September 11th, early in the morning, at five o'clock, the Dale weighed anchor and stood down the river. At seven o'clock, however, with the change of tide, they anchored at Peuta Gorda, to wait for the ebb tide which came at 3:30 P.M., when they again weighed and stood down the river. This proceeding continued for the next two days, until they anchored off Puna on the thirteenth. Here they remained for a few days, exercising the crew at small arms and target practice.

By the eighteenth they were at sea again, but were delayed by head winds and currents. Francis spends much of his leisure time at sea in writing to his "mother" Elizabeth. He longs for letters from home. No news later than March, six months past, has reached him. He thinks he deserves more attention as he himself is constantly writing, and his shipmates say "my pertinacity is sufficient to weary the most reluctant correspondent into an answer." He writes of himself as in fine health and good spirits; the climate at sea is splendid, and he finds the Dale still as pleasant a ship as he did at first. He has more leisure than he really needs, but, as he believes that happiness lies in occupation, he endeavors to keep himself constantly employed. It is two years now since he sailed from Boston on the Marion. He feels that he is growing old, but is learning contentment, and finds it "is a very happy little world if we look on the right side of it."

On September 23rd, in the afternoon, the Dale anchored at

Payta. Here they remained for nearly a month. Shortly after arriving there was an affray on shore between a party of "liberty men" and some natives, in which James Todd, the captain of the main top, was stabbed and killed, and one other seaman was badly wounded. One native was also stabbed and eventually died. Todd was brought on board, but died almost as soon as he was laid on the deck. Francis was very much depressed by witnessing this tragic end, and his feelings led him, in consequence, to compose a poem of seventeen stanzas entitled "The Murdered Mariner"!

"THEY laid him on the cold, hard deck  
On which, that day, stood he  
A bold and reckless Mariner  
As any there might be."

"And men of nature, wild and rude  
Were gathered round his form  
Who er'st had borne him companie  
In sunshine and in storm."

"The very planks that were beneath  
His pale and ghastly brow,  
Full oft he trod them joyfully;  
His life's blood stained them now."

"That morn, mid those who circled him,  
His curse rang loud and high.  
Pass on a few short hours, and he  
Was lying there, to die."

"Unknown the hand that dealt the blow  
In base, ignoble brawl.  
Unmarked the spot where he, for Aye  
Must rest in Foreign Soil."

Todd was later buried ashore, and "left among the sand hills of this sterile coast."

Many whaling ships were in the habit of making Payta a port of rendezvous, and, on one day, five or six came in together.



Francis made some acquaintances ashore, and describes the place as very healthy, with fine warm days and cool nights. It was, however, a great come-down from Guayaquil. He occupies himself reading many Spanish books, and is about to start the study of French.

On October 18th, at 9 A.M., the Dale weighed anchor and stood out — “beat to quarters and shotted the guns.” Then, for about three weeks, she was continually at sea beating down to Callao. She passed through some cloudy weather, with mist and rain, but the latter part was clear and pleasant. Some whalers were boarded, and the men were exercised at the guns. On November 9th they anchored at Callao at 6:30 P.M., in their former berth.

### THREE MONTHS IN CALLAO AND LIMA

A three months' stay was made in Callao, apparently for no special purpose other than to occupy a station in Peru. The time was spent in routine work aboard ship, broken by shore leave and visits to Lima. Among other occupations the captain maintained a constant and daily “exercise of the guns” for half an hour every day, of which Francis was put in charge. “Mere dumb show,” he characterizes it. His daily routine he describes as gun exercise, dinner in the steerage, followed by guitar strumming, a trip ashore for billiards, and return at sunset for the evening meal. A little time for reading was followed by a night watch on deck.

On November 12th he writes that he is made “happy with the receipt of some dozen letters from home, which had been awaiting my arrival.” He was glad to learn, he writes Elizabeth, that his letters have been received, and “that you all take so much interest in my diary. My object has been to contribute my share (or endeavor to) towards the amusement of the family circle, and so I feel amply repaid.” He writes of receiving a letter from his father, the first since leaving home. He deplores this slack intercourse, though he has written several times; he hopes for more frequent exchanges in the future. He wishes he could contribute more to his father's comfort, and is glad to relieve his mind of his feeling of indebtedness to Elizabeth by sending



her a draft for two hundred and fifty dollars, and hopes to send more the following year. He urges her acceptance of the remittance, as he can well spare it, and, even if he could not, he would not have her suffer by the misfortunes of his father. There is reference to remarks of his Aunt Harriet, relative to his Ohio land, and a suggestion that John or William Pickering should locate there, which remarks had much offended Elizabeth. Francis deplotes this, and concludes with the sentence: "Those unfortunate lands which it would have been more to my happiness never to have had title to." He urges her not to attempt a journey West to Illinois, to visit her sons, because of the dangers of travel and climate at her age. If taken ill she could not receive proper care, and would only be a burden to John and William.

On January 8th, 1842, he continues with his journal to his cousin, Arthur Pickering, and first acknowledges with gratitude the receipt of letters, books, and papers, and also sends the "thanks of the mess — indeed everybody reads my books and papers before myself, the letters occupying my attention most, receiving more than anyone else on board." He finds that his good resolutions for reading and study have not made good, "the temptations of the shore have played the devil with all system of self improvement, etc." — "the visiting old acquaintances ashore and afloat, and the attractions of the capitol (Lima) have prevented any renewal of their practice."

A visit to Lima, begun the day before Christmas, he describes at great length. "Booted and spurred" in a white poncho and under a broad brimmed hat, astride a small native horse, he started on the journey over the dry and dusty road, feeling like a bird escaped from its cage. It was quite a long ride, but was evidently much enjoyed, and with interested observation of everything passed on the way. A cross erected by the wayside, he refers to as marking the place where a Spanish frigate was heaved and landed by an earthquake and tidal wave many years before. Ruins of old churches are passed and funeral mounds of the Incas. Pack trains of mules are encountered which, in their ruthless progress, nearly shove him off the road. The entrance to Lima by the Alamedu he describes as a fine avenue,

about a mile long, leading up to the castellated gate, beyond which rise the spires and domes of the old city, with the blue mountains in the background. Here, on the Alamedu, he passes a stylish barouche and pair, a mounted officer and a patrol of lancers and some foot soldiers, off to the scene of one of the ever recurring revolutions of this country. Just before reaching the city gate is encountered a pair of natives, mounted on horses and mules, clad in ponchos and large hats, with huge silver spurs and wooden stirrups, and with two girls riding in pillion, all decked out in white Panama hats, with eyes of jet beneath and with long braids of hair.

Arriving in the city, Francis describes it as of aged appearance, the houses with venerable, worm-eaten jalousies and balconies, and the old churches covered with elaborate fret work, also much decayed. He put up at the Hotel Français, which was entered through an archway into a square court or patio, the walls of which were decorated with grotesque paintings or frescos. From the window of his room he looked upon the street, down the center of which a small stream of water flowed. Buzzards, the principal scavengers of the city, were hopping from side to side of the street, and were also perched sentry-like on the house tops and on the steeples of the churches.

After enjoying a siesta and rest from the fatigue of the long ride, followed by the evening meal, he started out about sunset into the plaza and thence over "Rolla's" bridge, down along the shady river bank where, with his sense of the beautiful, he is much impressed by the fine view down the valley, with the glowing tints of the western sky, with the music of the stream blended with the deep tones of the vesper bells from the opposite city. "These bells of Lima are the only ones I have heard that conveyed any idea of the peculiar solemnity of the hour of prayer; they are so deep and sonorous. The effect is very fine, to see everyone, on hearing the bell, pause from their occupations for their evening orison. I always tender the mute respect of removing my cap, with those around, and, perhaps, after my own fashion, realize quite as strongly the influence of the hour."

There, in Lima, that Christmas Eve, Francis made one of a small party, composed of the ladies of the opera and two or three



others, with whom he enjoyed some fine music and a little dancing. This was concluded at midnight by "a pretty specimen of a cold supper," of which "the chicken salad was peculiarly well prepared," washed down with champagne.

After a short stay in Lima, he returns to the ship for quite a long time. The latter part of January (1842) he acknowledges the receipt of home letters of the preceding August, by H. B. M. frigate *Dublin* from Valparaíso. He regrets to learn that the old establishment at 8 Alston Place is to be broken up. Despite his migratory life he feels a strong attachment for locality, and had looked forward to returning to the old abode. He acknowledges gratefully the receipt of letters and of books including "Ten Thousand" ("which I am sure I shall like, knowing the author"), and *Don Quixote* in Spanish from his father. He is encouraged by the naval news, which he thinks makes much brighter the prospects of promotion.

February 3rd finds Francis in Lima again, at the Hotel Français, on leave for his health, having had previously a rather bad time from some bilious trouble. Nevertheless he was able to enjoy a very fine dinner the day before at the American consul's. "These rich merchants are the true princes of the Earth without their etiquette and ceremony." The dinner was at four in the afternoon. The wines were of the most superior quality, but "I confined myself to my favorite claret with ice"! The meal lasted until six o'clock, and then all sallied out for the usual evening stroll. Afterwards, at seven-thirty, they attended the opera and enjoyed an excellent performance of "*Norma*." The house was very gay. The gallery was a tier of boxes, each a separate compartment. His party occupied one next to the stage. Opposite was the box of the President, decorated with white and crimson curtains. Two sentries with fixed bayonets stood at the door of the President's box, and, outside the building, there was a company of soldiers under arms. "The Vice-President, a portly man in black, with the scarf of office over all, occupied the chair of state, and the English Admiral and his staff, in full dress, are also there. Then you have two rows of boxes with ladies in dress and some very pretty faces too. The pit, also, is half full of ladies, but mostly veiled, except the eye." *Norma* is

divine, the duet "brought back to me many memories of home." Between the acts they paid their respects to the Prima Dona, behind the scenes. "After the curtain falls we adjourn to the hotel, take our cup of chocolate, and retire to such repose as the *fleas* permit." They made a "night horrible." Early rising was a joy.

A dinner at Mr. Pickett's, the *Chargé*, was also enjoyed, followed again by the opera Lucia. The final performance was to be Romeo and Juliet, and then the company was to be broken up and some of the members were to leave for Europe *via* the steamer from Panama. This was much regretted by the people of Lima, as the opera was almost their only amusement.

Francis concludes his letter with the remark that the Dale will probably sail the following Monday, after having been in port nearly three months. He is ready to go, and is glad to try a change and to have opportunity for study and self-improvement. "I don't wish to come home quite as ignorant as I left." There is too much distraction in port.

While in Lima Francis made the acquaintance and developed some intimacy with a couple whom he refers to as "A forcible instance of the misery occasioned by the present artificial state of Society and the practice of marrying from other motives than personal attachment. Sometime since, the gentleman, a tall, dark-looking man of about forty-five, exceedingly quiet in his outward manner, had contracted a marriage, in the capital of Nueva Granada (of which country he was a native) with a lady of large property, influenced probably thereby. More recently, while travelling in France, he had met and become attached to this girl, who is but seventeen and still almost a child in simplicity of character and ignorance of the world. He was her first passion, and loved with all the devotion of woman's nature, and it is now about a year since she left her home and friends to accompany him. They came round the Horn in a French ship, passed some months in Chili and have resided latterly in Lima. It was while visiting this port that I first made their acquaintance and afterwards attained to some intimacy. Her frank, confiding disposition and unsuspecting nature was such as to win attachment and friendship at once, independent of her personal



appearance. Business of an indispensable nature compels the gentleman to return for the present to his native State and to his wife. Of course, *she cannot go with him*, and prefers returning to France to remain in a foreign land among strangers. The decision was most rapid, and now they were on board the steamer which was to leave for Panama at eight in the evening. There was a very large party dining on board, friends of those who took passage in the boat. I went on board late to take leave and to offer the services of a boat to any acquaintances going on shore; there was much gayety at the table. But *they* had retired to the after part of the cabin; she could not retain her self command at this, her first separation from him. She loved, and he was evidently deeply affected; but men show it differently. Her being already *enceinte* added to the difficulty of the situation. She seemed entirely unconscious of any around her — what was the world to her? And when, after the last clinging embrace, he had left her, she threw herself down on the cushions of the transom as though she never wished to rise again. Poor thing! How terrible her next morning must be. And *he*, to return to his now desolate home, — to be where she has been, without her presence, where every familiar object bears the stamp of her image. He wrung my hand, on leaving, but never spoke after that parting.”

### The Parting

“ T’was night, forth from the steamer’s gay saloon  
A flood of light streamed o’er the silent bay.  
Gathered within were those departing soon  
And those they were to leave, whose cheerless stay  
More bitter still might be, who lingered to the last  
To pledge with brimming cup — the Future — and the  
Past.”

“ And two of these there were who sat apart.  
The uncongenial brilliance of the scene  
Did ill accord with their deep gloom of heart.  
A wretchedness that mocked all words, I ween,

Who e'er have loved and parted must have proved too well  
The idleness of speech such agony to tell."

" For she had left her home in sunny France  
With all there loved, to bear him companie,  
And braved the tempest's frown, the lightning's glance,  
The varied terrors of an angry sea  
His solitude to cheer — and, now, they were to sever,  
And who could say their parting might not be forever? "

" Their parting hour was come. She heeded none  
While there, in that close embrace, she clung,  
What was the World to her; and when t'was done  
Along that couch her lovely form was flung  
In mute despair (while passed he forth to seek the shore)  
As one who prayed but this: from thence to rise no more."

#### NORTHWARD TO PAYTA AND PIURA

According to expectations, at 1 P.M. on February 10th the Dale weighed anchor and stood out of the bay of Callao, bound to the northward again. For three days they sailed in clear and pleasant weather, and were occupied with exercises of the crew at the great guns and with small arms. On Sunday, the 13th, the crew was mustered at 10:30 A.M., and at 7:30 the same evening they came to and anchored off Lambayeque. " There is here no indenture of the coast that may serve to break the wind or sea, and, of course, the anchorage is exposed to the full sweep of the wind and wave. Fortunately the wind never blows hard, but, the coast shoaling to some extent and the swell being at times very heavy, landing in ordinary boats is at all times unsafe and often impracticable."

" Next morning a ' balsa ' was along side, on which a party of us embarked for the shore. Imagine 6 or 8 logs laid parallel and lashed together, secured by cross pieces, and, above them, a small platform of loose boards, on which we were seated. In the middle of the clumsy raft rose a tall mast, stayed by grass ropes to the four corners and supporting a broad sail, by which we were propelled slowly through the water. The wind being abeam, flat



boards were shoved down between the logs to act as keel and prevent drift. This primitive contrivance was navigated by four Indians, attired in the simplest manner in a pair of trousers apiece. They were all very short, but with great breadth of chest, and with a muscular development of arm and shoulder worthy of an Hercules; certainly they were the happiest looking creatures I have ever seen. We progressed very quickly till about quarter of a mile from the shore, when the lee boards were taken out and our crew seemed to be preparing for the landing. We were all admiring the beauty with which the surf broke on the beach. I happened to be standing with one hand on the rope that stayed the mast, the rest were sitting on the platform. Glancing backwards, I noticed a huge 'roller' coming behind us, and had just time to swing myself up on the rope when it 'broke' and swept the platform on which all hands were seated, leaving them in a very damp and unpleasant state. They didn't forget to watch for the next one, and in a few minutes we were all safe, high, and dry ashore."

The town itself, of about seven thousand inhabitants, was here about two leagues inland, and to it the party proceeded on horseback. The residents were mostly Indians, occupying huts in the suburbs of the town. In the center were some paved streets, with houses of whitewashed brick, and the aspect of the place was of extreme quiet and repose. But "large numbers of the males of the lower classes are driven off to swell the ranks of the nearest military chieftain, whoever he may be, and, of course, there are few left for more useful industry." During a stroll they came to the river, a pretty stream with drooping willows along its banks. Here they all enjoyed a refreshing swim.

The party called upon and were entertained by a Captain Barney, the only American living in the town, a retired sea captain and then a merchant of long standing in the place, who welcomed them very kindly and entertained them hospitably. They rested and dined and spent the night at his house. "I slept delightfully, a fact partly attributable to the purity of the linen and the fragrance of the flowers, with which the good Indian lady had taken care to strew our couches, and partly to the fatigue of the ride up," which had been hot and dirty. The next morn-

ing, after an early breakfast, they rode back to port, accompanied by Captain Barney. Here they reembarked on a balsa, and, though the surf was heavier, by dint of hard heaving and much shouting the Indians got her afloat, the sail was hoisted, and, with the aid of two huge paddles, they breasted the waves successfully and were soon on board of the Dale. The ship got under way at four P.M.

Payta was reached the next day, February 17th, and at 1:30 P.M. they came to and anchored in the harbor. Here they remained about three weeks. The stay in this port was noteworthy by reason of an extended visit to the neighboring town of Piura, which Francis describes in great detail in a letter to his cousin, Arthur Pickering. As his narrative is not only characteristic and illustrative, but also contains much interesting and amusing detail, it is given in full, as follows:

Dale, Payta, *February* 28th 1842

“ When we were last here our anticipations of a visit to ‘ Piura,’ the capital of the Province, were disappointed; but a day or two after our arrival from Lambayeque a note was rec<sup>d</sup> from our consul, inviting us to visit him for a few days at that place, where he then happened to be residing, and the master and myself decided to avail ourselves of the chance to see something of the interior. So the close of a fine afternoon found us winding up a broken ravine that led to the level plain above the town of ‘ Payta.’ The ‘ corrio,’ or carrier of the mail, was mounted on a long-eared black mule, a little ahead, and was to be our guide during the night (the heat rendering it next to impossible to cross the forty miles of intervening desert by day); he and a worthy old gentleman, somewhat short and pursy, with a pair of huge, well filled saddle bags, was our only companion. The animals on which we were mounted were certainly the most raw boned specimens I ever saw, and looked as if they had ‘ been in the wars ’ (which we were afterwards told was the fact — they having been seized and employed by the Gov<sup>t</sup> party during the last civil disturbance). The creatures seemed to pace along easily enough, but, considering the distance in anticipation, we



expected they would, before our arrival, share the fate of those whose bleached remains occasionally whitened the road side, or rather the beaten horse track, along which we had advanced about a league by sunset.

“ The plain which we were crossing exhibited little or no undulation, and, save here and there a few scorched and stunted shrubs, no vegetation; yet, we were told, its fertility was such that it needed but a few good showers to cover it with a luxuriant growth of prairie grass; but the rain cometh not — ‘ The western sky glowed with the gorgeous dyes of the parting day, and the full, round moon reigned o’er the other half of the cloudless Heaven ’ (don’t laugh here, particularly if you’re reading this to the ‘ feminines,’ for it *was* a rich sunset, and *I* can appreciate one still — if *you* can’t) . The evening air was cool and grateful after the past heat, so, notwithstanding the sterile and monotonous character of the scene, we jogged along in tolerable good humor, and I amused myself practising Spanish with the above-named worthy with the ‘ Bags ’ whom we ascertained to be the Chief Justice of the Province, while Johnston, having lighted a cigar, was engaged in alternately emitting a puff of tobacco smoke, and a doubt as to the capability of his gallant steed, to bear him thro’, an opinion somewhat confirmed by the carrier of the mail, a tawney half breed.

“ We had been about three hours on the road when our horses began to exhibit symptoms of fatigue; the soil, too, had become heavy and sandy instead of hard ground; we were cheered, however, with the information that, ‘ Congora,’ where we were to rest an hour or two, was ‘ close by ’; but still a tedious half hour elapsed before we dismounted in front of a miserable bamboo hut, tenanted by two poor Indian women, surrounded by a scattering grove of the dwarf ‘ Algaroba,’ a tree that seems to exist without moisture, from its being found alone amid a waste of sand. A little fodder for our horses, some unpleasant water and equally indifferent tea for ourselves, was all we could procure in the way of creature comforts; the mighty agency of steam has not yet found its way to the deserts of Peru. Meantime, our companion, the fat little Judge, had removed his various bags and some portion of the saddle gear from his horse, and, spreading

the same on the sand in front of the hut, was stretched out in an easy attitude of contented repose exhaling little wreaths of tobacco smoke and gazing at the moon in a very calm and complacent manner. We endeavored to follow his example, and, with the saddle for a pillow and a 'poncho' thrown over me, I really did manage to get an hour or more of very sufficient snoozing, tho' Johnston swore he couldn't succeed in closing his eyes.

"It was near an hour past midnight when the guide, bustling about to prepare his animal for the road, disturbed me; the duties of the toilet, after this very refreshing slumber, were not of a nature to cause much delay, consisting merely of a rousing shake on gaining our feet. The horses were saddled, and in a few minutes we were once more, *en route*, the guide leading a pack-horse besides his own. We had been started but a short time before the 'master's' horse first stopped, and then evinced the most decided inclination to lie down with its rider and without the 'advice and consent' thereof. So, as the animal could do no more, Johnston was obliged to take the steed of the guide, while the last mounted his pack horse and drove the other before him. In this manner we plodded slowly along thro' the sand; the moon was now obscured, and it was out of the question to see any trace of the road. Every few moments, however, we passed a dark stake, some eight or ten feet high (numbers of which have been planted from space to space to mark the track). Sometimes a longer interval would elapse, but our guide seemed to jog along with the most perfect confidence. Twice we overtook parties of mules laden with merchandise from the port, the commerce with the interior being all carried on in this manner. Hour after hour dragged on (certainly it was the longest night I ever passed), and when day broke there was nothing but a sandy desert in sight, which on all sides, towards the horizon, assumed the dark appearance of the distant ocean. In less than an hour, however, the church steeples of 'Piura' — might be seen above the sand hills, and most welcome was the sight. Tho' the distance from Payta was not over 40 miles, yet, being unused to sitting so many hours in the saddle, we were aching in every joint, and could scarcely maintain an upright position.

"It was little past sunrise when we rather tumbled off than



dismounted from our horses, at the residence of the consul, where we found everything prepared for our arrival and himself up and awaiting us; our past sufferings and present fatigue met with the most cordial sympathy; a cup of 'black tea' was first prescribed, and then we were inducted into large, airy apartments, and left to a few hours' repose. The linen of our neat little beds was unsurpassable in purity and fragrance, and never, after a weary night watch, has pillow proved more grateful than after our long and tedious journey. When we woke, some three hours after, found everything arranged for our toilet, and the consul's native servant in waiting to assist; even the towels (I mention it as a peculiarity of the country) exhibited a fanciful border of silk 'broidery,' and a deep, knotted fringe. The memorable carpet bag (which seems to me gifted with durability beyond comparison, considering the rough usage to which it has been subjected) was very shortly relieved of its contents, and, by the aid of 'Marcos,' we were soon in order for the breakfast table, where the havoc created by our presence and agency among the fried eggs and plantains, steaks, etc. etc., seemed to afford mingled delight and astonishment to the good lady who presided. — The claret and water, quite cool from the porous jars in which it was exposed to a draught of air, was extremely refreshing, and a cup of very savory broth, with just a drop or two of lime juice, accompanied, as a cup of tea concluded this most substantial repast, after which we felt quite equal to another 40 miles if it had been requisite. The cloth was withdrawn, the master and the consul produced their cigar cases, the lady of the house and her sister (both about one remove from from the Indian) accepted a cigar each, and they all began to puff at each other in solemn dignity, the latter being exceedingly surprised at the want of participation on my part.

"In the course of the morning, we called on the gov<sup>r</sup> of the Province, a man about thirty, of quiet, unaffected manner combined (as is said) with no little energy and decision of character. With the exception of a single aide, in an undress uniform, by whom we were announced, his establishment exhibited none of the 'pomp and circumstance' usual among these petty potentates. In passing thro' the Plaza, or principal square, the church

towers and other public buildings, still marked with the musket shot of the last civil feud, attracted notice. We remembered having heard of the affair about the time of our first arrival on the coast. The party that had taken refuge in the churches was finally obliged to surrender at discretion of the gov<sup>t</sup> forces; the leader and some of the most important members were shot, in the same square, and the balance imprisoned or exiled. Their course is very summary in these cases. The great mass of the people seem to be quiescent, and would be glad of peace under any form of gov<sup>t</sup>. These constant factious collisions are kept up by a few ambitious chiefs, with the aid of such of the lowest class as can be bribed or forced to assist. A few hundred bayonets suffice to raise a revolution at any time, and this is what is playing the devil with the country.

“ At five, we sat down to dinner which, as a specimen of the native style of cookery, it was much easier to appreciate than to describe; suffice that we did quite as much justice thereto as to the previous breakfast, and, after the dessert of fruit and preserves, we walked forth ‘ to see the fashions ’ (in the expressive phrase of the intelligent Titmouse). It was now twilight and the air deliciously cool (we had been rather in the ‘ melting mood ’ all day), and the contrast was delightful. A short walk bro’t us to the edge of a steep bank, some thirty feet below which was the sandy bed of the river, now near three years unmoistened by a drop of water, during which time they have been without rain in this vicinity. Large and deep excavations in the central channel way of the quondam river afforded a scanty supply of water, which is all they depend on at present. The banks on each side were lined with a species of high willows, which, singularly enough, appeared to preserve their strength and verdure; remains of walls, built long since to check the inundations of the stream, gave token of the force with which its waters, swelled with the rains and the melting of the snows, once came down from the mountains.

“ After tea we again set forth on a stroll, and were presented by the consul at the residences of some of his acquaintances, who were generally found sitting in the square court of the building, enjoying the cool of the evening. These courts (like those of



Lima) almost always exhibited in their centre an orange or lime tree and some flowering plants, which shows no little share of natural good taste, especially considering the scarcity of water and the consequent care and attention such things require. With a similar delicacy of compliment, we were usually presented with a few flowers by the ladies of the family, a practice common in all South America. The houses seem to be well adapted to the climate, the apartments lofty and airy, and the walls of great thickness, to exclude the heat. Being built of unburnt brick or clay, and all whitewashed, they present a very neat and uniform appearance; their roofs are sloping and project several feet at the eaves, of thatch, but covered also with a layer of clay. But few exceed one story, and those are of the wealthiest people. A ledge about three feet wide, in front of the houses, and of nearly the same elevation above the level of the sandy street, occupies the position of our side-walks at home. In our ignorance we, at first, supposed its use to be the same, but were enlightened by the consul and convinced by practical observation during our evening's walk; for, on these same 'bancos,' or miniature terraces, were placed mats and pillows, and reposing thereon were whole families (especially of the middling and lower classes), even to the slaves, the 'pickanninnies' of all colors, being indiscriminately packed in, to fill up the interstices, and, in this manner — lounging at full length, enjoying the cool air, smoking their cigars, or conversing with passing acquaintances (or snoozing at intervals) — they continue till after midnight. As you may suppose, we returned home early and enjoyed our night's rest amazingly, the slight taste of repose during the day not having destroyed our appetite therefor.

“ After all, on recalling the week so pleasantly and rapidly passed at Piura, it seems difficult to find anything otherwise than monotonous in the detail. The fact is (and the excuse must rest with the climate and our position as strangers and guests) we did lead a very lazy, luxurious kind of life of it, being further confirmed and encouraged therein by the studied attention of our kind hostess to anticipate every wish, and the exertions of the consul to keep us amused. For instance, take one day as a specimen: we find, on awaking about seven A.M., the servant

waiting with some very pleasant ‘fresco,’ a beverage of Tamarind water, extremely cooling and grateful to the palate. While dressing, we talk over the adventures of the preceding day and comment on the extremest limit, to which the forbearance of the skipper and of our companions, who are ‘watching,’ for us on board, as well as our own leave of absence, may be susceptible of extension. The consul joins us, and we sally forth to see the market in the square, and get an appetite for breakfast, after which, as the sun is too oppressive, even for our white jackets and broad leaved hats, swing in the grass hammock with a book or paper as an excuse for the ‘siesta.’ About three, bathe; this is the greatest available luxury in such a climate, and as all the water must be bro’t from these wells previously alluded to, few can attain to it’s enjoyment. After this we were delightfully cool and ready to dine — then came our walk and evening visiting.

“ Before leaving, we became acquainted with the families composing the ‘first circle of Society,’ and enjoyed several very pleasant little dances. Gentlemen are very scarce in Piura, a fact that perhaps enhanced the degree of kindness and affability which, as foreigners and *protégés* of the consul, we were everywhere received. Several of the houses were furnished with a taste and luxury we were quite unprepared to find — considering the size of the place (pop’n only 10,000), it’s distance from the sea, and the wretched facilities for transportation therefrom — the pack-saddles of the mules. Yet there were some fine pianos, and most of the girls exhibited more or less genius for music, and, tho’ a forcible remembrance of the thrilling tones of the Prima Doña of the opera at Lima rendered most especially grating to our ear some attempts at the Italian style of singing, yet there were one or two of the simple native ‘Canciones,’ of the country (with guitar accompaniment) very prettily delivered and by very sweet voices. Besides the dances of the country, in which a vast deal of grace was displayed, even quadrilles were executed in a style completely surpassing our humble efforts — they actually could teach us new figures.

“ A very prevailing topic of conversation was the anticipated arrival of the river, which, in consequence of the heavy rains in the mountains, was daily approaching, and, one bright morning



about sunrise, we were woke by confused noise of drums and other instruments, accompanied by as merry a peal from the various cracked bells of the town, as the same were capable of producing. Inquiry being instituted as to the cause thereof, were informed that the river was close at hand, and everybody was going forth to witness its triumphant entry. So, in order to comply with the prevalent fashion, we also accompanied and joined a party of acquaintances on the bank along which, under the willows on both sides, were groups of delighted spectators of both sexes. At the farther extremity of the sandy bed beneath us, slowly and quietly spreading and extending itself towards us, with the aid and accompaniment of the villainous collection of horns and drums on the opposite bank (the so-called music which had been chiefly *instrumental* in awaking us), was a muddy streamlet, not much superior, apparently, to those which descend the hilly streets of Boston on the annual melting of the winter's snow. Gradually, however, as it advanced, filling the excavations and overcoming the obstacles in the channel, its current and volume increased, and when, in the evening, we again visited the bank, it had become a very decent stream. Notwithstanding the heat of the sun crowds of little black and Indian children were rolling and paddling about in the water and disporting there-in, much as a parcel of youthful alligators might be supposed to do after being deprived a similar length of time of their favorite element, and, indeed, when you consider how essential, in a climate like this, to cleanliness, health, and comfort the presence of the river must be, it is easy to realize the sincerity of their rejoicing at its arrival; then too, the fertility and consequent prosperity of the province are dependent on the annual supply of water, and the suffering created by the preceding drought, especially among the poorer classes, where such accidents are always most severely felt, had been extreme. In consequence, then, of this event our evening 'Tertulia' was rather more gay than usual, and, after a slight supper of pastry, preserves, and fruit, and a few glasses of cordial, and dancing to a late hour, we sallied forth for a 'Paseo' on plea of 'accompanying the ladies home', and the now silent and moonlit streets echoed the sound of merry voices and light laughter;

and the parting song of, *Buenos Noches*, as we took leave for the night.

“ The next morning was devoted to those most melancholy of visits, *i.e.* parting calls. Tho’ we had only stayed five days longer than our premediated term we felt that our friends on board were anxiously awaiting us, and, besides, a faint rumor had reached our ears that the ship was on the eve of sailing, and it would not have been pleasant to have missed our passage. So it was necessary to decline the very pressing invitations to stay and bathe in the river — which by the way, during the summer season is quite as orthodox a point of reunion for acquaintances twice a day as ‘ Beacon St.’ or the ‘ mall ’ after church on Sundays. Numerous also were the solicitations to return and make a longer stay, whenever the ‘ Corveta ’ should again visit the port of Payta, all which, of course, we faithfully promised to comply with, besides giving voluntary assurance to preserve an eternal memory of the fair Piuranas, and to water the arid sands of the desert with the tears occasioned by our departure; we certainly had attained to a very pleasant state of intimacy, considering the brevity of our visit.

“ About five P.M. we mounted for our return, and, tho’ our grief was not quite to the extent just referred to, yet it was with no little regret we took leave of the family of our kind hostess (to the younger branch of which I have really neglected to introduce you), riding slowly forth on our sandy road, and finally turning to bid the last *Adios* to the spires of Piura as they gradually disappeared in the distance. The consul and a Spanish gentleman accompanied us, and, as before, the mail carrier was the guide. What a difference between the feelings of bright anticipation with which one starts on an excursion of this kind and the gloomy depression that marks the return. Then the western sun threw its glare in our eyes, and the breeze blew the loose sand in our faces, and, worse than all, my horse was the most miserable brute it has ever been my ill luck to back, while everybody else was tolerably well mounted. I had to try that of the ‘ Correo,’ an animal about the size of a well grown sheep, but one with which I succeeded, tho’ not without some considerable annoyance and vexation of spirit, in keeping up with the rest



of the party, a feat accomplished by the guide only by incessantly digging at the poor creature I had resigned to him with a pair of huge spurs. The wind went down with the sun, and then we got on better; occasionally we overtook troops of mules with their drivers, and, here and there, a poor, broken-down donkey, turned adrift after having been worked to the last extent of his capacity, and left on the road to die.

“About nine we arrived at the former stopping place, ‘Congora,’ where, thanks to the consul’s providence, we succeeded much better than before, and, with the keen relish created by our ride, were shortly engaged on steak and eggs with very nice bread and excellent water with a slight dash of ‘Italia,’ a potent cordial of the country (very pleasant with sugar), and with which we had previously ‘refreshed’ ourselves, from time to time, all these having been bro’t along under care of the guide. At eleven we were again in the saddle, I being mounted on a mule that jogged along at a very steady pace, knowing the road perfectly without any guidance. As long as she went her own pace, it was very easy, but, during the last two leagues, being obliged to ‘push a little,’ to keep up with the party, it was quite the reverse, and I never was more delighted in my life to catch the first glimpse of the ocean, over the line of the cliffs. It was near three in the morning when we dismounted at the door of the consul’s residence in Payta, where we immediately dropped into a snooze, the master on the sofa, the consul in his room, and myself in a big grass hammock. After a few hours unpleasant dreaming repaired on board to breakfast, and slept the greater part of the day. It was some days, however, before I entirely recovered from the effects of the last hour’s jolting; but, as the ship was undergoing a painting and there was little to do, we had plenty of time to recruit from the fatigue of our journey.”

On March 6th the always welcome package of mail and papers arrived, which Francis acknowledges with much gratitude. He writes of his readings at this time: *The Poacher*, *The Secret Foe*, *Ten Thousand*, and *Don Quixote* in Spanish; also *Good’s Book of Nature*, *General History*, and the *French Revolution* by

Thiers. By reason of the steamer from Panama he received, through the kindness of a Mr. Caldwell, quite recent letters, and also news of the latter's meeting with his uncle as late as January 8th. "Even in Rio I have never had news from home of later date. This steam is a fine thing." — "You all seem to expect to see me confidently within the year. But, as much as I could wish it, I fear there is no chance. I was perfectly aware, in joining the Dale, that I should have to remain the cruise in her and, as my application was voluntary, believe that nothing short of actual inability for duty thro' sickness (which I hope may never be the case) would enable me to return previously." Barring the prolonged absence from home "in all other respects my situation here continues to be a very agreeable one. Some change for the better may be expected on the arrival of the flagship next Spring." On March 30th he concludes this letter with the remark that he had met, on board the Cyane, a Lieutenant Shattuck who had been on duty in Boston recently, and with whom he had many mutual acquaintances.

#### SOUTHWARD TO CALLAO, ISLAY, ARICA AND TACNA

On March 12th the Dale sailed from Payta, bound to the south. They had pleasant and mostly clear weather all the way. The ship anchored off Lambayeque on the 17th, and Francis notes in his log that the steamer Peru arrived from Callao at eight P.M., and departed north at 11 P.M. The Dale sailed, herself, the next day at four P.M., and, after ten days of sailing with pleasant weather, she anchored at Callao, at two P.M. March 28th, "outside the U. S. S. Cyane."

The Dale remained in Callao for nearly a month, and of the doings there no records have come to hand excepting from the log that, on April 21st, "Commander Thos. A. Dornin repaired on board and assumed command, being relieved in the schooner Shark by Lieutenant Eagle." On the 22nd "Commander Chas. Gauntt left the ship to return home, and the same evening the Dale weighed and went to sea on a cruise." Francis' attachment to his old commander apparently prompted him to write a letter of farewell, which received a most appreciative reply from Captain Gauntt, as follows:



U.S. Ship DALE, Callao, 21st April 1842

DEAR SIR,

I thank you most sincerely for your kind and flattering letter of this evening, and I regret that I have not time just now fully to answer it.

The correct course of conduct you have pursued whilst attached to the "Dale" not only won my confidence and respect, but would that of any commander; and you appear, though young in life, to be so firmly fixed in the propriety of your behavior, that there is, I think, little fear of unfavorable change; and a continuance in such a course of life must lead to the most happy results; go on, therefore, improving in your profession, and your rise in it must be certain.

Accept my best wishes for your welfare and happiness, and believe me, very truly yours,

C. Gauntt

Passed Midsn F. WINSLOW, U. S. S. DALE

The cruise above referred to was quite a long one, and the ship did not return to Callao until the following June 9th. During this period of some seven weeks they worked to the southward as far as Arica at the southern most end of Peru. Because of his friend Johnston's having left the ship at Callao, on sick leave, Francis was assigned his duties with the title of Assistant Master, with the use of the stateroom "No. 1 Larbd.," and a seat at the wardroom messtable. This was quite agreeable to him, but, as offsets, there was the task of adjustments to a new commander, and, as they had lost one watch officer, the number was reduced to three, so that Francis had to stand a night watch in addition to the work and responsibilities of navigating the ship. This was quite a strain at first, as he had stood no night watch at sea since he had been on the coast, and, "to say the truth, have heretofore had remarkable easy times, and so preserved a very fair state of health for mind and body." He finds the duties quite wearing, and the cold damp atmosphere and fatigue quite debilitating, such that the surgeon made him lay off the night watch for a few days, during which the first lieutenant had to relieve him. He resumed, however, after a few days, despite the doctor's

advice, who thought he needed rest and repose, “ just what’s not to be had on a cruising ship.” This was written some three weeks after sailing, but, shortly after, on May 24th, he writes, “ I feel better; like many persons who are worse off, I am getting used to it.” He apologizes for his “ grouch ” — “ my general health was never half so delicate as I tho’t it was the other day.” “ Our little captain continues to improve on acquaintance,” civilities in the way of entertainment had been exchanged, “ he seems disposed to make us all as contented as possible, and takes pleasure in promoting our comfort and convenience.”

On May 17th the ship came to in the harbor of Islay, after some reconnoitering before attempting entrance. The shore was rocky, and reminded Francis of the New England coast, and especially of Nahant. The landing was on a small platform built out at the base of the cliffs, whence the ascent was by a steep, winding path for about one hundred feet. He characterizes it as a rather unsafe place of embarkation “ of a dark night, after having been hospitably entertained ashore; indeed fatal accidents have sometimes taken place here.”

The ship remained in Islay for three days, and Francis, as usual, made the most of its resources. It was the seaport of the large city of Arequipa, of seventy thousand inhabitants, to which the only transport was by mules and pack trains. Society there, so far as they observed, consisted solely of the families of two English gentlemen, who are the port agents of the merchants of the capital. “ In whatever out of the way corner of the world you find the English or our own people, you will generally find the comforts and refinements of life around them.” They enjoyed the hospitalities, the weather was fine and cool, the ladies visited the ship, there were dinners and tea-drinking ashore; the captain enjoyed society as much as any, and thus they became quite intimate with the good people ashore, and left with much regret on both sides, and with promises to return.

Before leaving Islay, on the 20th of May, they bent on a new suit of sails, and, at three P.M., weighed kedge and anchor and stood out, under full sail to the S. and W. For the next six days they had light winds, more or less to head, so that not until the 26th was Arica Head sighted, then only four or five miles away.



Calms and baffling winds, with adverse currents, continued, so that it took them until the 30th, at eight P.M., before the Dale finally dropped anchor in the bay, about a mile from the shore. It thus required ten days to cover an air line distance of less than two hundred miles, beating to windward.

The Dale remained in Arica a week, the most of this time was spent by Francis on a visit to Tacna, the capital of the province, about forty miles inland, in company with the captain and one of the middies. They started under the guidance of a Mr. Taylor, an American merchant of the port, as usual on horseback with all of the native accoutrements. The route was along the usual rough, country trail, mostly sandy and sterile. A half-way house, a mere "bamboo shed without doors or windows, and entirely unoccupied," was reached some hours before noon. Here they expected to have been met by fresh horses, which had been written for the night before. But the expected animals had not arrived, and the party immediately fell upon a substantial lunch of cold beef sandwiches, washed down with ale and claret and water, from bottles which they had brought with them. After an hour's wait they continued on their fatigued and unrefreshed mounts. It was a long and tiring ride. By sunset they were still in the midst of barren hills, but Francis, with his eye for the beautiful, digresses upon the fine effects of the evening glow, with the view of the distant ocean to the west and the glittering pinnacles of the snow capped Andes to the east. With the approach of darkness they finally lost their way on the brow of the last hill, as they were descending into the valley of Tacna. Horses and men were well nigh exhausted, the clouds had thickened, and a cold drizzle had set in. With nothing better to do, they finally let the horses take their own way, and, by their sagacity and with good luck, they reached a ravine which Mr. Taylor recognized, and where he was able to get onto the right track again. By eight o'clock they were in the outskirts of the town, and "shortly after trotted along a well paved, well lighted street, turned our horses into a paved courtyard, and rolled off as we best could."

"The clatter of hoofs bro't our host (Mr. Helman, a resident merchant), who welcomed us in the most cordial manner, and

truly delightful was the contrast, a few minutes after, between the gloom of our dreary ride and the bright and cheerful aspect of the dining room where we were now seated. It was after eight; we had been expected, and dinner kept awaiting our arrival; they had almost despaired of seeing us until the next day, and were just about to sit down without us." An excellent meal was thoroughly enjoyed, but soon after they were shown to their rooms and to the welcome repose after the long day in the saddle.

Several days were passed pleasantly in Tacna. A call was made on the prefect of the province. Entertainment was extended to them by Mr. Wilson, the British Consul, both at dinner and luncheon. They enjoyed horseback rides and explored the town. It was a fertile spot, made so by irrigation — "We rode thro' the green lanes lined with the cotton plant, the fig tree and the olive — fields of corn and of sugar cane are cultivated side by side. — There were fields, too, of bright green clover, and groves of a high willow." They attended mass in the cathedral, though "the greater portion of the edifice was in ruins from the last earthquake." The return journey was made with a very early start, their host, Mr. Helman, courteously accompanying them some six miles on the way. The port was reached early in the afternoon, and the party were all on board the Dale again by three o'clock; where Francis retired to his stateroom "and was seen no more until breakfast time the next morning."

#### CHASING THE FLAG

The Dale sailed from Arica Sunday afternoon, June 5th, on a return to Callao, and the second morning, at 7:30, was hove to off Islay, awaiting the return of a boat sent ashore for news. They had heard of the arrival of the flagship, the U. S. S. United States, at Callao and the captain, being in great hurry to rejoin the Commodore, then began a long chase from port to port in pursuit. Thus, by 10:30, she filled away again on her course, and by the early afternoon of June 9th she anchored in the harbor of Callao. This was in striking contrast to the long voyage southward, which had required thirty-five days of sailing.

On arriving in Callao, much to their surprise, they found that "the commodore had been gone several days with most of the



squadron, leaving there the store ship and the Shark with orders for the Dale to 'wood, water, etc.' and follow him at once." They sailed again on the 15th, and were "not in port long enough to have our clothes washed. This is termed in the official reports: 'keeping the squadron actively employed'; not a few acts of injustice have been done, and many changes have been made, all at the last moment and in a great hurry" — "this is called: 'promoting the efficiency and discipline of the service.' The first report that reached me on our arrival was that my orders to the Shark as master were awaiting me. This was told me by the boarding officer from that delightful little craft, who also mentioned that I was already down on their 'quarter bills,' and politely offered to have a cot slung for me the same evening. Now, if you are at all at loss to imagine the comforts of this delectable class of vessels (in which bilge water and cockroaches invariably abound), just get John (Ancrum W.) to give you a hint or two touching his experience of the Enterprise, and you will in some measure realize the pleasant anticipations excited by this agreeable intelligence. In addition, the schooner is a fixture on the station, and will never be sent home, and, when one is once attached to her, it is rather hard to get clear. Fortunately these orders have been either mislaid or have not been written, for none have reached me yet" (June 16th, after sailing).

The foregoing is an extract from Francis' journal or diary addressed to his cousin, Arthur Pickering, written at sea soon after leaving Callao. He had then the assurance of the good offices of his commander to retain him in the Dale. He continues his letter, under date of June 21st, after his escape from "that voracious creature, the Shark." He scoffs at a suggestion from his cousin that he "cut stick and come home," and replies that "it's a vast deal easier to get on a cruise than to get off one. One must either be in the way of somebody the comdr. wants to promote, or have one's friends dying, or sick unto death one's self, or have a wife first cousin to the Hon. Sec'y of the Navy." None of these essentials could be claimed by Francis. "The old principle of being entitled to return in the ship one came out in is not admitted by the present commanding officer. There are in the squadron no less than five officers who have been absent from

home upwards of three years, and one who has been away about five. — This is a hard case but true.” Two extra lieutenants joined the ship at Callao, and also a surgeon and Johnston, the master, to whom Francis has resigned his stateroom. “ Our mess is thus increased from 6 to 10, and four of us sling cots in the ‘country,’ or mess room.” However, a great deal of fun and merriment prevail, there are five to stand watch instead of three, and, altogether “ I have never been as pleasantly situated in the service as at present.” He sends messages to John Ancrum Winslow that his old shipmate, Eagle, commands the Shark, that little Dr. Pinckney is surgeon there, that John Worden is on the Relief, and that Brasheis and Drayton are on the Yorktown.

On June 20th he writes his cousin, George Winslow, acknowledging letters, the latest being of January 20th. However, he considers himself especially favored and as exciting the envy of his shipmates. So much for having relatives on the sea-board. “ I am constantly pitying the poor devils whose friends live in the wilderness there, Tennessee, Ohio, or any of those back states. They hear about once in a year, sometimes about once in a cruise.” He deplores lack of letters from his mother’s relatives in Dunbarton; nothing since July last. He continues on July 4th, then three hundred miles from Valparaiso. “ In celebration of the day, Hail Columbia is just being performed on two guitars by the two new lieutenants, who joined us at Callao. Indeed we usually have a little concert about this time daily, and the music produced is not by any means indifferent.” — “ We have a merry mess, easy duty, and altogether very nice times.”

A letter, written between the same dates to Elizabeth Pickering, reiterates his satisfaction in his ship and his shipmates. He explains and considerately apologizes for his previous references to ill health and for his ill humour: “ The fact is that just at that time I was a little pushed in the way of duty and very slightly unwell, but nothing serious, and, latterly, we have had such easy times it’s quite out of the question to get sick, except from want of sufficient exercise. You will see that I have been very pleasantly situated as a ‘wardroom officer’ during the past two months, principally in consequence of the favorable opinion of our new commander, as, not having yet met the commodore, I



have no actual claim to the position; indeed, I have no doubt I owe much to the good impression left with his successor by Capt. Gauntt on his leaving, for which I can not feel too grateful." He sends messages to his father, to his cousins Arthur and George with congratulations upon their successful business and shipping ventures: "all of which makes me feel very glad, principally on your account, as I know your anxiety in behalf of all of us. I am glad, too, to observe that your own health continues to stand the severe trials of those eastern winters, and expect on my return next year (in the summer, I hope) to find you looking quite as young and hearty as when I left — three years since. Three years, it is a long time to be away from home, and I am constantly saying to myself: Well one day more has gone, I'm one day nearer home."

On July 6th he writes that they are about thirty miles from Valparaiso, but enveloped in a thick mist which prevented running in. This condition apparently continued for several days, and not until the 9th were they able to stand in and lay to close enough to send a boat ashore for news. There they found that the squadron had left for Coquimbo, and so they filled away again the same afternoon in pursuit, back the way they had come. On July 11th they were off Coquimbo by noon, and came to anchor at eight P.M., having been towed in by the boats of the squadron.

#### IN COQUIMBO

After this arrival he writes, on the 15th, that "the brig Philip Howe will touch here to load with copper previous to leaving the coast for New York," this with reference to the forwarding of letters, but also of interest as to the copper trade with Chile in those early days. "No sooner had we rounded the point of the bay, last Monday evening, than some dozen boats were along side to tow us in (the wind being light), and before long we were snugly anchored under the stern of the frigate (U.S.), the Cyane and Yorktown being close by, — you cannot imagine the memories recalled by the sight of the old 'States.' The last time I had looked on her we were both standing out of Boston harbor, near three years ago. Next morning we exchanged salutes, then

the frigate's band played Hail Columbia (or something understood to pass for the same) , and we all felt ' Truly we are a great nation,' and — Bang — there goes a gun for the Court Martial to convene. They are trying a lieutenant merely for ' masthead-ing ' a midshipman. Really promotion is getting valueless, one's privileges are so reduced now-a-days. What with guns firing, music playing, signals flying, and boats passing, so busy a scene has not for many a day disturbed the quiet of this pretty, land-locked bay." He is favorably impressed with the view of this place: inside of the rocky promontory are green and cultivated slopes down to the sandy beach, back of this the ranges of brown-colored foot hills, and, beyond, the always present background of the Andes, ever white with snow.

The stay in Coquimbo, which lasted nearly three weeks, Francis found very pleasant. The weather was dry and cool, like a New England autumn, and he felt much invigorated. He enjoyed walks and rides ashore. " The frigate's band is exceedingly useful. We have had serenades and waltzes ashore and collations and waltzes afloat, even on Sundays and in spite of the chaplain. People of all classes, from the highest to the lowest, come down to the port in crowds to visit the ' bugues de Guerra ' (men of war.) Then the marines of the squadron are daily disembarked to be drilled on shore, and the natives are kept in a constant state of excitement by the rattling of drums, the squeaking of fifes, the volleys of the platoon firing, and are not a little astonished to see even the privates so well dressed. Great and swelling on these occasions is the state of glorification and professional pride on the part of the marine officer. Extremely kind and hospitable are the people of this place. One walks into any house, introduced by his own proper supporters, and recommended alone by his uniform and good looks (if he has any) , and instead of being kicked out again (as might chance to occur in our more civilized part of the world) , is at once admitted as an acquaintance, and, in the politest manner, invited to a seat and offered flowers, fruit, cake, or cordial, or, in a word, whatever the house affords. Should the family be at meals, he would be invited to join and partake of whatever was at hand, and, on taking leave, would be informed, with the overflowing courtesy



of their soft language, that ‘ the house was at his disposal,’ meaning simply that he was a welcome guest at any hour and might, if he chose, bring his friends with him.” The commodore also gave a party on the frigate, to which all of the officers of the squadron were invited and a party of ladies and gentlemen from the shore. Dancing was enjoyed on the “ spacious deck of the old ‘ States,’ and champagne and Madeira circulated freely at the collation in the principal cabin. The usual quantity of patriotic toasts were drank, and, when I left, the Star Spangled Banner was being sung by the company in general, every man exercising his own peculiar and individual taste with reference to time and tune.”

Francis was relieved to write that no changes whatever had been made in personnel, the commodore deferring everything until the squadron should arrive at Callao, where the latest news from home would be received.

#### BACK TO CALLAO AND A LIMA REVOLUTION

On July 30, 1842, the Dale weighed anchor and stood out to sea, in company with the squadron. For the next week they cruised northward towards Callao. The weather was fine and cool with fresh five to ten knot breezes. They were exercised at signals “ by and large,” and with squadron manoeuvres. Trials of speed and sailing qualities were made which were pleasant and exciting. The Dale kept way with the frigate very well when off the wind, “ but when close hauled the well known weatherly qualities of the old ‘ States ’ were immediately apparent; in a very short time she was far to windward of us. There is no more beautiful sight in the world than a fine frigate dashing along with a stiff breeze and plenty of canvas. — Com. Jones takes great pride and delight in his command, and is constantly ‘ talking bunting ’ (telegraphing), thereby giving no little employment to the signal officers of the squadron. However, as I am excused from all of those cursed watches, to attend thereto, I find it rather amusing than otherwise.” At midnight of the 7th the squadron came to inside of Cape San Lorenzo, and the next day, at one P.M., they warped into anchorage about three quarters of a mile from the mole. “ With no little display and osten-

tation on the part of the flagship, but at the same time in very pretty and seamanlike style, the squadron worked into the bay of Callao and came to, yesterday afternoon."

In Callao the squadron remained for a full month. Francis received there a good many belated letters. He finds that letters by way of Panama are apt to "tarry on the way for lack of attention," so that others, coming around the Horn, arrive sooner. Letters of the last November and December were held in Kingston until accidentally discovered by a friend and forwarded by him. To his cousin, Arthur Pickering, he writes: "I am taking a glance over your letters, to answer the same with my usual necessity for system (they call me on board—the man who is never in a hurry)." He feels doubtful about his advancement as he has not yet received his master's appointment, and thinks he has lost rather than gained by his Pacific cruise.

During this stay in Callao, the Dale and also the Yorktown and the Cyane were exercised at target practice with shells and shot, for which purpose targets were placed "against the deserted rocks of San Lorenzo," on the other side of the bay. "We knocked down our targets very prettily yesterday, and every shot, nearly, would have hulled a ship. The commodore has considerable experience in gunnery, and personally inspected the firing of each ship. The frigate is supplied with a number of the 'paixhan' shells, and three of them were brought on board the Dale and fired from our carronades by way of experiment. The com. mustered the officers and explained particularly and minutely the manner of charging and using them (a very good thing in him). The result was very satisfactory, the shells being thrown with accuracy and exploding successfully." — "You see we are brushing up a little in all respects, so as to be in readiness for a brush with anybody. God knows the service has need of brushing up."

Francis complains of the bad weather of this season in Callao, where it was damp and disagreeable, and "every afternoon a regular Boston March fog sets in from the sea." He spends as much of his spare time as possible ashore walking and riding, with one or two messmates. They also made one excursion to Lima, and were there over a night, when one of the periodic



revolutions took place. It was, however, a quiet affair, for, though they were on the streets as late as eleven that night, when all was quiet and deserted, they were informed the next morning that there had been a revolution. There was then nothing to be noted in the town except that the stores were closed and a few knots of respectable looking people were gathered at street corners. Just outside of the city gate, however, was a corps of two or three hundred lancers, the horses picquetted in groups, and the men lounging at rest. The general in command of this "Dept. of the North" had, during the night, coolly marched a battalion into the city, taken possession of the palace, dismissed the acting president, arrested some of the ministry and the editor of an opposition paper. About midday a proclamation was read in the plaza "containing the usual quantity of political humbug, winding up by an address to the soldiers in which heroes of the Independence, valiant comrades, glory, fidelity, and patriotism were very sufficiently conspicuous." — "This is but the commencement of the affair. The rival chiefs will now drain the resources of the country to equip their respective forces, and a long course of partisan warfare will probably ensue."

## ON THE U. S. S. UNITED STATES <sup>8</sup> 1842-1844

### APPOINTMENT AS MASTER

Under date of September 6, 1842, Francis has entered in his private log: "Received an appointment as master on the frigate U. States, in pursuance of which, same day, repaired on board, reported for duty to Capt. James Armstrong, and assumed

<sup>8</sup> The U. S. S. United States, the then flagship of the Pacific Squadron, was one of the oldest frigates in the service, and had had a notable career. She was built at the Philadelphia Navy Yard in 1797, as a 44 gun frigate. She was the first to be put in the water of the three then under construction, the others being the Constitution and the Constellation. She was put in commission in 1798, and immediately became active in the West Indies against French privateers. In 1799 she conveyed the American envoys to France. In the War of 1812 she was most active under Capt. Stephen Decatur, and in October of that year she captured the British frigate Macedonian. In 1813 she was blockaded in New London until the end of that war, in 1815. In 1816 she took part in the subjugation of Algiers by the squadron under Com. Bainbridge. Between 1823 and '27

charge of the charts, instruments, etc. etc.” His reaction to this change is expressed in a postscript to a letter to his “mother,” Elizabeth Pickering, as follows: “Tuesday, September 6th, my birthday (24th), but you can not imagine in what a miserable way I’m spending it. I have just received orders to join the frigate, in what capacity no one knows, and am in the midst of all the hurry and confusion of ‘packing up,’ as the squadron sails tonight, where we can’t say — everything is mystery. I don’t know what they are going to do with me or if I shall ever get home, but hope to write in better spirits next time.” And to his cousin George, on the same date: “I can’t tell now when I shall get home; expect to die superannuated on the station — you may well give up all idea of ever seeing me again — you see I am starting on a fresh cruise — in great haste and vexation of spirit, your miserable and unfortunate cousin, Frank Winslow.”

However, as the log entry indicates, he soon found his berth and bearings, and also received an important advancement in duties to acting master of the frigate and flagship of the squadron. The next day, according to his log, they weighed anchor and stood out, accompanied by the *Cyane*, *Dale*, and *Shark*. The last two were detached the day following, and the frigate and the *Cyane* continued their course to the westward. This course took them past the Galapagos islands. On the 13th they “struck a whale, but without perceptible injury.” On the 20th, “all hands being mustered aft, the commodore intimated the probable war with Mexico as the cause of our sudden departure from Callao — the destination of the ship to be towards the coast of that country — the necessity of all hands being on the alert, and the possibility of service on shore, and he trusted ‘every man would do his duty.’ ”<sup>9</sup>

After this date, of September, 1842, no letters or logs written by Francis for over three years have been preserved among the

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she was on the Pacific Station, from 1832 to '38 mostly in the Mediterranean, and between 1842 and '44 we find her again in the Pacific. In 1861 she was sunk at the Norfolk Navy Yard by the Federal forces, to prevent her falling into the hands of the Confederates.

<sup>9</sup> This is the last entry in the private log of this cruise.



family records. No doubt there were many of the former written, as he was an indefatigable letter writer, and his relations and friends enjoyed hearing from him and encouraged him in the practice. But, many as there may have been, they have been lost or destroyed in the family migrations, with the consequent scrapping of old possessions and their memories.

#### THE CAPTURE OF MONTEREY

From letters *received* by Francis, which have been preserved, it appears that, after the preceding address given by the commodore to his men on the United States, the frigate and the Cyane proceeded northward to the western coast of California. Of this there is record by Francis in an indorsement on letters as received at Monterey, Nov. 11, 1842. Here Commodore Jones distinguished, or extinguished himself by seizing that town, which was then in Mexican territory, under the impression that our country was actually at war with Mexico, as he had thought probable when he made his inspiring address to his crew the latter part of September. This is humorously referred to in a letter to Francis written by his cousin, Arthur Pickering, from Boston on January 9, 1843, as follows:

“Capt. Perry is to command a squadron now fitting out for China. We have just heard of the caper your Commodore has cut by taking a town at California and holding it two days under the plea that he had heard that the United States was at war with Mexico. I should think that Com’d Jones was mad to do such a thing, if it be true. — The papers this morning report that your Com’d will be recalled on acct. of his valorous disposition.”<sup>10</sup>

<sup>10</sup> Maclay, in his “History of the Navy,” referring to this incident, recites that, on Sept. 6, 1842, the Pacific Squadron was in Callao Harbor, under command of Captain Thomas Apt. Jones, consisting of the 44 gun frigate United States, the 20 gun sloop-of-war Cyane (Commander C. K. Stribling), the 16 gun brig-of-war Dale (Commander T. A. Dornin), and the 12 gun schooner Shark. That evening the British frigate Dublin (Rear Adm. Thomas) appeared off the port, took a look about, and then put to sea again. This performance created suspicion in Captain Jones’s mind, because rumours had been current that England and France were in secret negotiation with Mexico for the cession of enormous tracts of territory on the Pacific coast. Captain Jones had been warned by the Government, and had recently read in a Mexican paper that war was likely between the

## RAMBLES ALONG SOUTH AMERICA

From California the United States was back in South American waters early in the following year. Letters were received by Francis at Valparaiso in April, 1843. On March 20th he penned "At Sea" a poem, such as he had the habit of writing, entitled "Night on the Battle Field," which, he writes, was "composed after perusing some sketches of campaigns in the Peninsula, during the war of the Spanish Independence, applicable to any of the numerous fields where British valor and Wellington's genius paralyzed the efforts of armies previously deemed invincible, led by one whose title till then had been 'the spoiled child of victory' (Massena)." A mournful and somewhat morbid description of the horrors of a battle field the night after. His innate melancholy, in times of depression, frequently expressed itself in this way.

In June he was again in Callao, and in July at sea again, when he received the following letter of appointment to the rank of Acting Lieutenant:

SIR

You are hereby appointed an "Acting Lieutenant" to fill the vacancy on board this Ship, occasioned by the absence of Lieutenant James L. Henderson, detached on account of ill health. In virtue of this appointment you will perform all the

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United States and Mexico, if, indeed, hostilities had not actually begun. Captain Jones promptly put to sea the next day, and held a council of officers as soon as he gained an offing. They concluded it was their duty to prevent the English from obtaining a foothold in California. Accordingly, the United States and the Cyane hastened northward, while the Dale went to Panama with dispatches, and the Shark returned to Callao. Captain Jones reached Monterey on Oct. 19th. He saw nothing of the Dublin on arriving, but heard enough to convince him that his suspicions were well founded, and at once insisted on the surrender of the place. On the next day, however, he learned that there was no war between the countries, and he promptly withdrew and made such amends as he could. The United States Government was apparently, nevertheless, not displeased, as Captain Jones was not censured, but merely removed from command of the squadron to conciliate Mexico. War was not declared until May, 1846, but as early as June, 1845, President Polk had issued orders for the seizure of San Francisco as soon as war was declared. Monterey was taken possession of finally in July, 1846, by Captain John D. Sloat, then in command of the Pacific Squadron. Diplomatic procedure was difficult in those days of no telegraph, cables, or radios.



duties of a lieutenant in conjunction with those of master, and you will receive the higher pay until this appointment is revoked by the Hon. Secy. of the Navy — or until the ship returns to the United States. In addition to the reason assigned within, the appointment of the Actg Lt. Francis Winslow is rendered indispensable in consequence of the sickness of Lt. D. F. Dulany — whereby the number of lieutenants on board fit for duty is reduced to three — one half the allowed complement. Given under my hand — on board the Frigate United States — Flag Ship of the Pacific Squadron — at Sea this first day of July — 1843.

THOS APT. JONES  
Commander in Chief of  
the Pacific Squadron

Transmitted

JAS ARMSTRONG, Captain

To Acting Lieutenant FRANCIS WINSLOW

U. S. Frigate UNITED STATES.

On November 20th the ship was in Valparaiso. Here Francis first learned of the death of his father, earlier in the year. Despite the fact of their long separation and infrequent intercourse, even by letter, it was sad news for him, far away as he was from his home and relations. It filled him also with feelings of remorse for his negligence in not having visited his father in his exile, difficult as such a journey would have been for him to manage during the recent years, with his prolonged absences at sea. He gives vent to these feelings in a poem of ten stanzas, preserved in his note book, of which the following are extracts:

“ YET still the tide of our Existence moved  
In separate streams that might not mingle well,  
Severed alike from all on Earth best loved,  
Thou on thy sea-girt Isle condemned to dwell,  
And I, a wanderer o’er the Deep to roam  
From clime to clime, the warrior bark my home.”

“ Nor friend, nor loving wife, nor sister dear  
 Watched by thy couch, to soothe thy parting hour,  
 Strangers were gathered round thy lowly bier.  
 And o’er thy grave no hand might strew the flower.  
 Yet now, thy spirit rests in calm repose  
 Far from a scene, for Thee replete with woes.”

“ The flame of thy existence burned not strong  
 I knew, yet never deemed ’twas sinking fast.  
 The silver cord, altho’ sustaining long  
 The weight of dull disease, must snap at last.  
 Filled to the brim, tho’ silently and slow  
 Life’s golden bowl, at last, must overflow.”

“ These truths we mark and yet remember not.  
 And still, thro’ years to come, the hope was mine  
 To soothe with competence thy lonely lot,  
 And when between us rolled no foaming brine  
 To gild with kind affection’s gentle smile  
 Thy downward path, and half its gloom beguile.”

“ Vain all regrets; all tears are idle now.  
 Too late, alas! we would the Past retrace  
 ’Tis gone — yet throbbing heart and burning brow  
 The thought confess, which time may ne’er efface  
 Thou wer’t my Father; but was I to thee  
 All that a child, an only child should be? ”

Valparaiso, *November 25th*, 1843  
*On learning the decease of my father*

In December, 1843, the United States was in Callao. Apparently she remained there or thereabouts for several months, for there are some seven endorsements on letters received there during January and February of 1844. Then there is a gap until the following June, when the following letter is written:



U. S. Frigate UNITED STATES

Callao Bay, *June 7th.* 1844

I hereby certify that Passed Midshipman Francis Winslow has discharged the combined duties of lieutenant and master, on board this ship, under my command from July 1. 1843, to June 7th, 1844, to my entire satisfaction.

JAMES ARMSTRONG  
Captain, U. S. Navy.

Apparently, soon after this, the United States was ordered home, and made the return passage around Cape Horn. Of this experience there are no words or references. In August she was in Rio de Janeiro, and several letters from home were received there. Thence she must soon have proceeded north, perhaps arriving in Boston in September and certainly by October, as evidenced in the letter following:

U. S. Frigate UNITED STATES

Boston, *October 14,* 1844

I hereby certify that Passed Midshipman Francis Winslow has discharged all the duties of lieutenant on board this ship, under my command, from June 6th to October 14th, 1844, inclusive, as well as the additional duties of master from June 6th to August 19th, 1844.

C. K. STRIBLING, Actg. Captain

### HOME AGAIN AND MATRIMONY, 1844-1847

Francis was apparently kept on duty in Boston, at the Naval rendezvous, for some months after his return. This must have well pleased him, with its opportunities for reunion with his relatives and friends, after his long cruise and absence of five full years. On December 17th was issued his full commission as lieutenant, which rank he was destined to hold for some sixteen years. On the same date he was detached from the Rendezvous and placed on "awaiting orders."

NAVY DEPARTMENT

*December 17, 1844*

SIR,

The President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, having appointed you a Lieutenant, in the Navy, from the 24th of November 1844, I have the pleasure to enclose herewith your Commission, dated the 16th of December 1844.

I am, respectfully yours

J. W. MASON

*Lieutenant,*

FRANCIS WINSLOW

*U. S. Naval Rendezvous*

*Boston*

NAVY DEPARTMENT

*December 17, 1844*

SIR,

Having been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, you are hereby detached from the U. S. Rendezvous, Boston, and you will regard yourself as "Waiting orders."

I am respectfully,

Yours

J. W. MASON

*Lieut. FRANCIS WINSLOW*

*U. S. Naval Rendezvous*

*Boston, Mass.*

"Awaiting orders" probably lasted a year or more, perhaps in consideration of his long sea service and perhaps for lack of vacancies of suitable appointments. Further, his health may have recommended a period of rest. Certainly his eyes were giving him trouble, as there are later references to weaknesses which required the services of Dr. Jeffries, Boston's leading oculist of that time. This period was doubtless spent principally in Boston or thereabouts. He must have enjoyed and revelled in the companionship of all his friends and relatives of whom



he was very fond. Doubtless much of the following summer was spent in Dunbarton with his aunts, riding and walking over the familiar roads and refreshing old associations.

October 1, 1845, is the date of the next letter, the beginning of a new series, and the opening of a new epoch in Francis' career. This letter is addressed to:

*Miss MARY S. NELSON*

*Care of EDWARD W. WILKINS*

*Fayetteville*

*North Carolina*

This is written by Francis from Boston acknowledging, on behalf of his "mother" (Elizabeth Pickering), the receipt of a letter from Miss Mary from Fayetteville. It is a quaint, old-fashioned letter, somewhat stilted and verbose, but of delicate feeling and with much sentiment in and between the lines: She "begs you will accept her kind acknowledgments of your entertaining letter thro' my mediation, which I venture to feel assured you will be content to do. We were all much gratified to hear of your safe arrival home." A paper from Fayetteville announcing the return had been previously received and, "when this arrived, Mother, who felt a little sceptical on the subject of the letter I promised her on my return from New York, said you had sent the paper in place of a letter; — feeling myself, even from our short acquaintance, you were one of those whose simple word is worth more than the registered vow of many, I was persuaded we should hear from you more directly."

This letter from Francis was written after his return from New York, to which place he had, early in September, escorted from Boston his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins of Fayetteville, who had come North, bringing with them their niece, Mary Sophia Nelson. It was a fateful visit for Francis, for Mary was to become his wife, and that not so long after Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins were to be to him as uncle and aunt, held in great affection throughout the remainder of his life. He continues, that mother was glad "you had not quite forgotten your Northern friends. She says that, even the first day she visited you, she felt you were

not strangers and that further intimacy only increased the warmth of her feelings." Glowing words these; they sound almost as if Francis might have intruded sentiment of his own. But, perhaps, sagacious Elizabeth saw, with approval, how the wind was blowing. "Your allusion to that 'last Sunday' was quite a characteristic indiscretion, as, of course, it excited curiosity and elicited explanations which, until then (mindful of my promise) I had never been required to make." However "she still retains quite unshaken her good opinion of the fair penitent." He describes a disagreeable return trip from New York with a bad night's "unrest" and a severe cold. But, "the fact of having contributed in any manner to your enjoyment is in itself an ample recompense for any exertion, but the happiness experienced in your presence, prevents my claiming anything like disinterestedness of conduct." He refers to the quiet life he is leading since his return home, and to some trouble with his eyes, concluding with the significant message that: "Should my services not be in immediate demand it is my intention to leave for Washington about the middle of this month. From thence I shall endeavor to reach Fayetteville by the *First of November*." With what sinister design were these words penned? One can well imagine. "Mother" he can not persuade to accompany him; but, nevertheless, he is going and, with affectionate remembrance to "Uncle and Aunt from whom I venture to anticipate a cordial welcome" he signs himself: "My dear Miss Mary — Your Sincere friend. Frank Winslow."

Promptly on time, journeying probably with hot haste and ardor, he arrived and, apparently, he received the hoped for cordial welcome, not only from Uncle and Aunt, for, among my mother's papers is preserved a poem "To Mary" dated November 6th, 1845, a rhapsody of the young lover which leaves no doubt, as Francis expresses it, that "The dream is realized and now I kneel to Thee." A happy two months followed, probably spent largely in Fayetteville.

That he was ardently in love is plainly evident from his letters and from the poems in his notebook, one of which I copy here:



*To MARY on the day of completing her 18th year  
(with a miniature)*

“ My tribute on this day of Joy  
Dear Mary I would bring  
And, darling, Thou wilt not disdain  
My simple offering.”

“ And when, ere long, between us rolls  
A wide and foaming Sea  
This Talisman will oft restore  
Mine image, Love, to Thee.”

“ And tho’ the perishable Shape  
May lack the ray Divine  
Still, Dearest, Thou wilt not forget  
The Heart has long been Thine.”

FAYETTEVILLE  
*Dec. 18th 1845*

But a sailor’s life ashore is short, its precious time must not be wasted and, on January 14th, following, they were married. In a bible given Mary before this occasion by her aunt is this first inscription:

*To MARY NELSON on completing her 18th year (1845)  
From her affectionate aunt J. J. WILKINS.”*

And further on, the first of the pages of Family Records:

#### MARRIAGES

“ Wednesday *Jan. 14th* 1846  
*Lieut.* FRANCIS WINSLOW U. S. N.  
to Miss MARY S. NELSON  
of Fayetteville N. C.”

From then on, for over a year, no letters have been preserved. The time presumably was spent ashore, either on shore duty or on leave. With his bride he journeyed North to introduce her to relatives, and part, if not much, of the summer of 1846 was passed with his aunts in Dunbarton.

THE CRUISE OF THE BRIG WASHINGTON  
1847-1848

The next letter preserved is of April 7th, 1847, written from the U. S. Brig Washington and addressed to his wife, Mrs. Frank Winslow, 342 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. He had just left her "crying so bitterly on that little sofa in our pleasant room" and himself, disconsolate, had boarded his ship. This was a final good-bye message before sailing. Another letter, dated the next day is from down the river, at New Castle, where the brig is anchored awaiting favorable wind and tide. He writes that Captain Blake<sup>11</sup> saw them off and he sent messages by him. They had beat down the river most of the previous night and the day following, and Francis was very tired and hoarse with giving orders. The next day they got to sea, or at least out into Delaware Bay and a final letter is sent back by the pilot. The night watch preceding had been rainy and Francis complained of a cold in head and throat, as well as of a headache and incipient sea-sickness. At the time they were sailing with a fair, nine knot west wind. He sends messages to aunts and mother with hopes that his next winter may be spent in Fayetteville. He concludes with messages to his wife to take good care of herself, to keep busy and to walk daily. He sends messages also to all at the rectory, meaning Dr. Wyatt's in Baltimore, connections and old family friends, with whom relations were intimate in later years.

For the next ten days, apparently, the little brig beat her way southward. Francis' next letters are dated from April 20th to 23rd, off Cuba, whence mail was sent to Havana by a passing brig. He writes that he was seasick most of the voyage, but that he had kept his watches nevertheless, and lay in his bunk when below. It cured his cold, he says. The decks were under water most of the time, coming to the surface now and then to take breath.

"Yesterday afternoon, we stood in for the land, with the in-

<sup>11</sup> This Captain Blake (later Commodore) was a warm friend of Francis' all of the latter's life; later his son, Frank Blake, who lived in London, continued the family intimacy.



tention of looking in at Havana for a day, but, failing to make the port before dark, and accidentally falling in with the brig Partridge of Wilmington, N. C., bound in, the captain hastily decided to send in his letter bag by her to the Consul and (much to our disappointment as we had counted on large supplies of oranges, limes etc., for the coming hot weather) stood off again. The north side of Cuba has always been notorious for thunder storms and last night we had them to perfection: vivid lightning and heavy thunder in very startling vicinity, and a perfect deluge of water. In the midst of the worst the hood over our skylight got adrift and, before it could be secured, we were nearly drowned with the rain that pelted in; with every roll of our uneasy little bathing machine, the water swashed to and fro, the crockery rattled, drawers dashed insanely into the middle of the wardroom, chairs full of clothes turned all sorts of somersets — and, all together, there was a mingling of the sublime and the ridiculous rarely witnessed by those who have not been to sea in a small vessel. Today the wind is light, the water smooth, the sun tropically hot and the brig turned inside out to dry.” “ Last evening I obtained a most refreshing shower bath by taking a seat in the stern boat and having six buckets of salt water poured over me, after which, having no night watch, I turned in (nice clean linen sheets and pillow case) and slept soundly till six this morning.”

With the advent of decent weather and smooth seas, Francis' spirits rose, his cold was gone and his health generally good, despite his sufferings from seasickness; he finds his shipmates a very pleasant set altogether and he sees much of a Mr. Lee. He writes his wife when in Fayetteville to try and ride Charley and Chester “ early in the morning or late in the afternoon about sunset, the time we used to ride last summer at Dunbarton. I wish we were there again, with all my heart.” — “ Last Sunday I read the morning prayer, looked at the daguerreotype and imagined I was going to church with you at Dr. Wyatt's.”

Thence, for a week, the Washington pursued a peaceful course across the Gulf of Mexico. The weather was fine with light airs and calms and occasional showers. Awnings were up and wind sails spread and it was hot on deck and below. They

revelled in the change from the wet and stormy passage which they had suffered down the coast. Francis' health was good and he was already sun browned; but his eyes were giving him trouble. They were bound for Vera Cruz to report to Com. Perry who was in command of the squadron there. The hot weather he found debilitating, but the salt water bathing was refreshing, though 80° is different from "the iced water on the Nahant beaches. Ice! what a luxury a glass of cooled iced water would be; it makes me think of my iced sangaree and iced tea last year at this time."

#### THE MEXICAN WAR AT SEA

From a passing schooner they received the news of the fall of Vera Cruz, with regret that they were not in time to have participated. Lee's wedding anniversary was, however, an occasion for a celebration, with many toasts to him and one to the American Eagle at Vera Cruz and another to Sweethearts and Wives. Francis revels in his straw hat, duck trousers and linen coat and is the only one thus equipped among his ship-mates. Mail was put aboard various passing schooners and, by the 30th, they were only one hundred miles from Vera Cruz and still holding a good fair breeze; a general scrubbing and painting was in progress in preparation for port.

On May 1st land was sighted early in the morning and they had a beautiful approach, with a good sea breeze — a sharp well defined coast line "with the snow peak of Orizaba towering white above all." In the afternoon the ship came to anchor off the fortress of Vera Cruz where the stars and stripes were then flying. The captain went immediately aboard the Scorpion, which was Com. Perry's flagship; anchored near by, there were also the Ohio, the Potomac and several foreign ships. He returned with orders for the Washington to start off again the next morning for Anton Lizards and thence along the southern coast, though all important points were already occupied. Francis writes of his disappointment at receiving no letters though they had hardly been expected. He concludes with comforting words to his wife, not to feel uneasy and that nothing dangerous was to be expected in the service ahead.



The morning of the next day, pursuant to orders, the Washington was weighing anchor to run down to Anton Lizards, when she was suddenly struck by one of the so-called "Northers," for which Vera Cruz is noted, and, having with difficulty hove up the anchor, was obliged to run for shelter to Sacrificio, where the Ohio and Potomac were laying, and there came to again, under the lee of the shoals. Here they rode out the blow all day, with both anchors down on a long scope of chain and with all the light spars on deck. By daybreak the next morning, however, the wind had moderated and they got away soon after breakfast and stood down to Anton Lizards with a fine breeze. Here they found a pleasant anchorage where a number of the vessels of the squadron were gathered. The next morning they received orders to proceed to Laguna de Terminus to enforce the blockade at that place and, with ten minutes to close and leave letters, they got away again.

The Washington had a pleasant three day run down the coast, overhauling and passing the frigate Raritan and speaking the John Adams off Tobasco. Arriving off Laguna late in the afternoon of May 7th, they were obliged to lay off the bar over night and all of the next morning awaiting a sea breeze. Then, after capturing an Indian pilot who was coming off in a canoe, they proceeded in and came to opposite the little town of Laguna. It was a peaceful entry and a quiet taking of possession. The little fort on the beach, with a bastion of ten guns, built of masonry, had made no resistance and had already been dismantled, by order of the commodore; the guns, with their trunnions knocked off and carriages broken, were lying useless outside the walls. It struck Francis as a pleasant little town, full of Mexicans and Indians, and small white, adobe houses with high thatched roofs. The house lots or gardens were green with coconut, banana and lime trees.

Francis found it pretty hot, 90°, under the awning on board. But he enjoyed an early morning stroll ashore. Mosquitoes were fierce with the land breeze, though salt water bathing allayed the irritation and the swelling; but it was a far from healthy place, and the scene was uninteresting and desolate, low and sandy with lagoons of shallow water along the coast.

The Washington remained here at anchor for two days, and, in the sweltering heat, Francis spent most of the time aboard under the protection of awnings. Visits were received from officers of the other vessels and "we sat on deck talking till a late hour; then we had a slight supper (sardines) and I remained on watch until midnight, when I took a sponge bath and turned in. We have arranged a small wash room on one side of the deck, aft, and most of us take a salt bath, morning and night." The last evening most of the officers "went ashore to attend a small dance. As the mercury stood at 90° under the awning I tho't it would be about 120° in a heated room and declined going."

#### THE BLOCKADE OF AGUADA

Early the morning of the 11th, the Washington stood out with the land breeze, towards the south and east to the end of the island, and that afternoon came to some five miles from land, off a place called Port Royal. The next morning Francis was "dispatched with a boat and five men to relieve the officers from the 'Porpoise' in charge of the blockade; being equipped with a cutlass and pair of pistols apiece, in addition to six muskets, we must have presented a highly formidable appearance to the few fishermen who compose the population of this little village and derive a scanty subsistence by selling their surplus fish at Laguna; their cottages, about a dozen in all, lined the beach where we landed — they are built of small trees laced together and plastered with clay, whitewashed, and their tall roofs are thatched with the leaves of the Cocoanut tree — the only thing in the way of fruit or vegetables growing on the island. In the largest of these buildings, I found the party I was to relieve, temporarily located. After landing my provisions for the day and one man to cook and take care of everything, I made sail in the boat and passed the afternoon — "Standing off and on" in the channel (about two miles wide) to intercept any small craft coming out or in. About five, we boarded a coaster bound to Laguna with a cargo of stone and corn and, what chiefly attracted my attention, a very fine horse as a passenger. I was strongly tempted to seize him, as being capable of reinforcing



the enemy's cavalry, but finding on reflection that I should have very little chance of using him and there being no arms or powder in the vessel — I endorsed her clearance and she made sail again on her course. About sunset we landed to get supper; the only table in the house was placed for me under an open piazza facing the water and, opening my basket, I made a very decent meal on cold tongue (Oh! that it was equal to that at Home) and hard bread and the milk of a green cocoanut. Finding the sand flies and mosquitoes beginning to be troublesome — we pulled out from the beach, far enough to be clear of them, (first taking a bath in a shallow place) and, dropping an anchor, spread our awning and passed the night, which was fortunately clear and starlit, in the boat — the cushion composed my bed and the gunwale of the boat my not very soft pillow, but I have passed worse nights than this in the cars or the stages near Fayetteville. The night air was cool and refreshing after the heat of the day, the men slept sound, one hand keeping a lookout for sails or boats — nothing however passed us during the night and you may suppose our couch did not tempt us to any late slumbering. We were awake at early dawn and I enjoyed a bath and a beautiful sunrise and then boarded another vessel bound to Laguna with turtles, one of which I secured for the 'Mess' and gave the man permission to go on. After breakfasting 'al fresco' on the remains of my supper and presenting my host (the old fisherman) with the remains of my bottle of claret I prepared to return on board — but was unable to leave till my relief arrived. About noon we started, but by this time the sea breeze and tide were both against us, and our boat, being small and deep in the water, we made but little headway and were obliged to anchor till the tide slacked; during the afternoon we started again and, tho' the sea was rather disagreeable on the bar, succeeded in reaching the brig about sunset, the men exhausted with the pull and myself with a sick nervous headache, from two days exposure (much of the time without an awning) to the scorching rays of a vertical sun. After taking a cup of black tea, turned in and slept till four this morning when I was called to my regular watch, but felt very weak and exhausted. Lee has

been very kind in relieving me himself this morning, we are so short of officers for this kind of duty. — We have had a shower bath fitted over our wash room and my first act was to have five buckets of salt water poured over me — which has carried off my headache and restored energy and tone to my whole system — and now, after a change of clothes — shave and breakfast, I feel equal to any service my Country may require of me, with which assurance — here endeth the second page.”

A few days of duty aboard followed this strenuous experience, during which Francis wrote his diary letters: “ Last year on this day we were both together at home. I should like to be sitting in the porch now, looking at Chester and Charley (horses) in the opposite lot. — How pleasant it would be could we all be gathered around the tea table tonight, as I trust we may all be next fall. — We look anxiously seaward, day after day, watching for some vessel which may bring us down our letters from Vera Cruz. — We shall all be glad to be relieved from this most monotonous and uninteresting service. — Tomorrow morning I go ashore with a fresh party to relieve the blockade and this time I shall be absent from the brig three days and nights.” — “ The blockade of Aguada will have at least one pleasant idea connected with its various annoyances — the first letter from my dear Mary after our parting (Ap. 7) and assuredly the greatest enjoyment experienced since leaving home. — I was swinging in a hammock, slung in the open house on shore we occupied as our headquarters, screening my eyes from the heat reflected from the white sand beach directly before me, and busy brushing off the sand flies and mosquitoes that were fast teasing me into a state of feverish irritability, when the look out reported a large canoe coming down the Lagoon with the stars and stripes at the peak — and the sea breeze setting in soon after, with a most refreshing coolness, she very soon came in and anchored near the beach and, presently, the officer in charge came ashore with a small letter bag for the Brig. You may depend I had it opened and my two letters out in a very short time and then proceeded to attend to the official business. The party came from the Vesuvius with instructions to relieve us in the



blockade, with which you may depend I was not a little pleased, as the rainy season begins next week and open boats are apt to be damp when the water falls perpendicular."

"The Officer of the party (whom I invited to dine) was kind enough to leave me for half an hour to read my letters, and, after a hasty perusal, I was obliged to attend to the duties of the station, but I gathered that you were well and had become again cheerful and contented under our separation — and I felt perfectly happy. You must know I left the ship Monday at daylight and had a hard pull of four hours against a head wind, getting ashore to relieve, arriving with a headache to begin; all the afternoon and evening I was pulling about boarding coasters. Slept in the boat, rather better than the first night as I had a mattress this time, spread on a broad plank with the boat cushions for a pillow under which was a pair of pistols and a cutlass, arms which unfortunately were of no use against the mosquitoes, which came aboard before daylight in the morning; notwithstanding the vicinity of sharks and alligators, two or three of which last I had seen — I was obliged to bathe in the salt water (taking a shallow place) to escape the stings — but the moment I emerged I was attacked again and in addition, by the sand flies and, altho' not as poisonous as the mosquitoes, yet their name is Legion and they keep you in one perpetual *rub* — all over — one of them has bitten me on the left eye lid which is very irritable still. With all these nuisances and the rainy season in prospective, you may realize that I was content with the amount of glory already attained and perfectly willing, not to say delighted to be relieved. You cannot imagine how glad we all are that we are here only as 'amateurs,' with permission to leave next month; those who have served here from the beginning have, with hardships and annoyances of every kind, earned all they have gained and many who have worked harder will never be heard of in history, where those who have come in on the eleventh hour and participated in one 'brilliant affair' will have gained a place. As for myself, I am content with humble obscurity."

After being thus relieved from the blockade and the brig ordered back to Laguna, Francis and his party pulled off again

that evening ("taking my clothes damp from the lines"), against a strong sea breeze, and arrived aboard about sunset.

#### CRUISING ALONG THE COAST TO FRONTERA

During his first watch that night the brig stood down along the land and anchored again off Laguna. Here they lay for several days and Francis had ample time to attend to his correspondence and acknowledgments of the letters of the recently arrived mail. He deplores his absence and revels in the anticipation of home coming and living during the following winter. He sends messages of salutation and affection to all of his family and friends at Fayetteville and in the North. "Tomorrow or next day we join the Germantown and Albany and proceed to 'Campeche' in Yucatan where I shall get a grass hammock for you to take your siesta in summer on the piazza at Barnhill or at Dunbarton."

Soon after, the Porpoise sailed from Laguna bearing the ship's mail for home. "We gave her three cheers on her homeward way and I could not help wishing we could change places, but, as we are so soon to be turned the same way, we have in reality no right to complain, especially as we have as yet seen none of the hardships of the war. The officers of some of the ships have been on short allowances of water and without washed clothes for five or six months."

On Thursday, May 20th, the brig weighed anchor and stood out to the Albany, which was anchored outside, and both ships sailed for Campeche where they anchored the following Saturday. But the next day they put to sea again for Sisal and anchored there on Monday. Here they remained for several days, while the captains visited Merida to consult with the governor on their relations. There were exchanges of visits between the officers of the two ships and Francis writes of pleasant meetings with old friends and shipmates, Dr. Pinckney, Rodgers and Captains Breese, Makenzie and Gauntt. In concluding his letter on the 27th, he deplores the recent news that their return home will probably be delayed until the end of August. Off Sisal they remained until the 29th, occupied in keeping watch, letter writing etc. There was much dissatisfaction in most of the vessels on



the tiresomeness of this blockade service. After a long spell of fine dry weather, the rainy season had begun and, though awnings were some protection on deck, it was excessively damp and close below, with hatches closed. The watches on deck were not so bad when it was not rainy, very different from "what it is on a frigate where one has to stand up and walk the deck all the time. Here we sit down and take it easy, some men even play chess on deck." On a Sunday following Francis describes how he spent the day, and throughout his life, his religious faith and practices are always in evidence, habits which generally characterized our people of the old generation much more than they do us of today. "The day has been passed as I always endeavor to do, when not prevented, much as if at home. We have had no sermon, but I have employed a part of my time reading the morning and evening services and the psalter for the day, together with the collects and epistles, litany and commandments and one or two of those beautiful hymns appropriate to our position on the Ocean."

From Sisal the Washington returned to Laguna after a short stop off Campeche. Here they lay for several days and Francis seized the opportunity to have a thorough house cleaning, including scrubbing of cabin floors and paint work and airing and drying of bed clothes and personal clothing. Careful he always was to keep things as orderly and clean as possible and to guard against the ravages of mildew and moths.

"Thursday morning (June 4) at daylight, dear Mary, being my watch, I got the brig under weigh and stood out across the bar. By eight o'clock we were fairly in the offing." In the afternoon they anchored off Tobasco River and Francis went ashore in the starboard quarter boat "to take dispatches in to the Etna, about six miles inside. Having a fine sea breeze and rather smooth water I was soon over the bar and inside a deep narrow stream clothed to the water's edge with a dense tangled undergrowth, with here and there a tall cocoanut or palm waving peacefully over all. They had been burning the prairie grass in the distance and, as the sun gradually sank behind the thin, dim colored cloud of smoke, a rich mellow light was thrown over the whole scene; everything was still but the light ripples

of the water as the boat glided along and the varied notes of the birds unseen among the dense green foliage. As the sea breeze gradually died away so calm, so soft was the repose of the scene I felt reluctant to give the order to 'get out the oars' and thus break the charm." As they pulled up the river they were soon hailed by a group of officers on the bank and Francis landed and joined them. They included Captain Van Brunt (the commanding officer and Governor of the port) and several others, one of whom was a friend, Lieutenant Shattuck, who was "collector of the port." "Poor fellow he is suffering with rheumatism and has lost fifteen pounds weight since he has been here."

After a night spent on the Etna, passed principally in fighting mosquitoes, Francis returned aboard the Washington by six o'clock the next morning, and immediately got under weigh again and proceeded along the coast, anchoring off the bar of Alvarado the evening of June 8th. Here they lay for some days bemoaning their fate and uncertainty as to their future movements and destination. "The smoke of a steamer has just been reported in the direction of Pt. Anton Lizards which is probably the Mississippi, in which event we shall soon know our destination." Word had just reached them that a survey of a route to the Pacific by the way of the Huasacasco River was in contemplation "and it is just possible Commodore Perry may detain us here to take part in that." — "Shortly after taking my watch yesterday, Dearest, the Mississippi appeared in sight from the deck and, so soon as she came within signal distance, we were ordered to weigh anchor and stand out — meantime she came nobly bearing down on us, a great black mass on the water without a stitch of canvas spread."

The Mississippi brought not only orders but also a mail bag, but poor Francis had to hoist up the boats, fill away and make sail before he was relieved and could get below where he found four letters awaiting him and "two of them with the well known M on the seal." These he fell upon and devoured with repeated readings. They were all of good news of doings and of folks at home, and in his acknowledgment he covers four fine written pages with comments and messages and admonitions, about plans and ways and means: "I hope you will continue to keep



your accounts of expenditures, not that I wish you to deny yourself, dearest, anything you may need, but the habit of account keeping generally teaches us the true value of money and best economy of our resources." Writing of their at present restricted diet he says that soon "we expect to forage on the enemy at Tobasco whither we are following the Commodore, who has at last organized his long expected expedition up the river. — All day we have been putting our small arms in order and exercising the men at the musket firing. Tomorrow we shall probably arrive at the mouth of the river. You would feel very uneasy now if you knew this, but, fortunately, before you can hear anything it will be all over, one way or the other. Whatever may be the result you must remember, dearest, you must bear in mind we are all equally under the protecting care of a kind and merciful Providence which controls our destinies, as surely here as in all other situations of Life."

#### EXPEDITION UP THE TOBASCO RIVER <sup>12</sup>

The brig arrived off Frontera and the mouth of the Tobasco River the evening of the 12th. Here they found the Adams, the Albany and the Germantown already awaiting them, and the next morning the Commodore arrived with the remainder of the squadron. The next day was spent in making soundings across the bar and other preparations for the river expedition. Francis enjoyed the mid-watch the night following "beautifully clear and star light with a light breeze off the land." In the morning the steamer Vixen took them in tow and carried them across

<sup>12</sup> Maclay — History of the Navy. A first capture of Tobasco was made Oct. 25, 1846, but, as no garrison was left in possession, a recapture was thought necessary. In June, 1847, a squadron, consisting of the Mississippi, Raritan, Albany, John Adams, Decatur, Germantown, Stromboli, Vesuvius, Washington, Spitfire, Scourge, Vixen, Etna and Bonita, was assembled off that place. Capt. Perry transferred his flag to the Scorpion. After ascending the river to Devil's Point, there was an attack made by about 100 Mexicans, concealed in the chaparral on the left bank. They were dispersed by fire from the Scorpion, Washington and surf boats, aided by 10" shells from the Vesuvius. The next morning Lieut. May was wounded while reconnoitering in a boat. A party was subsequently landed under Capt. Perry and, with the cooperation of the gun boats under Lieut. David D. Porter, captured the river forts. The town was taken on the 16th. The total loss in this expedition was 2 officers and 7 seamen wounded. This accomplished, the town was left with the Scorpion, Etna, Scourge and Spitfire, and 420 men as a garrison, under the command of Commander Abraham Bigelow.

the bar and, after touching bottom several times, finally brought the brig into the deep water of the river. "One of the most brilliant and animating spectacles I have ever witnessed has been the steamers coming in from the outside, the Scorpion leading with the Commodore's pennant flying, and nine boats astern, then the Spitfire with fourteen and finally the Vixen with thirteen, of all shapes and sizes. The river being quite narrow here they passed us so close we could recognize our friends. The clear sky and bright sunshine, the blue water rippling with the sea breeze, the green foliage and graceful palm trees on the river banks, the dark steamers and the boats crowded with men and marines (a small field piece in the larger ones) with the white awnings and ensigns streaming gallantly out on the breeze, formed one of those spirit stirring scenes not readily forgotten." After a futile attempt of the small steamer, Scourge, to tow the Washington she was finally taken in tow by the flagship, Scorpion, and, by evening, they began to move up the river. The fleet continued up the river all that night and the following morning, without special incidents other than the capsizing of one of the boats in tow and a false alarm of enemy on shore. That afternoon "we were just rounding a point of the river about a quarter of a mile wide, with banks covered to the water's edge with dense chaparal and trees, when three or four reports of muskets were heard in quick succession on our right bank, ahead of us, and a little smoke was seen to issue from the dense chaparal, almost instantly followed by a rattling volley from the marines on the paddle boxes of the Scorpion. A scene of most intense excitement followed. I ran forward to my guns, but found but two or three men at their quarters and they so excited as to be of little service. With my own hands I pointed a carronade on the level of the bank and primed it and pulled the lock string, which broke in my hand. I looked around for a match, but the rain had put it out. As a last resort a hot iron was procured from the cook and the gun was fired. Meantime, the sharp reports of the muskets, echoed back from the steep banks of the river, sounded as if the chaparal was alive with Mexicans. The heavy peals of our own ordinances, the field pieces in the boats astern and the deep distinctive roar of the



monster gun aboard the Vesuvius, together with the loud cheering of the men, all combined, could only be compared to the sudden bursting of a thunder storm overhead. As soon as the Commodore could be heard, an order was passed to cease firing, as we had already passed the point from which the Scorpion had been fired upon. Small holes were found in her awnings but possibly made by her own men. So great was the excitement and anxiety to get a shot, the marines fired away, without going once to the right side of the quarter deck, and shaved one of the Commodore's whiskers and knocked a cigar out of another officer's mouth. Fortunately no one was hurt." It was probably only a picket guard that had fired.

Soon after this encounter the squadron anchored for the night within six miles of the town of Tobasco, the water being too shoal to permit going farther. Hardly had they anchored when a musket shot from the bank welcomed them, and a man on the forecastle of the Vesuvius, just astern of them, was seen to fall over: " 'there they come again' was the cry and we were near having a repetition of the first scene. As it was, the Vesuvius banged away with her big gun and threw a volley of small arms into the thicket." However there was no return fire and orders were soon issued for barricades of hammocks to be made on the deck for the men to sleep under. "In this manner we passed the night, sleeping in our clothes with our arms at hand and in the momentary expectation of an alarm." With the exception, however, of another musket shot about midnight the night was passed with an unexpected degree of quiet. About daybreak an order came from the commodore to "pipe to breakfast" preparatory to landing: "all was now a busy scene of preparation. Besides our own men, our little vessel was crowded with the people of the boats along side us, getting their breakfasts and stowing their little haversacks with bread and pork for two days, cleaning their muskets etc., etc. By six o'clock, the whole party were in their respective boats, waiting the orders from the Commodore or his Adjutant (Captain Mayo), whose 'aids' were pulling up and down the river in every direction. Our point of landing was just under a clump of palm trees a short distance ahead, from whence there was a practicable road to the town.

The Bonita, schooner, and the two steamers took up a position in advance to cover the landing — meantime two boats had been sent ahead to sound the bar and they had nearly finished their reconnoissance when they were fired upon from among the trees on the right side, just beyond our landing. I saw the smoke and heard the reports, which were closely followed by firing from the boats — then came the roar of a heavy gun from the Spitfire and the whistle of a round shot, another from the Bonita and we saw no more smoke from the chaparal, the shot passed close to the boats and Lieut. May, commanding one of them, was badly wounded on the arm, — the bone being broken just below the elbow. The Divisions being started — a heavy fire was opened from all the steamers on the river bank and chaparal, above and below the landing, and the men in the boats and on board cheering with all their might and making noise enough to frighten the Mexicans to death without firing a shot. As it was, no resistance was made — we could see them with our glasses landing — men and marines — filing up the path way and forming in lines on the bank above; fifty men would get hold of a field piece and run it up the steep bank as if it were a play thing. To us who had to remain aboard, inactive, it was rather a tantalizing thing to see all this work going on so close and not be able to share in it. The landing being effected, they gradually disappeared among the trees and we listened attentively for the firing to commence; the steamers moved on a little ahead of the land parties, occasionally firing a heavy gun by way of waking up anything in the chaparal, but all was quiet; before long we could see them again at a turn in the river where the road skirted the bank, there free from trees; soon this was passed and we saw them no more.”

After this departure of the landing parties Francis was apparently left in charge of the brig, keeping careful watch of the shore. The night following was again spent on deck, the men sleeping by the guns, “everything being kept ready for service at a moment’s notice.” The night passed, however, without disturbance and the next morning a boat came down from the town and announced that the town had been taken possession of quietly, with no resistance and without injury. “The governor



and garrison have disappeared, no one knows whither." The next day the expedition returned to the ship and soon "a crowd of boats with 200 men and a dozen officers (all in a starving condition) were along side of me. I looked at my solitary chicken (small and tough) and was tempted to pray for a miraculous interposition to feed this multitude. Fortunately the steward had a ham in reserve and there was plenty of hard bread in the bread-room and men, who had gone thro' what these had, are not over nice in their appetite and are really grateful for anything they can lay hold of. I am glad I did not go ashore. The fatigue they underwent would have laid me up entirely. From the time they landed, until late in the afternoon the whole party were marching under a scorching sun with little or no shelter and no air stirring until a late hour in the afternoon; men actually fainted at the drag ropes of the field pieces, so severe was the labor of dragging them over the rough and sometimes swampy ground of the trek; tho' not over six miles the progress was so slow they did not reach the town till five in the afternoon and there stood without shelter in a pouring rain, till shelter could be provided for them. I wonder all hands are not sick. The firing from the steamers was not without cause, a battery of three heavy guns was playing on them near the city, the Spitfire had two shots thro' her paddle boxes and the Scorpion had one of her shrouds shot away and an officer wounded, but not badly. After silencing the guns, they went ashore and took possession of the fort, which was promptly deserted by the Mexicans. All this took place several hours before the shore parties came up and, to their great annoyance, there was nothing left for them to do. We learned they had a force of a hundred men, at least, in the chaparal all night — which was the party that fired into us and on our boats. Also that they carried up with them, several men wounded by our grape and cannister."

Several days more were passed here. One afternoon Francis accompanied a shore party, including the captain and several other officers, with the object of destroying some of the enemy's abandoned breast works on the bank. In the channel, above the ships, parties were also engaged removing obstructions which had been placed there by the Mexicans: canoes filled with stones,

rafts sunk with sand bags and a variety of other objects. Evidence of casualties were seen in the dead body of one of the Mississippi's crew floating down the stream. Another body was found close to the town almost hacked to pieces by the Mexicans, probably a straggler. They returned to the ship before dark and here they remained until the 22nd, in sweltering heat and fighting mosquitoes day and night. Stores were also getting short, corn meal and dried fruits and bread were exhausted and butter, only hard biscuit and ship's bread remained. However, "Wednesday morning, 23rd, once more under weigh, thank Heaven, and standing down stream, along side the Scorpion — You can scarcely imagine how glad we are to get out of this river where we have been during the past week, at the mercy of sand-flies and mosquitoes." The next day they got over the bar and joined the squadron, having towed behind them a lighter loaded with plunder from Tobasco, including three nondescript horses, some highly ornamental Mexican saddles, several drums and other such truck.

#### ACROSS THE GULF TO PENSACOLA

Soon after this return from their foray the Washington got away again for Anton Lizards, where she arrived the evening of the 28th. Here they lay for a full week, awaiting orders; but, as mail from home was received, Francis was much relieved and had ample time to read his letters and to answer them. Some old shipmates were also in the squadron whose company he enjoyed, especially Dr. Taylor of Boston, who was the surgeon on the John Adams. The flagship arrived on July 3rd and, after some two days delay, orders were received for the brig to sail for New Orleans or Pensacola, ("one or the other, as yet we don't know which"). And, on Monday July 5th, Francis writes: "At last, dearest, it is in my power to give you some correct idea of our position and movements. First, we are fairly in 'blue water' again, out of sight of the coast of Mexico, which I devoutly pray never again to set eyes on and, I am glad to say, detached from the Gulf squadron and at liberty 'to go about our business' — surveying."

A pleasant voyage across the Gulf to Mobile followed, and



Francis enjoyed the fine weather and the beautiful moon-light nights. It was a great relief to get away from the miasmas and fever haunted coast of Mexico. There was much malaria aboard and a number of men were down with intermittent fever and one poor fellow, who had taken part in the expedition to Tobasco, died and was buried at sea. Provisions had run very short too, cold salt beef, beans and rice were the staple diets, with dried apples as a substitute for fresh vegetables. Francis enjoyed, however, the companionship of his old shipmate Rodgers, "who is one of my best friends in the Service. We started from New York on our first cruise in the old Brandywine, when we were both sea-sick youngsters." The ship only stopped off Mobile, to send and receive mail and to land Rodgers, who was taking dispatches to Washington. The same day they were off again for Pensacola where they arrived the next afternoon. At both places Francis' greatest interest was in receiving letters from home and much of his time, in ports and between them, was spent in answering these letters and chatting about interests and folks at home. He did enjoy, also, the fine weather they were having and the change and improvements in foods and other shore luxuries. "We had fresh bread, ice to our butter and water, and peaches with milk last evening for supper; fresh figs this morning for breakfast and a very nice cucumber with tomatoes for dinner — and for dessert one of the finest melons I have ever seen."

In Pensacola the brig remained about a week and Francis was ashore as much as possible. He was impressed with the beauty of the station, the yard "is in beautiful order and more neatly kept than any I have been in. There is a long street of officers' quarters, houses of two stories, with double piazzas all round, and each house standing by itself with its little garden full of flowering plants and shade trees. There are nice brick walks shaded with China trees, wherever acquired, and grass plots quite green and well kept and watered; all this has been produced by labor and system from a dry, sandy soil." Doubtless Francis made mental note of this, to him evidently a charming spot, as a good berth for himself and family for some future shore duty; a dream, alas, never to be realized. Sociabilities

were, however, enjoyed here, especially at a Doctor Spottswood's, the resident surgeon. Here at tea they met "Mrs. Spottswood, of the Navy and her sister Mrs. Montgomery of the Army and two young lady sisters (Misses Easton) as yet unattached to either corps but probably quite ready to "engage" the enemy at a moment's warning." The stay in Pensacola was altogether pleasant and restful. Letters from home were received with good news and much family gossip. Before leaving for their "Gulf Stream Cruising" they laid in a large supply of stores, including filled chicken coops and plenty of claret.

#### DEEP-SEA SOUNDINGS IN THE GULF STREAM

In the afternoon of July 22nd, the Washington sailed from Pensacola "home-bound." They had fair weather with a fine breeze for nearly a week and Francis enjoyed the beautiful nights and especially the absence of mosquitoes. On the 30th, they were off Havana. Here they encountered a "waterspout" which "although the cloud from which it descended was five or six miles distant, its dimensions then might compare with one of our largest Carolina pines, only tapering downwards to the water; as it did not approach us there was no cause for uneasiness and we all watched it with much interest until it was enveloped in a heavy rain squall." At this time Francis seemed confident of arrival before very long in home waters and he writes hopefully to his wife of plans for her meeting him in Baltimore. On August 1st, they were well up to the northern edge of the Bahama banks and letters were delivered to a small brig, the Watchman, bound for New York.

Here and hereabouts the Washington was occupied for several weeks on the Gulf Stream work which she had been especially assigned to. This consisted principally in making a series of deep sea soundings, including the recording of temperatures and the collecting of samples of the sea bottom at great depths. This, with the crude apparatus available in those days, was no easy task. The soundings had to be made along certain predetermined lines and each station had to be carefully located, which involved accurate navigation. Reasonably fair weather was also necessary for the work and, in times of storm, all had



to be suspended and often the ship was driven far from its field of work.

Soon after leaving Cuba, some rough weather laid Francis out for a short time with his old and frequent recurring malady of sea sickness, but they soon passed from this into pleasant weather and relatively smooth water. And, all the time they were working their way up the coast "homeward." His letters are full of the prospects of arrival and meeting and of plans for the immediate future. This and other letters were sent forward by the passenger schooner, *Dorcas*, bound for New York. "All day yesterday (Sunday) our men were hard at work. I cannot say that I like to see the day neglected, and, even apart from its religious duties, wish to see the men allowed the Day of Rest. A sailor's life is a hard one at best and there is little we can do towards bettering it. In the present case the weather was favorable and we could not afford to lose it. On board of large ships, especially where there is a chaplain, the Day is always observed and we hope some good is obtained, altho' none may be apparent." Soon after this lament, however, there was another disturbance of serene life in the shape of a storm, which was heralded by an ominous looking sky and a falling barometer. "The sun set with a lurid glow not usually seen in fair weather at sea." Preparations were made by "sending down our light spars and sails and all unnecessary weight from aloft and reefing down our sails snug for the night." During Francis' middle watch that night there were squalls of wind and rain of increasing strength which wet him through; the gale strengthened and veered to the northeast with a very heavy sea running which made poor Francis quite sick. Nevertheless he was on deck again for his next watch at four in the afternoon, though he found it anything but pleasant. "Shortly after this the wind hauled to the northwest, blowing harder than ever, indeed off Cape Horn or elsewhere, I have seen no worse weather. One of our boats was nearly washed away and we only saved them by getting them both inboard and securing them there. We were obliged to furl everything but a small remnant of our storm canvas forward and aft. But the little brig has behaved nobly and won our entire confidence. During the whole gale she 'layed to' like a duck. The seas seemed to be toppling down

on her, but, as they came, the little thing danced lightly over them, scarcely wetting her feathers." This storm, as usual, blew the brig a long way off and it took days before she could regain her position and resume work. Then, on Thursday August 19th, he writes: "More bad weather — again we are driven more than one hundred miles from our station — Certainly this surveying in the Gulf Stream requires a very large allowance of patience and perseverance. By using lanterns and working till midnight we managed to make good a 'station' Tuesday night. But, we had hardly hauled up our last wire and 'filled away' on our course, before we were 'taken aback' (my watch too) by a heavy squall of wind and rain, accompanied by the most vivid lightning, quite too close to be agreeable. On this occasion also, our little vessel behaved beautifully, whirling around on her heel and scudding before the wind thro' the thick darkness, like a race horse. The water came down like a second deluge; indeed I think I had a more anxious, harassing watch than during the gale previous. One of those pale wavering gleams of light (which I have often heard of but never noticed before) like a dim lantern seen through the mist — played around our masthead all the watch."

Francis bemoans the bad weather, principally as delaying the home coming. "It may take us longer to accomplish the three or four stations remaining than all the preceding. During the last week we have been able to do but one. The first week we made eight or nine." He figures that by this time his wife will have arrived at Baltimore and be awaiting him, and they seem still so far from the end of their labors and, after the work is done "we may get a head wind and be driven out from the capes. Still I endeavor to feel cheerful and contented, knowing 'all is for the best.' " A courageous attitude and we can hope it was rewarded, as this was the last letter preserved of that cruise and, presumably, the Washington made the port of Philadelphia not long after, before the end of August and Francis and his wife were again together, after a five month separation.

#### SIX WEEKS IN PORT AT PHILADELPHIA

Not for long, however, was this sojourn together continued. For less than two months the Washington lay at Philadelphia



and presumably Francis continued on duty with, perhaps, partial domicile ashore. From references in later letters they appear to have had an abode at a Mrs. Lovely's at 342 Chestnut street. Not an altogether satisfactory home living, yet, doubtless, a great boon to the then young people and one of the episodes considered 'high lights' in the lives of naval people of those days.

#### SURVEYING IN DELAWARE BAY

On October 13th, 1847, the Washington got away from Philadelphia and, on the 16-17th, Francis writes to his wife in Philadelphia from Marcus Hook, below Chester, on the Delaware, where the brig had returned after having run aground in the bay on the 14th. No damage was done, though at low tide the ship was down on her side in the mud; with high tide she was hauled off. On this cruise Francis assumed the not very welcome duty of caterer for the mess and he found he had a ravenous pack to provide for. "Monday afternoon we anchored near a small town, called Port Penn, where Moses and myself landed to take a short walk and where I contrived to lay in a fresh supply of milk, eggs, butter, beef and vegetables for my ravenous mess-mates. A steady systematic attack on the mess stores goes on from morning till night. Breakfast lasts from 8 until 11, then lunch begins and lasts until dinner, and then comes tea and there are, actually, some who cry out for cold meat till 10 or 11 at night. My character and reputation as caterer must inevitably fall before the insatiable appetites of this voracious mess." Indeed the catering cares, in addition to other duties, were a great strain on Francis during this cruise, as may well be imagined. Further, trouble with his eyes at this time was a serious handicap.

The work assigned to the brig was the survey of the coast in the Delaware, and it involved the usual routine of soundings and the erecting of signal stations and range poles on the shore for guidance; the men were away in boats all day when weather permitted. But here, as in the Gulf Stream work, rough days prevented operations. Mistakes also were apparently made which had to be rectified. Thus, on the 23rd, he writes that they

had been taking soundings since the 21st, night and day “ but I believe in the wrong direction.” On the 27th, he writes that they had been able to do only two days’ work since leaving. During much of the work the brig was anchored inside the breakwater at Lewis, whence the boats made their excursions. Here Francis had ample time for letter writing, but he continues anxious for the completion of the work and is harassed by the delays of bad weather. He dreams of the prospect of a long shore leave during the winter and the possibility of being ‘ at home ’ again in Fayetteville. Passing vessels gave opportunity for sending letters and mail was received from the postoffice at Lewis. The work was arduous and the delays were vexatious, but they had their amusements and recreations. Thus, on October 26th, they celebrated the birthday of their mess-mate, Mulloney. “ We had a very pleasant little dinner; macaroni soup, boiled chickens and oyster, ham etc., and our steward (who makes excellent bread and pastry) gave us some very nice pies, besides our dessert of apples, almonds and raisins and olives. I brought out a bottle of the nice port in addition to the mess madeira, in which we drank many happy returns or, as one member observed, ‘ thirty more of them ’ (M. is just thirty), after which another member observed we had drunk to ‘ Dombey ’ and he would now propose ‘ Dombey and Son,’ Mulloney being the only member present to whom the toast could be legitimately applied. After which the health of the caterer — was proposed and, finally, that of the caterer’s better half was duly drunk. So you see, notwithstanding the cheerless aspect of things on deck, we continue to make ourselves cheerful below.”

The weather continued bad and nothing was being accomplished and the season was far advanced. Thus they continued into the month of November, bringing the work to a conclusion on the 7th. On the 8th, the brig finally made sail from the breakwater for home and by noon they were fairly out of the Delaware and laid the course to New York, with a fine fair breeze. “ Last evening we had a parting supper and I kept my last mid-watch last night, and at daylight this morning we took a pilot and by noon we shall be snug at anchor opposite the Navy Yard.” Francis, in this last letter which he finishes in his cousin



Tom's office in New York, is full of exultation at the conclusion of the year's cruising, impatient to be off the next morning, towards Fayetteville and his wife, overjoyed at the prospect of being "home," seeing his friends and in making plans for the winter's sojourn ashore.

#### SIX MONTHS OF SHORE LEAVE

Six months of leave followed this return, spent probably in Fayetteville with his wife and their relatives, avoiding undoubtedly the severe winter weather of the North. Probably some visits to Northern relatives were made, but no records of this period have been preserved, and so all is conjecture.

#### SIX MONTHS MORE OF SURVEYING IN THE DELAWARE AND CHESAPEAKE BAYS

On or before May 13th, 1848, the Washington sailed from New York and Francis parted from his wife at that place. Apparently they struck rough weather soon after sailing and, in a letter written between the 14th and 19th, he writes that he is lying in his berth with his clothes on "seasick and wretched," generally utterly miserable and homesick. "It seems to me sometimes foolish that I should be wasting away my life and energy in a profession which I don't like and which imposes such hard trials, so many sad partings. If we only could be content with a small income in some quiet little country town." The next morning "I managed to crawl on deck and sit down on the weather side, miserable enough. The captain was as bad off as I was and, indeed, all of us were more or less miserable. It was one of the most melancholy Sabbaths I ever passed and very far from being a day of rest for any of us."

This was an inauspicious beginning of a whole season's cruise, lasting until the middle of the following November, engaged entirely in coast survey work. The field of work was divided between the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays. There was a great deal of open boat work and soundings, establishment of lines and the erecting of signals on shore. Francis' duties kept him mostly aboard the brig, where he had pretty much charge and stood night watches. In addition he had the arduous and thank-

less task of caterer. He was much overworked and his eyes gave him a great deal of trouble. In addition he found his captain, Lee, very exacting, critical, and unappreciative, at least until toward the end of the season. During this period his wife spent her time at different intervals in Baltimore or in Norfolk, or at some naval boarding house, hoping for chances of meeting. A lonely and trying way of living for both her and him.

The first period, lasting until June 10th, was given to work in Chesapeake Bay and the Washington was most of the time at anchor in or near the mouth of the Patuxent river, where there was good shelter. Francis writes that he is busy all day and into the night and feels over worked, and the fact that his wife is only a few hours away, in Baltimore, and he unable to get there, adds to his despondence. There were nothing but troubles and petty annoyances and fault finding. Only the prospect of having the winter ashore keeps him on this work. On June the 9th he writes of having been sick, but better at the time. Men are leaving the ship all of the time. Two officers were given leave for a day in Baltimore but he was not allowed to go. He seems in a thoroughly upset and disgruntled humour. However, soon after this, the captain apparently relented and Francis got leave to go to Baltimore at least for a few days, though he writes that the captain frowns on such visits as an interruption to work. He returned about the 15th, apparently in better humour, and describes a following Sunday as a real day of rest, when he bathed, shaved and had a good breakfast with hot rolls and steamed oysters. However he found many tasks awaiting him and the mosquitoes were most troublesome. His eyes are also in a bad way. He is planning then for another meeting in Norfolk.

On July 2nd, he describes a beautiful Sunday at anchor in Patuxent Roads. The men are mostly ashore on leave and he is writing on deck under the awning; he dilates on the beauty of the scene, with the blue water and the green shore and light, fleecy clouds overhead. On the 4th, he recalls their summer in Dunbarton after their marriage, the rides over the hills, the sunset walks, bathing in the mill pond and an excursion up Mt. Washington. July 4th, was duly celebrated: the ship was



dressed and looked very gay; they had a very good dinner “but there is no social intercourse or cordial enjoyment, no ‘*gaité du coeur*’ at our table and never will be.” The constant smoking in the small cabin was an annoyance to him, as he never indulged in the weed. Men continued to leave daily. The work moved haltingly and the prospect of reaching Norfolk was constantly postponed. On reading some pencil notes in his wife’s prayer book, endorsed January 14, 1846, Mary S. Nelson, he writes: “I could not help thinking, Dearest, how happy you were before we met, and what a species of refined cruelty it was for me to come and take you away from all your own friends and then leave you all alone in a strange city, with no one to look to for sympathy or assistance in sorrow or sickness. Write and tell all your sisters and cousins to look with suspicion and distrust on any vagrant that wears bright buttons and leads a migratory existence.” Soon after, however, about the middle of July, the *Washington* was able to get away for Norfolk and there the pre-arranged meeting was enjoyed for some ten days.

At Norfolk, on the 27th of July, Francis was left in charge to bring the brig up into the Delaware bay. Some bad weather was encountered and he picked up a pilot in order to safely make anchorage in lee of the breakwater at Lewis. The captain, on his return a few days later, disapproved of the expense but Francis stood on his rights and duty as officer in charge and silenced the enemy. While engaged on this work in the Delaware they had the assistance of the steamer *Vixen* and the captain was on her much of the time and Francis was left in charge of the brig. This was, however, entirely agreeable to him, both because of the captain’s annoyances and also because “you can hardly imagine what a hot, dirty place that steamer is and how much better off we are who remain on the brig.” Incidentally also, the brig had to receive on board, at times, consignments of coal for the use of the *Vixen*; this was a dirty proceeding, most destructive to cleanliness and fresh paint. Days and weeks dragged on with routine monotonous work, mostly at anchor, and with much bad weather. But there is a prospect of two weeks’ vacation at Norfolk ahead, which cheers him, though continually delayed. Inside of the breakwater was a favorite

resort for vessels, for shelter or awaiting favorable winds; at one time there were about a hundred and twenty coasters at anchor there, and come a fair wind they all flew away like so many white geese. The brig hung on here for over a month, into September and, with surveying parties away, Francis gave time to letter writing, having ship painted and other odd jobs. The prospect of a winter in Washington at office work he finds very upsetting and considers a plan to resign and to enter the service of some coastwise steam packet line. By September 13th, however, he writes that the survey work is finished and that he expects an early arrival in Norfolk.

Some six weeks elapse after this, during which there was probably more or less life ashore both in Norfolk and Baltimore. On October 23rd, he writes from the steamer, "Planter," immediately after leaving Baltimore on his way down the river to join the Washington: "Be sure to keep employed, don't allow yourself to sit still and think about our hard fate when so many are infinitely worse off than ourselves." The day following he is on board the brig again, in Chesapeake bay, busy getting her under weigh and into shelter in the Patuxent river. He has now been assigned a berth in the captain's cabin and their relations are improved. He is occupied much of his time in making a ship inventory, preparatory to laying up. He is also writing much of their plans for the winter in Washington. He hopes for a finish of the season's work in some two weeks. The weather is getting cold, 48° or less and no fires; stores also are low, no milk and butter rancid. The captain however is "much improved." Weather was becoming rough and one day, "about noon, a schooner was capsized near us by a heavy flaw of wind. Our boats immediately went to her assistance. The master and crew crawled up on her bottom and were brought aboard by our boats. We then succeeded in getting a line fast to her, and, during the afternoon, hauled her along side, under our yard tackles, and righted her. All night she lay along side of us, her deck a yard below water; but next morning we commenced raising her and, by the afternoon, by pumping and bailing her, had her clear of water."

On November 10th, he writes they are preparing to stop



work! He expresses resentment at being the only one assigned to office work in Washington for the coming winter, but thinks the captain has a hard time trying to get others to stay. Soon after he was deserted by most of them leaving on the steamer for Baltimore. To him was assigned the task of taking the brig to Washington and laying her up. He made slow progress up the bay and the Potomac river, with light winds and some rain. However, by the afternoon of November 14th, they were off Mt. Vernon and the next morning reached the Navy Yard in Washington.

This concluded the two seasons of 1847 and '48, of sea service in the brig Washington. It was primarily coast survey work and not regular Naval service, though the excursion to Mexican waters and participation in the war activities there, was more in the line of Naval duty. The selection of this work had probably been determined largely by the consideration that it would be in home waters, with opportunities for more or less shore life. But it did not prove congenial work and the strivings for reunions and the vicissitudes of migratory living for his wife were more trying than the prolonged absence of duty on a man-of-war. During the last season of this work, Francis frequently recurs to the intention of applying for duty at sea, possibly in European waters. Following the arrival at the Navy Yard in Washington, the brig was presumably put out of commission and laid up for the winter by Francis.

#### SIX MONTHS IN WASHINGTON

During the remainder of the season of 1848, and through the following winter, Francis and his wife were probably domiciled in Washington, engaged in the office work incidental to the coast survey operations, as forecast in his letters to his wife. Doubtless there were leaves of absence spent in Fayetteville in the South and also among relatives in the North, and this life continued until July of the following year.



FRANCIS WINSLOW, ABOUT 1848



MARIA SOPHIA WINSLOW, ABOUT 1848





THE CRUISE OF THE INDEPENDENCE <sup>13</sup>

1849-1852

On July 26th, 1849, is written another of those farewell, parting letters from the new U. S. Frigate Independence, off Cape Henry. Francis has just left his wife at Norfolk. "Once more, Dearest Mary, I sit down to send you these few, sad lines which usually compose 'the last letter by the pilot' and which, few as they may be, will yet be some source of comfort to you tomorrow. — I do not begin to *feel* until I *start*, but, when I turned the corner of the little lane, I was almost afraid to look back. Henderson and Waddell were on the wharf and we all went off together. Waddell said 'when he heard that gun fire he felt as if he was going to be hung.' " He busied himself in his room and had "just finished and locked and secured my trunk in its chocks, to prevent it rolling away at sea, when all hands were called to 'make sail' and I went on deck to my station in the gangway." He continues his letter with reference to familiar spots passed, scenes of old associations; he writes words of consolation to his wife and hopes that she will soon start for Dunbarton and "I would rather think of you as safe under the care of our kind aunts at Dunbarton than anywhere else." He writes of plans for a reunion in Europe, and trusts she may be able to prepare to start with Mrs. Blake as soon as the following October, after letters from him at Gibraltar will have reached her. He concludes with wishes for safe journey "to rejoin me. We must remember we are under the care of 'Our Father which is in Heaven' now, as always, who will guide and protect us both."

## ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

After this departure Francis resumes his long established practice of journal-letter writing, dilating in detail on the rou-

<sup>13</sup> The Independence was a "Ship of Line" of 2257 tons, carrying 74 guns. She was built in Boston in 1814 but was held there, under blockade, until the end of the War of 1812. She was later the flagship of the Pacific Squadron in 1847, under Shubrick. In her Francis was now about to spend several eventful years, between 1849 and 1852, in the Mediterranean. She was finally used as a Receiving ship at Mare Island, California, in 1864.



tine of his daily life, with intimate and casual remarks, very much as one would talk in conversation. The first letter covers the first ten days of the voyage, which was in pleasant weather. He describes the Independence as a "noble frigate," so little affected by the sea that "I am hardly aware we are under weigh." But he finds her condition very foul and the smell of bilge-water very disagreeable; by working the pumps and putting lime into the hold, the air has been much improved, but "the white paint in those pretty staterooms you coveted, became lead color by the bad air from below in a single night." His friend Waddell continues miserable with homesickness, and also with an inflamed tooth but, nevertheless, the wardroom dinner Sunday afternoon was a cheerful occasion and concluded with numerous toasts to sweethearts and wives and to all others whom stimulated memories could think of. He found his fellow officers pleasant, including Beaumont, Henderson, Couter, Murray and Waddell. The captain was also sociable and entertained at dinner frequently; he had with him, as a guest, a Mr. Barton. On the 10th, they buried at sea one of the seamen, a young man of about thirty, who was taken sick with typhus fever since sailing. Soon after, bad weather with much rain and head winds were encountered, which delayed progress and hopes of a quick passage to Gibraltar waned. Francis was not feeling very well but "I do not believe I have at any time in this ship felt as badly as I did when I sailed from New York in the Washington last year, and I certainly have never felt a moment's regret at leaving the 'Survey.'" He is much concerned however, that they have so far encountered no homeward bound ship to which they could transfer mail for the United States. Some good weather was enjoyed, however, but as they neared the Straits, the wind headed them causing further delay; but, in consolation, Francis remarks "we have all drawn our pay in advance and could get no more money of the purser until October, so we had better be at sea then in port without the specie."

#### IN GIBRALTAR

Not until the early morning of August 30th, did the Independence drop anchor in the harbor of Gibraltar. The passage up

the straits and into the harbor was with a fair westerly wind and Francis much enjoyed the views in the sunset lights, Cape Spartell and the dark outline of the African coast. Peering through the portholes "as well as I could see, we were steering directly towards a dark mass of land which, in its well defined outline against the sky, seemed the image of a gigantic Newfoundland dog, reclining half asleep, with his nose resting on his paws — this was the celebrated 'Rock of Gibraltar.'" The ship was placed in quarantine on her arrival, for five days, on account of the presence of cholera in other Mediterranean ports. But this was considered a light sentence and Francis and the other officers were much cheered by the news that a steamer, carrying the great East India mail and en route for England, was due to arrive and that their letters could be forwarded on her and would probably reach the United States by September 20th. He hopes his wife is by then safely settled in Dunbarton and sends messages of love and appreciation to the aunts. The anticipation regarding the mail suffered, however, a bitter disappointment, for the mail bag, after having been thoroughly fumigated and disinfected on board the quarantine guard ship and sent ashore and delivered to the Consul, Mr. Sprague, was "from its appearances supposed by that gentleman to be intended for a sailing vessel and consigned to a corner to await the departure of the first homebound bark." Not until five days later did the bag find passage on the regular mail steamer for England. He writes in continued hope that his wife and Mrs. Blake will be able to set sail for Europe in October and that the Commodore (Morgan) has authorized some arrangement for their being met. While in Gibraltar he was entertained by the Consul, Mr. Sprague, to whom he had letters of introduction. The Consul's friends also visited the ship and "having no watch on board, I escorted the Consul's family ashore, and receiving a cordial invitation to stay and dine, from the old lady, who did not go afloat with the girls, remained. The Consul's family consists of himself and two brothers and three sisters and mother, besides an English governess for the two younger girls, one of whom, having some slight resemblance to 'Miss Alice Taney,' I began to think quite pretty. 'Miss Sprague,' the eldest sister,



has hazel eyes, soft brown hair, and is a quiet ladylike girl, who has been six months in Boston and fully appreciated the beauties of the 'Common.' There are two little boys also growing up. They showed me their monkey and pet squirrel, which reminded me of poor 'Bunny' in Wilmington, and Lina's distress at losing him. On entering the house, the first thing I saw, standing at the angle of the broad marble stairway, was a tall, old mahogany clock, just like the old lady's at Fayetteville — it had a very respectable appearance. In the hall was an engraving of 'Boston Harbor' looking as natural as life and a full length picture of Gen'l Washington, all of which caused a comfortable feeling of being with one's country-men. The drawing room, with its marble mantle and grate for cool weather, its muslin curtains, its convenient lounges, reading tables, books, rosewood piano, all giving evidence of use rather than show, had a most pleasant and comfortable effect, by contrast with our floating castle, with its white decks and frowning batteries. Our dinner was, as the former one, plain and well cooked, with abundance of fine figs and grapes (from their farm) for dessert. The vegetable dishes of heavy silver plate, reminded me of our dinner at Mr. Taylor's at Richmond. The Consul takes but little wine and I took less, tho' there was a variety on the table. The juice of the grape is more palatable to me fresh than fermented. We talked a good deal about Boston. During the evening (which follows very close on a late dinner) some more of our officers dropped in, and we had some little French and Spanish songs and some fine instrumental duets on the piano, the tone of which reminded me very forcibly of ours. Capital black tea was sent round with coffee, and at half past nine, we found sandwiches and fruit and a glass of wine in the dining room and, shortly after, took leave of this estimable family until our next visit to Gibraltar. There is but one gateway where you can pass out of this fortified garrison after sunset, and that is watched with jealous caution, only a man-of-war boat is allowed to land after the gun is fired from the summit of the rock. At ten o'clock, all of us being gathered on the ramparts opposite the ship, the Sergeant of the Guard brings down the key of this gate from the Governor's quarters, a small door way thro' the parapet is

dropped down and forms a bridge of connection with a winding staircase, and, when you have descended this, you find yourself in a court surrounded by high walls and completely at the mercy of the troops above. From this another low archway opens on the waters of the bay. Another heavy portal is here unlocked and, swinging on its axis, falls down and forms a drawbridge over which you pass to a little mole or wharf where the boat is waiting. As soon as we have passed, the drawbridge rises and closes, with a heavy 'clang,' the stone archway. The Sergeant and his party retire up the winding stairway and thro' the parapet. The key is again returned to the Governor's quarters and, except once again at midnight, the gate opens no more that night. Some of our party (who had dined at the hotel) were quite merry and 'Carry me Back to Old Virginia' resounded over the quiet waters of the bay as we pulled off to the dark and silent ship."<sup>14</sup>

<sup>14</sup> In April 1932, Mr. Richard L. Sprague, American Consul in Gibraltar celebrated the One Hundredth Anniversary of his family's service in that office. In notice of that occasion the following article was published in the Boston Herald of April 1, 1932:

"About 1800 Horatio Sprague, a Boston merchant, whose ships sailed to Cadiz, Malaga, Malta and Genoa, established his residence at that convenient crossroads of the world, Gibraltar. He remained there for many years — except for a brief period during the war of 1812, when the British Governor was forced to ask him to remove to Algeciras in Spain — and in 1832 he was appointed American consul at Gibraltar by President Jackson. Since then, for a full century, a Sprague has always represented the United States at this important port. To celebrate the centennial of his grandfather's appointment, Richard L. Sprague, the present consul, will entertain at the Bristol Hotel on the afternoon of April 30."

"The family record is unique in the history of the American foreign service. Horatio Sprague was succeeded in 1848 by his son, Horatio Jones Sprague, who in 1901 gave way to his son, Richard. From the consulate on Prince Edward road, high on the side of the great rock overlooking the harbor at the gateway to the Mediterranean, the Spragues have witnessed an almost continuous parade of history — the movement of warships through the straits during the Crimean war, the American Civil war, the British campaigns in Egypt and South Africa, the American war with Spain, and the world war."

"In peace times they have entertained the admirals and statesmen of a score of nations. It was during the second Sprague's consulate that the *Maria Celeste*, an American barkentine, was towed into Gibraltar. She had been picked up by a British steamer off the Portuguese coast, with all her sails set, everything shipshape, but without a soul on board. The present consul is well and affectionately known as Dick to American naval officers and others of his fellow citizens who follow the sea."

In the spring of 1921, I had myself the pleasure of meeting Mr. Richard Sprague, when entering Spain through Gibraltar, and can testify to his cordiality and helpfulness to the casual tourist from the United States. A. W.



Before leaving Gibraltar, "the Governor, Sir George Gardiner, and his suite visited the ship, being received with the customary honors on the occasion. He seemed a fine old gentleman with white hair and military appearance. Lady Gardiner however (a stout old woman) carried no personal claims to nobility and looked somewhat coarser than my wash-woman. Miss Gardiner, who came with them, was a very plain little girl with a turned up nose and red hair, who had very little to say for herself. His suite consisted of a grey old Baronet, who wore a short jacket with a Waterloo medal and another decoration, evincing a veteran's service and spurs and a long cavalry sabre, and two young aids in red vests and blue frocks covered with black braid and bugles, sabred and spurred to match. Then we had some officers of Her Majesty's 34th Infantry besides, who wore very short red jackets and white pants and looked like big boys. The Consul's family also came off with two fine looking English girls, regular blondes, with long flaxen ringlets and soft blue eyes. We showed them around the ship (which was clean as possible) and went thro' sundry waltzes and polkas on the Quarter deck, most horribly executed by our extempore band, and, having partaken of a cold collation of fruit, cake, etc., in the cabin, with a little champagne, sent them all ashore about three o'clock, making a very pleasant little day's amusement of it."

On Thursday, September 6th, the Independence weighed anchor and, with a fine breeze from the westward, rounded Europa Point and shaped her course for Naples. They had a fine run of it and "as I stood on the deck watching the rich tints of the golden sunset it occurred to me it was the sixth day of the month and the anniversary of my thirty-first year." This brought to mind other anniversaries of the past, "then I thought you were quiet and happy in our 'mountain home' at Dunbarton

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"R. L. SPRAGUE, CONSUL, IS DEAD. Member of Massachusetts Family Holding Gibraltar Post 102 years. Gibraltar, Oct. 16, 1934. Richard L. Sprague, United States Consul at Gibraltar, a post which has been in his family for 102 years, died today. Sprague, a member of an old Massachusetts family, suffered a sudden attack of diabetes early this month which necessitated an emergency operation. He was to have retired automatically May 26, 1936. He had no sons, thus ending the family succession."

and, at sunset you would walk down to our favorite resort, the quiet cemetery, shadowed by those stately pines, where we have been so often together, and, remembering the day, even as I do here, pray that we may soon be re-united."

The morning of September 14th, the Independence was off the island of Ischia, where they were joined by the United States steamer Mississippi and the two proceeded in company into the harbor of Naples where they dropped anchor near the Constitution.

#### IN NAPLES

Francis was much impressed with the beauty of the Bay of Naples, its sparkling waters and green and fertile shores, with the background of Vesuvius. Here they were again placed in quarantine and, for a number of days, had to content themselves with the distant view of the attractions of the city. At night the shores were lit by thousands of lights. Sunday the 16th, was evidently a great day ashore: "towards noon the housetops and balconies were crowded with people and grand salutes were fired from the batteries. The Pope was probably in town and pronouncing his benedictions; at night there were brilliant displays of fireworks on shore." Because of the death of Captain Gwyna of the Constitution, Captain Conover left the Independence to take command of the Constitution, and Captain Blake took command of the Independence much to Francis' satisfaction; but this is somewhat marred by the news that the Commodore with his family and suite would also take up their abode with them; which meant that Francis would lose his snug little state-room. Thus the next few days, while under quarantine, were occupied in the transfer of commands and the installing of the new captain and of the commodore and his party. Incidentally Francis and other officers had to be shifted to less acceptable berths. Francis had several talks with Captain Blake about the prospects of their wives joining them in the near future, but Captain Blake found the Commodore and his plans so indefinite that he felt it would be unwise to decide anything for the present, disappointing as this was to them both.

"Sunday Morning September 23rd. A fine cheerful day. Serv-



ice as usual on board which the Commodore and Mrs. Morgan attended. After church, I went into the cabin to visit Mrs. Morgan who is a remarkably nice lady, somewhat over thirty, but quite good looking, with easy pleasant manners and perfectly free from all kinds of affectation. I passed an hour in the cabin, almost before I was aware of it and, on making my bow, received an invitation to visit them on shore, where they expect to take rooms one day next week. Altho' very comfortable in her quarters on board, she is anxious to be quickly settled with her two little boys and servant in some airy lodgings ashore. The Commodore talks of going to sea with the ship, after she is settled ashore. If you were out here, I should be in a constant state of feverish excitement with these daily rumors and uncertainties. We must endeavor, Dearest, to reconcile ourselves to this disappointment and to realize with a steady and unwavering faith, that all is for the best. Yesterday morning, in the language of the Mediterranean, we received 'pratique,' or authority to visit the shore, but feeling too fatigued after the morning watch to avail myself of the privilege, I slept (or tried to sleep) till dinner time and, having put on my new frock and side arms, went ashore with the purser at three in the afternoon. We landed at a convenient stone pier from which a broad flight of steps ascended to the San Lucia, one of the principal streets, well paved with broad stone slabs, but without side walks (as are most of the streets here) and lined with a goodly row of handsome buildings (five and six stories high, facing the bay). We went first to see the purser of the Constitution, who (with his lady) has rooms at the Hotel de Rusie, near the landing. We were shown into a drawing room with dingy muslin curtains and faded damask furniture and stone floor, but the windows and their balconies commanded a fine view of the bay and the weather was not cool enough for a fire. The purser received us politely but his lady was too indisposed to make her appearance, so we shortly took our leave.

“ On calling on the Consul, I found to my great satisfaction, my letters for you had been duly received and forwarded on Monday last and a mail from Marseilles is due this afternoon, and I have some hopes of getting a letter from you tomorrow,

but not probably in season to be acknowledged by the present mail, as this must go ashore early tomorrow to be in season for the return of the mail steamer. As you find in our cities, in front of most of the hotels, are drawn up a line of vehicles for hire. There are small barouches, capable of carrying four persons and the driver, with the top to raise or throw back, as you please, and drawn by one or two horses, to let by the hour, at a moderate rate. Having two hours to spare before dark, in company with two officers of the Constitution, we chartered a coach or open carriage with two decent horses and amused ourselves with a drive thro' the town. After my day's duty yesterday and morning watch, I felt some fatigue still and a little headache, and a drive in a comfortable barouche was just what I wanted. Naples presents such a combination of magnificence and penury, wealth and poverty, luxury and beggary, mixed up side by side and one's consequent impressions on first landing are so varied and conflicting, it is not easy to disentangle and arrange, much less, intelligibly define them. We drove thro' narrow streets, looking narrower still from the tallness of the houses, rarely less than five or six stories. The doors below entered without even a step of elevation, mostly into shops of every description. Large archways giving admission to court yards from which you ascend to the apartments above; occasionally an emblazoned shield or coat of arms over an archway of loftier dimensions, indicating the residence of wealthy or noble family, while the street below swarmed with wretched looking people of all sorts and conditions. Squares with fountains playing or trying to play (for our fountains in Boston far surpass them all). Churches, palaces, museums, hospitals and other public buildings, with abodes of poverty and suffering, dirty streets and narrow lanes, showy carriages with servants in livery and poor overladen donkeys and vehicles of all kinds (hearses inclusive). Officers in rich uniforms and heavy moustaches, soldiers in French looking dress before many of the public buildings, priests in their black robes and broad brimmed hats, bareheaded Capuchin friars in their coarse brown cloaks, well dressed gentlemen and coarsely clad porters and workmen and ragged beggars innumerable, are still mixed up in my idea of Naples in the most inextricable



confusion, quite beyond all expression. Emerging from the crowd and bustle of the main street, 'Stada Toledo,' at last, we rolled along a smooth and level road, past the 'Garden Botanique' and under the ruined arch of an old Roman aqueduct, which from its preservation, you could scarcely realize was standing more than two thousand years ago, and commenced ascending a hillside lined with country seats and vineyards, the vines trained from tree to tree on each side of the road, with the grapes hanging in bunches nearly ready for harvest. They were the purple grape from which much of the wine of the country is made, not equal probably to our Scuppernong. From time to time, an open vista among the trees, as we wound along our gradually ascending way, gave us beautiful glimpses of the bay and its shores, with Vesuvius in the background; at times I was reminded of our ride over the heights at Georgetown. On the summit of the hill, 'Capo de Monte,' stands one of the royal palaces, a large and spacious edifice tho' not a particularly interesting object, not half so picturesque as many other of the villas around. Just before we reached the summit, our driver turned out to allow one of the carriages of the Royal family to pass. First came an out-rider in a showy livery, then a coach and four with postillions and footmen in the same costume, and a remarkably stout gentleman in a plain suit of black, with a lady by his side, which was all we could see of royalty. Beggars waylaid us at every turn and corner; we noticed they never went near the priests, from whom, I suppose, they get nothing but benedictions. Continuing on our way, we descended into the city more directly by a paved street and, passing more soldiers and more monks, in the varied crowd of all classes of people, just as they were lighting the gas lamps, we drove into the archway of the Hotel de Rusie where we had left our swords during our ride, which cost us barely twenty-five cents apiece — a cheap, healthy and pleasant enjoyment of an afternoon."

As two months have elapsed since his sailing from Norfolk, Francis is becoming quite despondent at the failure to receive any letters from his wife, or other news from home. He becomes restless and dull, does not care to go ashore; the ship is in confusion and crowded with pedlars of pictures, cameos, shoes,

gloves etc., so that the wardroom before dinner is a "perfect bazaar." The evening of the 26th, however, his suspense was relieved by receiving three letters, postmarked from Dunbarton, written between the 3rd and 18th of August, and kind Captain Blake, realizing his eagerness, himself relieved Francis from his watch on deck so that he could retire to the cabin to read his letters. He was much reassured to know that his wife had made the "long unattended" journey to Dunbarton in safety and was then in the sheltered home of "our good and kind relations at Dunbarton."

*An Excursion to Pompeii.* On September 29th, Francis, together with the chaplain and two others, started on an excursion to Pompeii in an open barouche, with three horses abreast, with bells on their heads. It was a beautiful day, after the rain of the day previous, the dust was laid and the road smooth and paved and "if you, Dearest, had been with me I should have had nothing to wish for." They passed along the foothills of Vesuvius, past villas in beautiful gardens, through the town of Portici and by the excavation of Herculaneum, past Torre del Greco and Annunciata to the gates of Pompeii. "About a third part of the town had been laid open to the day, the remainder being still covered with the ashes of the eruption, which the lapse of years has converted into a fertile soil, green with the olive and the vine. Leaving our carriage at the entrance of the 'Street of Tombs,' we passed at once into the Appian Way, which leads to the center of this ancient city once teeming with population and noisy with the hum of human life, now silent as the grave. The Villa of Diomed was the first we entered and, descending into the wine cellars with their vaulted roofs still perfect, we saw the ranges of broken Amphora (wine jars of burnt clay), standing as they were found, filled with ashes, also the place where the skeletons of the unfortunate family were found. A minute description of all we saw would occupy pages and then I should have failed to give you anything like a correct idea. We passed five hours within the walls, visiting the Amphitheater, Forum, Baths, Temples and other objects of interest in the city. There is an indefinable feeling of solemn interest in treading the silent streets of this deserted city, their stones worn with the



wheels of the old Roman chariots, in standing within the roofless walls of their dwellings, now exposed, after the interval of centuries, to the broad light of the sun and tenanted only by the lizard, in gazing upon works of the pencil and chisel, executed more than two thousand years ago, and delineating perhaps the domestic habits and character of a mighty race whose greatness has long passed away, which must be experienced to be fully appreciated and understood. Constantly was my wish repeated, that *you* could be with me to see all as I saw it, that you might enjoy it as I did. Close by the old Roman Amphitheater we passed thro' a vineyard of ripe grapes hanging in purple festoons from tree to tree. They were busy gathering them and pressing out the juice in huge tubs by the old system recorded in the Bible, 'treading them' with their naked feet and by no means clean at that. I thought I could dispense with the wine of Italy after experiencing the process. For a few coppers we carried off some delicious bunches, to stay our appetites till dinner, which meal we made at a small roadside tavern, where they gave us thin soup, roast fowl, bread and fruit for a moderate compensation."

The drive back in the twilight and with a bright moon shining was much enjoyed. Through Torre del Greco there was a festival in progress and "for a quarter of a mile the street was hung with lamps of different colors, was crowded with people and enlivened by a band of music midway, opposite the church."

On October 1st, Francis records the arrival of the U.S.S. Cumberland from the United States. He also announces that the Commodore "says we are to go next week to Spezia for provisions and supplies." Two more letters are received from his wife and, in acknowledging these, he inveighs against any shortening of letters or diminution in number on account of the high postage. "Be assured there is no charge an officer meets so cheerfully as that of postage, when away from home." The rate of sixty cents per letter made it a consideration to use thin paper and envelopes but, notwithstanding, he wanted the full two sheets. He has carefully weighed the different papers and envelopes and finds that two sheets of the larger paper and three of the smaller just weigh the half ounce allowed, but no sealing

wax must be used, only wafers. He finds that Captain Blake has written his wife directions for wintering at home; and so the cherished plan for a reunion the ensuing winter had to be abandoned, and "you had better make your arrangements and be on the look out for an opportunity to go South — to Wilmington or Fayetteville, as you wish." Nevertheless he still has hopes of a meeting the next autumn and advises his wife to brush up her French, in anticipation. He writes with interest of the Italian art in cameo cutting and miniature painting and offers to send his wife a cameo or miniature likeness of himself, if she would like one. Further "tell aunts I am going to have my portrait painted to present to them when I return."<sup>15</sup>

While lingering in Naples, Francis enjoyed his opportunities ashore. He indulged in pleasant drives along the shores of the bay, one day returning through the "Grotto of Prosilipo" which he describes as a tunnel excavated in ancient times through the limestone and lava country rock, nearly a mile long and fifty or more feet high, and lighted by lanterns. He attended the opera in the San Carlos Theatre "one of the largest theatres of Europe and very splendid: six tiers of boxes, all lined with crimson velvet, with white pillars and gilded cornices. The opera was Othello and he did not enjoy the music. Two of the six tiers of boxes were occupied and the pit was filled with officers of the army and navy, all in full, glittering uniforms. He was impressed by the great decorum which prevailed, no applause even was indulged in. Always thoughtful of the amenities, and also with an eye to the possibilities of living quarters for his wife in this foreign land, should the much cherished hope of a reunion be realized, Francis paid a visit to Mrs. Morgan, the Commodore's wife, who had moved ashore:

"Just in front of the 'Villa Real' or Royal gardens, along the shores of the bay is a street of fine houses from four to six stories high, many of them being the residences of the nobility, who are sometimes glad to 'raise the wind' by renting them. Entering a broad archway and ascending a flight of marble

<sup>15</sup> This intention was apparently carried out and such a portrait, in full uniform, now hangs in my library. It was formerly in the parlor of the Stark mansion in Dunbarton. A naïve and somewhat wooden production, but doubtless of some merit as a likeness and interesting as a quaint product of the times.



stairs, we found Mrs. Morgan occupying a handsome suite of apartments on the third story of a large and airy house. She has a drawing room, dining room, two or three chambers, besides those for servants, and a kitchen and garden for the sum of eighty dollars per month. The apartments are handsomely furnished with comfortable chairs and couches, curtains, pictures and statuary and other things, and this is considered a high rent in Naples and only obtainable in the winter, when the city is usually much thronged with strangers on account of its climate. The Commodore has his cook and steward and nurse for the children and finds his own table. The front rooms (like our apartment at Washington) have the benefit of the sunshine all day, and the windows command a splendid view of the bay and city. Then the street beneath is what Pennsylvania Avenue is to Washington, only the handsome carriages are ten or twenty times as many; but the most remarkable point was the walking in a handsome flowering garden on a level with the *third story*, which is formed by a small terrace in the hill-side, against which this noble range of houses has been built. The house belongs to a countess, whose resources being somewhat slender, she has vacated her own rooms for Mrs. Morgan and moved into a lower story. The rooms on this third tier, being, strange to say, the finest in the house. The Commodore was out at 'Castel Mare,' dining with our Minister, but Mrs. Morgan was very happy to see us and seemed pleased to show us her rooms and her pleasant little garden. She is really a very cheerful, kind hearted, unaffected woman and I only wish it was in your power to make her acquaintance this winter, but so far as I can see at present there seems to be no way of living here, in the manner we have been accustomed to do, at home, that is, of boarding by the week or month, and taking a suite of rooms and hiring servants would be too expensive for our means. At eight o'clock rode down to the 'Small Theatre,' as we call it, in contrast with the spacious 'San Carlos,' tho' it is quite as large as most of ours and very prettily decorated and well lit with gas lights in grand glass globes, which to my position in the 'parquette' were not at all troublesome. The house was better filled than the larger one, the opera being a very favorite one here. The orchestra and

chorus were good, the singing and acting capital, and I cannot now remember when I have had so rich a musical treat. How I wished you were there to enjoy it with me. 'Rosina,' the prima donna, had a sweet voice and a fair complexion, with shiny flaxen hair and dark blue eyes; her profile reminded me strongly of Sarah Howard with much more color however. The music of this opera 'The Barber of Seville' (one of the first I ever heard) is so familiar to me it sounded like an old friend, but I have never seen the different parts so appropriately dressed and capitally carried out. After the opera was a comic little 'Ballet' called the 'Carnival of Paris,' all (of) which entertainment we enjoyed for the price of thirty three cents a seat. Captain Blake and Doctor Whelan were there, and, coming down to the landing about the same time, we all came off together at midnight."

Duties on board also occupied much of his time and it was not always fair weather. "In consequence of the fresh wind and the heavy sea rolling in this open bay last night, Contee was unable to get aboard and I was called for the middle watch. There was some wind and much rain, but the awning being tented overhead we kept dry and the watch passed away much better than out at sea." — "Today and tomorrow are my duty days on board, and Sunday I prefer not to go ashore, as their mode of keeping the day (opera and ballet at night) is far from being consistent with our ideas of sanctity or holiness." Saturday morning "Beaumont kept the first watch with me during which we reviewed our reminiscences of Washington (especially the corner of the Avenue and 8th Street), also Old Point and Norfolk, and with sundry confidential communications from 'Beau' with regard to the state of his heart, with regard to his very numerous collection of favorites both there and elsewhere. Altogether the watch passed away very pleasantly." He reiterates his advice to his wife to cultivate her French, in anticipation. "From what I hear Florence is the pleasantest city in Italy and I have a strong persuasion you will see it before I return home." Their sailing is delayed because the King gives an Audience the next week at which the Commodore is to be presented.

*The King's Audience.* This Audience or Levee was duly held on Monday the 15th and was attended by the Commodore with



a party of officers from the Independence and the Cumberland, of which Francis was one. The preliminaries of outfitting were somewhat complicated by the deficiency of cocked hats, epaulettes, embroidered collars, etc., thought necessary for so formal an occasion; but by scheming and trading they finally managed presentable appearances. The Levee was to be held at the palace at Caserta, some eighteen miles from Naples, and to reach it the party, together with a number of the Diplomatic Corps, had to travel by a small railway. "The road was in good order, with a heavy T rail, and policemen in uniform, every half mile or closer, to prevent accidents; but the speed was slow and the cars small (carrying eight persons, vis-a-vis, like a carriage) and far inferior in comfort to those on our well managed roads. — About noon, heated and covered with dust, we were landed at the station, directly in front of the palace." Household troops, sentries and hussars, were in evidence in profusion. After retiring to rooms for the removal of the dust and stain of travel, the party were led to the Salon of Reception by Mr. Rowan, the American Chargé. They passed through several lofty apartments, with marble floors, decorated walls, adorned by bas-reliefs, statuary and frescos, into a magnificent Audience chamber. Here were assembled "officers of rank in rich uniform, royal chamberlains and native nobility, in shorts and silk stockings and with coats and vests so covered with rich embroidery you could scarcely see the cloth of which they were made, the members of the Diplomatic Corps in their respective national costumes and, distinguished among this glitter of lace and gilding by the republican simplicity of our appearance, our own little group from the world beyond the sea." The ladies seated at the end of the Salon on lounges of crimson and gilt, wives of the King's Ministers, gorgeously dressed, Francis did not find good to look at or to any degree comparable to the "folks at home" and "I certainly have not seen yet anybody on this side of the Atlantic of whom you need be at all jealous. After ten or fifteen minutes delay, which gave us a chance to make these observations, the approach of the Royal party, was announced by a slight clapping of hands from some attendants at the doorways, followed by a general hush, the company arranging them-

selves in two lines on each side of the room. The Commodore stood next to our Minister, and we adjoining; on our right were the Neapolitan Ministers and their ladies next. Commencing with the nearest Foreign Minister and passing gradually down the line, conversing five minutes or so with each, His Majesty after due time, reached our position. Neither the Commodore nor Mr. Rowan being acquainted with French (the Court language of Europe) the Flag Lieutenant, Mr. Drayton, carried on the usual interchange of civilities between the parties, which, from the bowing on both sides, was, one supposed, of the most pleasant and complimentary character. The officers of the Suite, being then presented 'en masse,' received in return for their obeisance, a smile and a bow from Royalty, at once graceful and comprehensive, His Majesty passing immediately along the line to meet his own ministers. Ferdinand the Second, 'King of Naples and the two Sicilies and one of the few of the race of 'Bourbons' now in power, is a man of tall and portly appearance, without, however, any corresponding development of mental ability on his brow, the head being small and tapering, without breadth of forehead and, on the contrary, singularly expansive behind, especially where the head and neck unite. He seemed between forty and fifty, with straight, black hair, slightly grey, cropped unpleasantly short, moustache and straggling whiskers (worse than mine). He wore rather a plain military uniform, with an embroidered collar, epaulettes and small sword, buff breeches and high boots of polished leather, coming above the knees, with spurs of gold, something like the pictures of General Washington you have seen; a broad blue ribbon over the right shoulder and a single star on the left breast, with a sash round the waist, completed his costume, which was more simple than that of any of his officers. His Majesty was followed, at a short distance, by the Queen and one of the young princesses, two slender little ladies of rather prepossessing appearance and dressed in plain black, with dark lace veils and entirely without ornament. They also made the circuit of the apartment, receiving the respectful salutations of all present, the native nobility esteeming it a distinguished favor to be allowed to kiss the Royal gloves (the Court etiquette). There was also a very stout



old gentleman with white whiskers and quite bald, the uncle to the present King and two princes, one about five and twenty and quite good looking and one probably eighteen or twenty. After completing the tour of the room, the Royal family passed into the ante-room again, which was well filled with the officers of the army and navy, in a great variety of rich and costly uniforms, another room being lined with Ecclesiastics in their gowns of plain black silk and white neck bands, an unusual number of the latter being present in consequence of the arrival of the Pope, who was, at that time, in the private apartments of the palace. On our way to the Audience chamber, we were, in one of the apartments thro' which we passed, much refreshed by the sight of a long table, handsomely spread with colored Bohemian glass and gold and silver plate, as for a cold collation, but, unfortunately, that was the last we saw of it, being shown out another way, down the grand staircase, which, with its two lions carved in the purest white marble of Carrara and its noble balustrades of other variegated qualities, its statuary and dome overhead, is considered the finest thing of its kind in Italy and, alone, was worth our ride out to see it. The Royal private chapel, at which a priest was even then officiating, opens from the spacious hall at the head of the grand staircase. One of these days I hope to take you, Dearest, to see all these things with me."

#### TO SPEZIA FOR SUPPLIES

A day or two after this excursion the Independence set sail for Spezia in company with the Cumberland. The voyage was in fair weather and with little incident excepting: "Last night, being all sound asleep, near midnight, our slumbers were very suddenly broken by the sharp and startling rattle of the drum 'beating to quarters.' Imagine the alarm of the fire-bell some dark night at Fayetteville and you will have an idea of the scene of excitement and confusion which ensued. In ten minutes, however, everybody was at his station and the batteries lighted up and reported ready for action. — It was merely to see how soon we could be prepared at night." Francis gives spare time to the reading of the letters of Pliny on the destruction of Pompeii, to Bulwer Lytton's 'Last Days of Pompeii' and, on Sunday, to

the prayer book and Paley's Theology. "I shall know your prayer book by heart, as I read it daily. The daguerreotype too is a great comfort to me. I look at it every night the last thing before I put out my light." He also commenced the study of Italian and intends to begin French. Before the end of the voyage Francis received the dubious honor of being unanimously elected to the catership of the mess, consisting of about thirty officers, including the servants. This he resolutely declined as "I know it was out of the question to reconcile the discordant elements of our mess, which is not quite as harmonious as when we started." The night before reaching port, "in the midwatch, a young seaman fell from aloft (about 100 feet), striking the deck about five feet from the stand of the officer of the watch. He was taken up senseless and carried down to the surgeon. He never spoke and about an hour after expired." This was the first fatal accident, though the fourth death since sailing.

On October 25th, about noon the ship anchored at Spezia. Despatches were received there which caused some excitement in reference to relationship with France, which was far from tranquil. Both Francis and Captain Blake were glad that, under the conditions, their wives were safe at home, as the fleet might be ordered out of the Mediterranean. Spezia does not seem very attractive on first acquaintance; the weather is also cool and it is generally damp below, with the perpetual washings, and almost everyone has colds and "in a good way to become martyrs of cleanliness." Within a day or two, however, a strong, drying wind from the N.E. set in and, though cool, the ship lay quiet in the lee of the land and "for the first time in two weeks, thoroughly dry." Francis and the others were busy "breaking out my thick overcoat and other winter clothing" in preparation for colder weather. "Last evening, the family of the officer in charge of the 'Lazarretto' or Quarantine grounds (near which we are moored) came aboard by invitation to visit us. There was the 'Commissario' and his lady and son and four daughters, between the ages of twelve and twenty, besides two or three smaller ones. The girls, without being exactly pretty, had fine eyes and light graceful figures and danced well. They are very animated, with easy cordial manners and were very soon on the



most friendly terms with all of us. Language was no sort of consequence, the girls had been studying English two months (their acquaintance began with the 'Missippi,' about that time) so they understood many little phrases and a few words of French or Italian went a great way. Then, our main deck was lighted, and the band playing waltzes and polkas, and, having about five beaux apiece, they danced to their hearts' content, till nine o'clock when we took them down into the wardroom and gave them supper — ham and cold tongue, tea and coffee, cake and toast (a much nicer supper than you partook of) with fruit and a little wine, and, after another dance or two, sent them ashore apparently much delighted with the Independence and all on board. Their position on the quarantine ground, almost isolates them from the society of Spezia (which is three miles distant across the bay and twice as far by land), so the arrival of an American man-of-war is regarded as a perfect God-send, since they have made acquaintance with the officers and, with three here together, doubtless they say: 'it never rains, but it pours — why can't they come one at a time? ' "

Francis describes the Gulf of Spezia as much smaller than the Bay of Naples, but, being surrounded by mountains, the scenery is wilder and more romantic. The promontories were crowned with modern forts and remains of ancient towers; towards the east were the serrated mountains in which were the famous quarries of Carrara. The cold weather continued and "I kept my forenoon watch with my overcoat on, which indeed I cannot well do without below, as the air down the hatch, under which I am obliged to write to get light to see, is too cool to be agreeable and, in my room, I should be obliged to make use of a candle." Francis notes the arrival of the Constitution on November 1st, and of the Erie on the 5th. He enjoyed meeting his friend Johnston, who was in the steamer Mississippi; also Lieutenant Sartori who was staying with his wife in Florence, awaiting orders, from whom he gleaned the interesting bit of information that the two had boarded very comfortably in Florence the preceding winter for \$15 per week.

While anchored here Francis enjoyed a trip to Carrara with two other officers. With the aid of the Consul they procured, in

Spezia, a small covered vehicle and driver to which were attached "two stout mules with a harness, half ropes and bells around their necks and reins of cord, which our driver managed with considerable dexterity." The roads were excellent but it was up hill all the way and progress was slow. It was Francis' first excursion into the country of Italy and he enjoyed the views and the rural scenes, the terraced hill sides planted in vineyards and the small farms "cultivated rather like extensive gardens than farms" — "stout, ruddy looking men and women were at work pruning and training the vines or laboring in the fields, as we drove along with our bells jingling merrily." They reached the town and their hotel about sunset. After a short walk of inspection about the town they returned to the hotel for their dinner. A fire of dry olive wood was lit in a large apartment with lofty ceiling and of a cheerless appearance and cold brick floor, but, by closing the windows and doors, they made themselves as comfortable as possible. "Two lamps of an antique pattern and filled with olive oil were on the table, which was laid with neatness. They gave us soup — boulli — chops and a fowl, all very good, and a dessert of apples, pears, dried grapes and roast chestnuts (which we have had daily since we have been here), after which we had a cup of good coffee and drew around the fire again. About nine we were shown our chambers on the same floor. The bedsteads were of iron with good mattresses, the bureaux had marble tops, but the same brick floors gave a comfortless air to the room. This was the first time I had slept out of the ship since leaving Norfolk and, as I drew my curtains round me you may realize I felt sad and lonely enough." After breakfast the next morning the studios of the artists were visited, of which there were a great number, at least one hundred, besides the Academy. Here were exhibited many beautiful monuments and mantels and copies of many famous works of art, Venuses, Graces, Madonnas and Bacchantes. From this sight seeing they returned to their hotel, somewhat fatigued, to enjoy: "the best dinner I have met in Italy — delicious soup, macaroni prepared with the celebrated cheese of Parma — a nice steak and some very delicate birds, with a dessert of fruit and chestnuts. After this, the return drive in the afternoon, down



the mountain was much enjoyed, but: "I was glad to get into my own room again and slept soundly till sunrise."

For some days longer the Independence remained in Spezia after being provisioned, awaiting a fair wind for Naples. During this wait the U.S.S. Jamestown came in, so that all of the American squadron were then gathered in Spezia. Francis spent a good deal of his leisure time in walking, including two excursions to the town, which meant a twelve mile tramp each time. The night of Saturday, November 18th, the Independence weighed anchor and went to sea, bound for Naples, with a fine breeze from the northward and, by the evening of the 21st, she was working into the Bay of Naples. Before sailing Francis had the grievance of the departure of two of his fellow officers for home: "Mr. Craven, our executive officer (who never makes a cruise), having become restless and discontented, has been allowed to return home on the Erie — and Johnston, who made such exertions to join the Mississippi last June, has applied and obtained leave to return on the Jamestown — to attend to his private affairs; that is to get a little deeper in debt." This made Francis envious and homesick, but he resists the temptation to do likewise and consoles himself with assurances of the prospect of his wife's joining him the next season and "if I return without at least two years absence shall have no just claim to the same interval on any shore duty, but be liable to be ordered (perhaps to the Pacific station) on very short notice." A change of wind met them off Naples, with cold penetrating rain, which made the night watch anything but agreeable, but this cleared by the following afternoon and the entrance to the harbor was very beautiful. He was relieved to receive a letter of September 30th, from his wife with assurance of improvement in her health and her cheerfulness; but he deplores the brevity of her letters as compared with his own, tho' he recognizes the difficulties of writing without having so far received any letters from him. She writes him of letters from Mrs. Blake proposing their passing the winter together in Philadelphia, pending decision as to the voyage abroad. This he does not think advisable and hopes she can secure escort to Wilmington or Fayetteville for the winter. Here he makes the first reference to Sarah Howard:

“ I think, Dearest, you will find Sarah, as you have already met in Arthur (Pickering), a sincere and unaffected friend and, from our mutual affection for both, I should be heartily glad (if) you were able to be present at their marriage.<sup>16</sup> — Sarah is a good girl and is fortunate in being united to a man of such honorable integrity of character and so thoroughly worthy of esteem and affection.” — “ I keep a second midnight watch tonight; they seem to me a condemnation to so many hours of melancholy meditation on the miseries of maritime existence.”

#### BACK IN NAPLES AGAIN

On their arrival at Naples the ship, for no apparent specific reason, was again placed in quarantine for two weeks. As this “ would not allow the Commodore to land, Mrs. Morgan was obliged to come off in a boat and hold an affectionate, though somewhat distant interview with him from the cabin windows. How would you have been pleased with that arrangement, dearest, after six months separation? ” The delay is tedious to all on board. Captain Blake has Francis to dine with him in his cabin and they enjoy each other’s company and the discussion of plans for their wives to join them. “ He says he is constantly looking forward to the time when Mrs. Blake and Franky will be able to join him.” It was blowing hard much of the time, with rain and hail and a heavy sea rolling in the open roadstead, such that the heavy frigate was more uncomfortable at anchor than she would have been under sail. “ The first day of the winter we had hoped to pass in Italy together, dearest, has come and passed away and the long night commences now at five o’clock. How cheerful and pleasant our winter evenings *have* been, our snug room at Washington, with its gleaming grate and cheerful blaze and our bright little lamp, comes up before me as I write, appealing to know why I could not have been content with last year’s employment; and, as for our home at Fayetteville, our pleasant parlour with its comfortable curtains and bright, ‘ light-wood ’ fire and every item of furniture about it is as vivid in my mem-

<sup>16</sup> By some unexplained mischance it appears in a later letter, that my mother did, in fact, not arrive until the day after the wedding, much to her chagrin.



ory as if it was but last week we were sitting by the hearth listening to 'Dombey and Son.' "

With the release from quarantine the Commodore, with his flag officers and secretary, was able to move ashore, but Francis remained aboard busy settling himself in his new stateroom, washing and painting and laying a new carpet. It was turning cold, however, and Vesuvius and the other mountains surrounding the bay were well snow capped; aboard the ship it was quite cold with "no arrangements for fires aboard as yet." Many wear their overcoats at the mess table and several blankets for the beds are necessary. "The wardroom is, as usual, when 'free of quarantine' crowded with all sorts of pedlars of curiosities and pictures, gloves, boots, fancy boxes etc., etc., to say nothing of washerwomen, marketmen and guides."

Due to the heavy rolling and pitching of the ship, while here at anchor, the deck seams had opened. With the clearing of the weather a gang of caulkers were put to work, much to the annoyance of Francis and other quiet loving denizens of the wardroom. Refuge was found however in the absent Commodore's quarters, where they moved to dress and take their meals. Francis has leisure for shore visits, including one on the Commodore and Mrs. Morgan, whom he found "comfortably seated by their fireside with the two children playing near them" and this he found so attractive that he stayed for tea with them and left at eight o'clock, filled with envy. "Captain Blake, to my surprise, has taken rooms ashore, a dangerous place for a married man to live (unless indeed his wife can be with him), but the ship is so devoid of comfort at this bleak season, I do not wonder at anyone's living ashore."

*The Benediction of the Troops.* One morning he attended the ceremony of the "Benediction of the Troops" by His Holiness, the Pope. This took place in the Palace square which "was filled with troops — batteries of horse artillery at the corners — squadrons of hussars, with their graceful jackets, lining three sides, and the center completely filled with infantry of the line and household troops and marines. An old veteran officer, with whom I had some conversation, told me there could not be less than fifteen thousand collected in the square. The day was re-



U. S. S. INDEPENDENCE



U. S. S. MISSISSIPPI





markably fine and the brilliant uniforms of the officers and troops and the gleam of their arms in the bright sunshine, the fine horses of the hussars and mounted officers — the stirring strains of martial music rendered it one of the most brilliant and exciting military spectacles I have ever witnessed. I thought of Uncle Ben and his fondness for reviews and displays of this character and wished he could have been here. That I thought of you, Dearest, and wished for you, too, I need not say. By following in the wake of some ladies, who were courteously permitted to pass the lines, I was fortunate enough to secure a favorable position under an adjoining portico, from which I had a capital view of the whole affair, and was also near the Pope who was then celebrating High Mass in the church, in the presence of the King and Court. A platform covered with crimson velvet was arranged on the marble steps in front, and, as His Holiness emerged from the church, the whole mass of troops and people in the square (those on horseback excepted) kneeled down, as one man, presenting arms with heads uncovered, while a dozen different bands struck up a military salute, and the thunder of artillery from 'St. Elmo' and the other castles announced to all Naples, that the Representative of God on earth, was about to bless the people. The Pope was dressed in white vestments, richly broidered and, with his handsome head and respectable grey hair, and fine portly person, was the finest looking person present. When the bands ceased, he chanted the latin form of benediction (for some portion of which I suppose I came in) in a clear, sonorous voice, assisted at some places by the clergymen around him and withdrew within the church. Then the carriages of his suite drove into the square and, amid the salutes of the troops and the crash of military music — 'His Holiness' was put into his coach and driven off towards Portici — followed by a squadron of horse guards, and the Cardinals and other household officers, in their carriages. Then the Royal family came out and the ladies were driven off to the opposite palace in open barouches, but the King, followed by a numerous suite passed down on foot, between the lines, to review the troops. Then the nobility and foreign Ministers began to depart and, commencing in the centre, with bands playing and colors



flying, regiment after regiment wheeled into column and defiled out of the square, with the lingering strains of some familiar quick step or polka, the rattle of drums and arms, the tramp of men and prancing of horses — the scene was now at the very height of its animation and excitement and it was nearly an hour before the last troop of light artillery and the last squadron of hussars emerged from the square on their march to their quarters.”

Francis also finds time for his letter writing to his wife, now in her girlhood home of Fayetteville, after her summer in Dunbarton. His letters are full of consideration for her comfort and of advice; he stresses the importance of keeping occupied as “one of my chief resources to preserve a cheerful and contented mind, when I begin to feel despondent.” He urges exercise to preserve health, either walking or riding “Charley,” and he prays for long letters full of home detail, in response to his many, close written sheets.

#### IN BAIÀ AT MOORINGS FOR THE WINTER

On the 11th, “in my watch, we unmoored, weighed anchor and ran down to the anchorage of Baia, a rather more sheltered nook of the great Bay of Naples than our former berth in front of the city, and we are now snugly moored once more under that celebrated Cape of Misenum, where Pliny lay with the Roman galleys at the time of the great eruption, near two thousand years ago.” This was some ten miles from the city and communication to and from was more difficult and limited. Nevertheless, Francis managed, within a few days, to arrange an excursion to Naples together with three other officers. They landed at Pozzuoli and then drove along the shore of the bay, a drive of much beauty, and passed through the tunnel of Posilipo into the city. Here they spent the day and following night, shopping and visiting and attending the opera at night.

December 18th, “The first thought that occurred to me, on waking this morning, my own dear wife, was that this was your birthday, and the first one since our marriage we have been unable to celebrate together.” Fond recollections of days gone by ensue, comforted by the hope that the next anniversary may be

spent together. The next day an excursion was made to the old Roman ruins near Pozzuoli, including the great amphitheatre capable of containing forty thousand people; also the temple and the subterranean cistern and concluding with a descent into the 'Solfatara,' crater of an extinct volcano, over the hollow dome of which they walked in a sulphuric atmosphere, with heated vapors rising around them. Thence they were glad to get back to the cold ship again.

Christmas day Francis began with a midnight watch and, after a hot breakfast, spent the morning by the galley fire, reading a newspaper. More than half of the mess were in Naples, but the remaining nine celebrated the day with a dinner of roast turkey and mince pies, washed down with champagne in numerous toasts. "The Commodore and suite dined with Mr. Rodgers, a venerable, white headed old gentleman who left Boston near fifty years ago and, having amassed a handsome fortune in business here, now lives like a prince in one of the beautiful 'palazzos' which adorn the hillside of this noble city. Mrs. Rodgers (a stout old lady) and Mrs. Morgan are cousins, wherefore the Commodore was asked to dinner and the officers in the evening." This invitation Francis responded to, though it involved a long and cold evening drive to the city and a night at the hotel.

The new year (of 1850) began with rough and stormy weather and, aboard ship, it was wet and cold. Many of the officers were ill and, as Francis remained well, he took an extra watch duty, both to carry on for his sick messmates and also to return obligations incurred by him from other officers for similar acts in the past. However, he did not escape entirely, as he was quite sorely afflicted for a time with Job's trouble of boils, which nearly crippled him "for the first time in my life." — "Yesterday (Sunday) we had service in the morning, during the progress of which a select party was discovered, by the officers of the watch, gambling with cards in the launch — rather an uncomplimentary commentary on — our worthy chaplain."

Annoyances at delays in receiving mail continue here as, apparently, always in naval life of those times. It is over two months since Francis has had word from home; sometimes letters were held at the consul's through negligence or from lack



of instructions; sometimes they were sent to the wrong port and again delayed before being forwarded. He goes to Naples on a fruitless hunt "in a state of desperation from the not receiving my letters from home." However, he attends sittings with a miniature painter, goes to the opera and enjoys the comforts of an hotel. At sunrise, "in honor of the King's birthday, they began saluting from the castles, which rather disturbed our morning nap. About nine o'clock we sat down to our breakfast, in our usual snug way, in our own little parlour, a pleasanter system than our huge hotels. The sun is shining brightly in at our windows, the shipping in the mole are gaily dressed in their best flags, soldiers, sailors, drags and vehicles of every class are constantly passing in the street beneath, composing a scene of the greatest life and animation."

The arrival of January 14th, the fourth anniversary of their wedding day, with still no letter from his wife, makes Francis disconsolate. It is the first of their anniversaries that they had not been able to celebrate together, and, though this was remarkable for a naval couple, it gave small consolation to him. What did console him, however, was the receipt on the 18th of a large package of mail for the ship, in which were two for Francis from his wife dated November 12th, from Philadelphia, and November 26th, from Fayetteville. This not only satisfied his longing but relieved his anxieties, as to her movements and whereabouts; he had suffered from apprehensions because: "we have, too, such terrible railroad and steamboat accidents constantly occurring that I am truly grateful to feel assured you are now *safe at home*." All was serene and roseate now. "I — shall take the letters on deck to avail myself of a third reading during the 'middle watch.' "

Soon after, on a visit to Naples, Francis went to the "Great Theatre" to hear "a new opera by Verdi, a composer of the present day; it was called 'Luisa Miller' and contained some fine music." It was a gala performance on a large scale, "the vast stage was at times filled with several hundred people in rich dresses, besides several live horses." The scenery etc., "surpassed anything I have seen." With the assistance of "Mr. Hammatt, our venerable consul" he, with a party, were conducted through

the Royal palace, through its great suites of state apartments, all gorgeously furnished and decorated. What interested him most was the Hall of Armour under the state apartments; it consisted of "a long suite of arched alcoves in each of which stands the figure of a horse, of painted wood, the size of life, saddled and bridled and caparisoned with defensive armour on the head and sometimes completely covered with a suit of mail. Mounted on these are stuffed figures, sheathed in complete panoply of steel, plate armour, highly polished and inlaid with silver and gold, with shield and lance and helmets on and vizors down." The finest of these suits of armour, he was told, was worn by King Ferdinand of Spain on entering Naples.

Services on Sundays aboard the ship were somewhat slimly attended during this period of anchorage in port, but "our Methodist preacher, the boatswain, has gathered a church of about *eighty* souls, while the chaplain has succeeded in converting *two*. He was, according to Francis, a very dull preacher. While in Naples on the 4th of February Francis went to a ball which, though given in handsome apartments and well attended, he did not find to his liking and left at an early hour; "the style of dress was probably the latest French fashion, with abundance of ornaments but so low in the neck as to leave but little of the bust to the imagination, and the waltzing was of the fastest and most affectionate description." He retired "feeling most sincerely the vanity of such occupation, which may be well enough for once but for a constancy, — I would rather keep my watch on board."

*Vesuvius in Eruption.* During the second week of February there occurred quite a violent eruption of Vesuvius, which was "said to be the most serious eruption which has occurred for many years." Francis studied it with interest both day and night. Thick black smoke issued from the summit all day and at night it glowed with flame; lava flowed down the far side towards Pompeii; all the time there was a heavy rumbling sound, like distant thunder or cannonading; the sunset effects on the towering masses of smoke were especially fine; showers of heated stones or lava were thrown out hundreds of feet high and fell in glittering particles on the dark sides of the mountain. He



congratulates himself that his cruise to the Mediterranean has given him opportunity to see this impressive spectacle and so nearby. A sad accident, however, marred his enjoyment, happening to a fellow officer named Bayard. Venturing on to the mountain with some others, to obtain a nearer view, he was hit by a falling piece of pumice and an arm was badly fractured. "It is feared he must lose his right arm — a sad loss to a handsome young man. One man has been killed and some others injured by the falling fragments." Later he adds that "poor Bayard is completely prostrated by the shock to his system sustained by the loss of blood during his removal to town before medical assistance could be obtained. The surgeons have but little hope of his life." By February 12th, the eruption was nearly over. The lava had spread over a broad plain on the eastern side of the mountain, destroying farms and vineyards, sweeping away one small village and destroying a marble palace, columns and all, which stood in its path. In conclusion he writes on the 19th, that poor Bayard, "after reviving sufficiently to have his arm amputated and surviving the operation a week, was taken with the 'tetanus' or 'lockjaw' and expired in one of its convulsive spasms this morning." A sad ending to *his* Mediterranean cruise. He was subsequently buried in the English cemetery, all of the officers who could be spared attending the ceremony; a subscription was raised to erect a monument to his memory.

Francis was at this time still suffering from boils, one of which produced a serious inflammation of his knee, such that he had to be placed on the sick list. The captain was also laid up with a lame foot. Beaumont was also "on the list." Drayton and Murray were starting for Rome, where Franklin and Murray had already been for some weeks. Thus, the wardroom must have been pretty well crippled and deserted, due to the vicissitudes of life at anchorage and the debilitating effects of life and of attractions ashore. Talking with Captain Blake of the plan for their wives joining them, it developed that the Commodore was "utterly opposed to having the families of his officers on the station and would be apt to place all sorts of obstacles in the way of their intercourse." Hence, Captain Blake seemed to have

decided not to attempt the carrying out of the long cherished plan but proposed as a substitute that, if the ship is ordered home next fall, that they should both apply for a year's leave to travel in Italy and "that you and Mrs. Blake and Frank should join us in Florence, where we would pass the winter and visit Rome and Naples in the Spring." This further frustration of plans and new postponement must have been a bitter disappointment to both Francis and to his lone wife at home. In addition to his malady of the boils, one of which had so inflamed his knee that he was unable to walk the deck and perform his watch duties, his eyes were also giving him much trouble. Considering the fact that, with the poor arrangements for lighting then available on ships, much of his letter writing and reading had to be done by candle light, this was not surprising. Seated in his small cabin, with the flickering light of two candles, he would write his close-lined, fine lettered pages by the hour, and, even in the day time, it was so dim in cabin and wardroom that often only near an open hatch could one see well to read or write.

An amusing incident at this time was the development of a "Methodist-Episcopal Church on board this frigate, under the charge of the Reverend Mr. Cavendy (the boatswain of the ship); it numbers one hundred praying people divided into five classes, one of which meets every night. I never knew such a case or anything like it on board ship before. The boatswain is also president of a temperance society of nearly equal extent, and held a lecture to the crew on the cause, last Sunday afternoon, on the berth deck, which was very good. He has a quiet enthusiasm about him and he is a thorough seaman too, and knows his duty on the forecastle." The confinements of ill health and the monotony of life at this long prolonged anchorage developed much dissatisfaction and depression with Francis, especially against the naval life: "it seems to me now the least desirable of professions one can well have"; the advantages of travel and sightseeing in no way compensate for the separations or "even for the injury to our characters and habits from the great want of mental occupation about its duties. We become more and more idle and incapable of exertion every day";



the whole routine seemed little better than "legalized idleness." Rather strong condemnation after nearly twenty years of life in the Navy; but allowance must be made for the rather trying experiences of the winter and for his impressionable temperament.

#### RETURN TO NAPLES

It must have been with much relief, therefore, that, on March 8th, the Independence weighed anchor and left her winter quarters at Baia for Naples. Here she anchored the same day in front of the mole, near the St. Lawrence and other ships of the squadron. Francis, though rid of some of his previous maladies, was still suffering from a bad cold, which kept him more or less confined to the ship, and this proved difficult to get rid of by reason of a return of cold and rough weather, with rain and hail and even snow on the mountains. The galley stove and bed were the only warm places. But, "Spring is coming," he remarks. Others also were suffering from colds, including the Commodore, who was confined to his rooms ashore, and, in addition, one of his little boys was taken ill with small-pox. In writing of this to his wife Francis reveals, what he had hitherto refrained from doing, so as to save her anxiety, namely that small-pox had been prevalent on the ship during the winter and that it was in fact "a floating small-pox hospital all winter." As the disease, by the time of his writing, had almost disappeared he felt free to write to warn her against anxiety from any exaggerated accounts she might receive. In view of the prevalence of this malady that winter he considers it fortunate, and providentially arranged for the best, that his wife and Mrs. Blake were prevented from joining them the preceding fall. His friend Beaumont and two midshipmen were taken down more or less severely and he feels thankful to have escaped with merely the attack of boils.

*Holy Week Ceremony at the Royal Chapel.* During this Holy Week in Naples, Francis with a party of officers were, by special permission, given the opportunity of witnessing the ceremonies of Thursday before Easter, at the Royal Private Chapel of the palace at Caserta. On entering the chapel it was found to be

“occupied by a temporary model of a tomb and mausoleum, covered with vases of flowers and wax tapers, in front of which was placed a temporary altar and numbers of gilt candle sticks. On making our appearance at the entrance of the chapel, we were asked if we were ‘American officers’ and at once conducted by an officer of the Household to some seats, placed between two pillars and quite close to the altar and commanding a fine view of the scene — indeed the most desirable position perhaps, in the chapel. The side galleries were filled with officers in rich uniforms and every available space in the chapel below was occupied, leaving the centre free for the ceremonies; a line of sentries, with fixed bayonets, standing like marble statues on each side the central nave, forming a singular spectacle in a church, to our eyes. After some customary delay, the King and Royal family made their appearance in a private gallery, over the entrance and facing the altar; three or four bishops, attended by a number of clergy, entered below, the organ and choir commenced the chants and the solemn and impressive ceremony of ‘High Mass’ was performed by a venerable old bishop, assisted by the clergy in attendance. After the mass, thirteen priests, dressed in white robes, appeared and, kneeling down in front of the chancel, received the communion. Then, the Royal family and the Court, in full costume, came in to the centre of the church and last of all, the Pope, under a rich canopy, borne by noblemen, and attended by a guard of officers with drawn swords. After officiating a few minutes at the altar, the Pope kneeled down on a crimson velvet carpet and cushions provided for him, and the King followed by the nobles, passed in review before him, each carrying a tall wax taper and bending the knee in homage to his sacred position, as they passed. Then everybody, even to the Guard of Honor and the sentries, kneeled down while the chant which ended the ceremony was performed — the chapel being darkened with heavy curtains before the windows; by the light of the wax tapers about the altar and central nave, the glittering vestments of the priests and the rich uniforms of the officers and courtiers appeared to the greatest advantage, while the solemn chant of the voices, assisted by the rich tones of the organ, made this one of the most impressive



scenes I have ever witnessed. When the chant was done a benediction was pronounced and the service was at an end. After 'His Highness' and the Court had withdrawn, we asked if anything more was to be seen, and were informed that the ceremony of 'bathing the feet of the Apostles,' and also that of the 'Last Supper,' would be performed within the palace. While we were speaking to the officer of the Palace Guard, the King beckoned to him from above and, after receiving some orders (as we supposed, referring to us), he returned and conducted us into the apartments within — assigning us, with much care and attention, a favorable position for witnessing all the interesting ceremonies which afterwards ensued. Seated on a raised platform, at one side of a long hall or ante-room, were the same thirteen priests who had previously received communion at Mass; at the upper end of the apartment was a canopy of crimson velvet fringed with gold, under which was the Pope, seated in his chair of State and dressed in crimson robes, heavily embroidered, with his mitre on his head. After some preliminary services, they removed his mitre and embroidered vestments and, putting a simple white apron over his plain white robes, he proceeded to perform the customary ceremony upon the representatives of the Apostles — who were evidently much less at ease than himself. 'His Holiness' was surrounded by attendants bearing the necessary utensils, so that it was not easy to see the exact routine, which was nearly this: a cushion was placed on which to kneel, a golden basin was held under the Apostle's foot (the right foot only being thus honored), a few drops of water were poured over it from a golden ewer — about as much as is used at baptism, a napkin was handed the Pope to dry the same, the Apostle was then presented with a bouquet of flowers and two medallions, bearing the Pope's image and superscription, for which he duly kissed the sacred hand, and 'His Holiness' then passed on to the next disciple, going thro' with the whole line in a very systematic and business like manner. Returning again to the Canopy of State, with a fine, round, sonorous voice, swelling above the clergy around him, he chanted 'Pater Noster' (Our Father) and, followed by the clergy and the 'disciples,' withdrew to the next apartment; within, the King and Court and

assembled guests followed him. Here was celebrated the 'Last Supper,' the concluding ceremony of the day. . . . On entering the next apartment, we found the thirteen priests duly drawn up against the wall, behind a long table which was covered with a white cloth, and very plainly arrayed for a simple repast — three vases of flowers being the only decoration. After they had taken their seats, a chaplain commenced reading some latin discourse, in a monotonous and mechanical manner. The first course appeared to be a preparation of rice; each dish was delivered to the Pope by an attendant priest, kneeling, and by him placed before the 'disciple'; then followed fish, then some other vegetable, then pastry and lastly a dessert of fruit, all being served to them by hands of 'His Holiness' in the same way, who also filled their glasses with red wine and water, at times, and standing at the head of the table during the intervals and looking on, with a good natured complacent manner, with his nice white apron over his portly person and his pleasant, cheerful countenance, looked the ideal of a stout English host. The 'Thirteen,' tho' somewhat embarrassed by the novelty of their position and doubtless prevented from doing full justice to the royal cuisine, nevertheless, seemed to make a tolerable hearty meal of it, to the infinite satisfaction of the assembled gathering of nobility and other guests, who appeared to make their comments on each course and the manners and conduct of the 'disciples' (some of whom seemed to find the silver forks as great a novelty as their great prototypes — the true Apostles, would have done) with a freedom, anything but reverential. When the last course of fruit was duly discussed, the chaplain brought his reading to a close, a parting blessing was then pronounced by the Pope and, under the guidance of our attentive friend, the Captain of the Guard, we left the palace and walked into the grounds."

During this week of Church celebration the Roman Catholic Bishop of Buffalo, who happened to be in Naples at that time, obtained permission from the Commodore and the Captain to hold a service on the ship, including prayers, a sermon, confessions and a celebration of Mass for those of the officers and crew who were of his persuasion. This was done much to the indigna-



tion of the chaplain of the ship, who styled it “ a Roman Invasion ” and considered it an unwarranted encroachment upon his prerogatives.

*Presentation to the Pope.* On Monday, April 2nd, Francis, with a large party from the flagship and the St. Lawrence, took train in the morning to Portici for the purpose of being presented to the Pope. The Pope's palace here he describes as “ delightfully situated in the shores of the bay, with long gardens sloping down to the water ” . . . “ After a short delay, we were introduced into the ‘ Audience Chamber,’ A lofty and spacious apartment, but seeming but plain in comparison with those of the stately palaces we had already seen. A chair of State was placed on a platform, slightly elevated, and covered with crimson velvet and, adjoining, was a table, similarly decorated, on which stood a rich and massive crucifix. After we had been arranged in order of rank, on one side of the apartment, ‘ His Holiness ’ entered the room, simply dressed in a plain white cassock, with a close cap of white watered silk on his head — his hair being quite grey, tho’ in other respects, a hale, hearty looking man of fifty-seven — with a fine head and remarkably full and animated dark brown eyes. Placing himself by the table, and standing on the opposite side from his throne, he mildly requested us to approach (in French or Italian, I forget which) . The purser, who, being ‘ one of the Faithful,’ had kneeled down, on his entrance, at once advanced and kneeling down before him, raised his right foot and devoutly kissed the golden cross embroidered on the crimson slipper — a ceremony, of course, not expected from Protestants. The other officers followed in order, each one taking the left hand of ‘ His Holiness ’ and bowing his head over it and the majority slightly touching the large signet ring on his forefinger with their lips, which is the usual court etiquette on the part of all not of his own Church. Most of us had our little ‘ rosaries ’ and ‘ crosses ’ hanging from our wrists, or in our hands, which received the Papal blessing, simply by the form of the cross being rapidly traced over them in the air, with a latin ‘ Benedicta.’ I held mine in the same hand with which I raised that of ‘ His Holiness ’ so, they had the benefit of personal contact with his sacred person which may give

them some additional value in the regard of true Catholics. After we had all passed before him, the little red faced purser, who had been industriously offering his snuff box to the Cardinals in the ante chamber, and who (as we think, with the view of securing a special seat reserved for him, hereafter), had brought out a small jar of very superior snuff, approached again and kneeling down for the fourth time, presented the same to His Holiness, who, having been before advised of the fact, laughed and motioned to one of his attendants to take it from him and will doubtless remember him, every sneeze he enjoys. Some of us had left the room, when the Pope called us back and, coming into the middle of us, made us a short address (in beautiful French) to the effect of desiring his thanks to the Commodore and officers for their courtesy in permitting the services of the Church to be celebrated on board our flagship, for the benefit of the Sons of the Church, of which he had been promptly informed and, reiterating his parting benediction, gracefully bade us 'adieu,' whereupon, we withdrew from the Presence Chamber, highly gratified with the simplicity and dignity as well as the cheerful and benevolent manners of 'His Holiness, Pius the Ninth.' "

On his return to Naples, in the afternoon, Francis made several formal calls, including one on the New American minister, Mr. Morris, who was glad to meet him, as a cousin of a classmate of his at Harvard, Benjamin Winslow, who had been poet-laureate of the class. He also called on the Commodore, who, poor man, was suffering, in bed, with inflammatory rheumatism, but hated to be left alone and was glad to receive and gossip with visitors. He subsequently went to walk with the Commodore's wife, Mrs. Morgan, from whom he received, despite the Commodore's repeated objections, much encouragement in the plan for his wife's joining him in Italy. She even volunteered to take care of the wife, during the ship's absence and thought rooms could be secured at Mahon, where Mrs. Morgan proposed to pass the summer, in the same house with her and a servant could be found who could speak a little English, and the whole expenses need not be more than \$30 or \$40 per month. This much elated Francis and he immediately wrote



home on the subject and asked for serious consideration of the plan.

In a letter of April 17th, Francis writes of the receipt of a letter from his "Uncle Henry" (Stark) written in January at Marseilles, just as he was about to start for Florence and Rome. In response to this he wrote immediately to those places in the hope of catching him before his return. Soon after he received a letter from his uncle, written in Rome, where he had been staying for several weeks, and announcing that he would be in Naples shortly. He arrived on the 25th, with a party of acquaintances from Rome and put up at the "Hotel de Grand Bretagne," where Francis visited and dined with him. Later he gave his services as a guide to show the party the sights of Naples, and Uncle Henry also came aboard the ship with his friends. It was two years since they had met, when Francis visited him in Washington when he was seriously sick. Francis enjoyed "the satisfaction of seeing one of my relatives, before we sail."

About this same time a *soirée* and dance was given on the flagship, to return courtesies for entertainments extended to the officers by friends ashore: "the guns have all been removed from the quarter deck, which is being speedily converted into a ball room, curtained and roofed in with awnings and flags and decorated with evergreens and flowers." The steward prepared the solids for the supper and the fruits and cakes and ices came from a confectioner ashore. All went off well; the night was fine and the sea smooth and it was two in the morning before "everybody went home pleased with their entertainment. — Having the charge of the watch, I could not participate in the dancing, being on duty at the gangway to receive the guests and superintend the arrival and departure of the various boats. The scene was a brilliant one, even to a looker on, however, and I enjoyed it quite as much as if I had gone in for the dancing."

*Entertainment by the Count de Arragon.* Francis, together with the other officers, was entertained by the "Count de Arragon," the colonel commanding a regiment of horse-guards stationed at a small town not far from the palace at Caserta. They expected to have seen a review of a large body of troops,

but a rainstorm dispersed the parade before they arrived. In place of this they were taken sight seeing, including an inspection of the barracks and stables, where Francis found everything in fine order. "At three we sat down to table (which glittered with gold and silver plate and cut glass). Count Balso (the husband of the late queen-dowager of Naples) was on one side of me and a prince, with an unpronounceable name, on the other, and I was near getting a brain fever from my efforts to understand and speak Italian. The captain sat between the princess (an English lady) and the countess (a fine looking woman about forty). The brass band of the regiment, stationed in the hall, played selections from the operas," the food was excellent and the wine fine and abundant. Coffee was served in the drawing room and, "soon after we took our seats in the return train, highly gratified with the civility and courtesy of our entertainment; my slight acquaintance with the language having been the probable cause of my receiving an invitation."

On May 9th, Francis began a letter which was continued until the 15th. He writes with uncertainty as to its ever reaching his wife in view of the prospective sailing for Europe. He writes of another ceremony of the Catholic church aboard the ship: "Cardinal Riario, the Archbishop of Naples, attended by several assistant priests and accompanied by several of the nobility in Court dress, came aboard for the purpose of celebrating mass and confirming some of the men who belong to the Roman church." The ceremony took place in the upper cabin which had been prepared as a chapel for the occasion. The vestments and official uniforms were very handsome and the sacramental service, of highly ornamented gold plate, made the ceremony very brilliant and impressive. Apparently the Church was alive to the prospects of Young America. "The chaplain went ashore before they came aboard, in supreme disgust." After the service, refreshments were served and, on leaving, the party was honored by a salute of guns and the yards were manned.

On Saturday, May 11th, Francis started with his Uncle Henry and party on a visit to the ruins of Poestum, some fifty miles from Naples. They went by train to Nacera and thence in a carriage to Salerno. The drive in the afternoon was through



beautiful country and Francis was much impressed by the scenery: beautiful villas on the hillsides, the summits often covered by ruins of ancient castles; the roadside hedges blooming with roses and the fields of grain and lucerne. It recalled to his mind an excursion he had taken with his wife, at the same time the previous year, through Georgetown to Mount Vernon and their picnic at that beautiful place. The next morning they were off by six o'clock and drove to Poestum in about two hours. Here they spent some time inspecting the ruins and concluded with a luncheon in the Temple of Neptune. Then they returned over the same route, by carriage and train, reaching Naples by 8:30 P.M.

The conclusion of this letter is devoted to considerations and perplexities of his wife's prospective journey. He is much disturbed by the fact that Mrs. Morgan (the commodore's wife) has had to change her plans and will not summer at Mahon while the ship is absent, but probably will go to Sorrento. This will deprive his wife of her protection. "I feel greatly at loss what to do." He hopes this letter will reach her in time for a change of plans, at least as to her destination. He is concerned about a suitable companionship for his wife both on the voyage and in travel through Europe, she being without experience, only twenty-two years of age, and with no adequate knowledge of foreign languages. He recommends her going to Florence and staying with "Mrs. Clark, the English lady who takes boarders there." — "Dearest, I can only suggest the best plan I know of and leave the matter to your prudence and discretion to act for the best, as you may know of some better way of reaching Florence, with the advantage of a suitable escort." He cannot promise to be able to get there himself before October and he fears she will be very lonely. He writes of provisions for funds, to provide herself with French gold or a letter of credit. Poor man, he is much distracted and he concludes, with emphasis, that "some escort, at least as far as Florence is almost indispensable." This is the last of the series of letters, pending receipt of advices of the definite departure of his wife.

## CRUISE TO SPAIN

How long the Independence remained in Naples after the middle of May, I do not know. Probably she left soon after for a cruise westward, stopping, doubtless, at Gibraltar and Cadiz. On July 2nd, 1850, Francis writes from Lisbon acknowledging the receipt, "with feelings of mingled anxiety and satisfaction," of letters announcing that his wife had actually sailed from New York, on the ship Gallia, for Havre, in company with and under the escort of Dr. Heep, the U. S. Consul at Tunis, and his family. This must have been a great relief to the anxious husband. To his wife the excursion was in fact a great adventure, so long planned for and now actually entered upon, young and untravelled as she was. My mother always remembered the voyage with pleasure. With her youth and beauty she received much attention on board the ship and I can remember her reminiscences of the trip, as she told us children about it, over fifty years afterwards. Francis sends his letters from Lisbon to Paris, to meet her there on her arrival, and, with thoughtful consideration, he also writes to Marseilles, with full advices as to further movements. Evidently he was much excited at the prospect of meeting, though, even then, it would not be at any near date. "As soon as I read of your starting I proceeded to inform Capt. Blake. 'I wish to God my wife was with her,' was his reply. But I dare say, on second thought he concludes it is all for the best. He then, with a kindness I trust I shall never forget, said that, in the event of your ever desiring to occupy the cabin, we must consider it entirely at our service, and that I had only to get the Commodore's permission if at any time it should become convenient or necessary for you to take passage on the ship." The Commodore, on being advised of the prospective arrival at Marseilles, told Francis that he had better arrange with Capt. Long for passage on the U.S.S. Mississippi to Naples, and that his wife could thence go on to Castelmare and put herself under Mrs. Morgan's wing, which was all very cordial from the superior officers and very gratifying to Francis. Nevertheless he remains perturbed about the journey from Marseilles to Naples. The Mississippi might not be available



and so he urges the importances of a suitable escort, in case Dr. Heep should not be journeying that way. This letter to Paris was forwarded by the kindness of Mr. Clay (son of Henry Clay) the chargé, with the minister's mail, to the care of Mr. Reeves, our minister in Paris.

*His Wife's Arrival.* On July 17th, Francis was overjoyed to receive a letter from his wife in Paris. It announced her arrival and that she was in the best of health and spirits and was enjoying the sights of the French capital. The Independence was then about to leave Lisbon. Her visit there had been in connection with some claims of the Government against Portugal. "The Government here having declined to settle the claims as we require, Mr. Clay has demanded and received his passports and, having sold out his establishment, he leaves with his family, on board our ship, on the 20th." They expected to be towed out of Lisbon by the Mississippi and to proceed to Gibraltar and thence to Naples, while the Mississippi would continue on to Marseilles, to arrive there by or before August 1st. Francis has received renewed assurance of the Commodore and from Capt. Long of the facilities of the Mississippi for conveying his wife to Naples, and the Commodore further sent a special message to Dr. Heep offering to take both him and his family not only to Naples but to his post in Tunis, whenever he felt ready to go there. Francis conveys these messages in great detail and sends advise to cover all contingencies. He commends Capt. Long as "a plain spoken, warm hearted old gentleman of sixty and you may put yourself entirely under his protection and feel as secure as if you were with your own father." This was indeed true and this was the beginning of a friendship and intimacy which maintained throughout their lives and, even after my father's death, the Longs continued warm friends of my mother's, in her bereavement.<sup>17</sup>

<sup>17</sup> "Commodore JOHN C. LONG. John C. Long was a native of Portsmouth, and a grandson of Pierse Long, a gallant Revolutionary officer, and a member of the old Congress. His father was for many years a shipmaster. He entered the United States navy in 1812 as a midshipman. Only four months afterwards he was on the frigate Constitution when she captured the Java. It was a trying introduction to his new profession for a youngster of sixteen, but he never repented of the choice he had made. He remained in the service more than fifty-one years. In this time he was intrusted with every variety of duty, afloat and ashore, and

According to expectations the Independence left Lisbon on the 20th, with Mr. Clay and his family. The steamer was sent in to Cadiz and rejoined the flagship at Gibraltar, where Francis went ashore for mail and called on the Consul, Mr. Sprague. The Mississippi left Gibraltar for Marseilles and the flagship proceeded to Naples.

#### NINE MONTHS UNRECORDED

After this date and letter there follows an interval of nearly nine months before the correspondence is resumed. My mother, apparently, made connections at Marseilles with Capt. Long and proceeded thence under his care in the Mississippi to Naples. On my father's arriving there in the flagship he was prevented from joining his wife by the vexatious quarantine regulations, which held him aloof from the shore until the expiration of the period of probation. How harassing this must have been to each of this devoted pair, after their longed for reunion, can well be imagined. My mother, in after years, would relate how she used to go to the wharf, or landing place, and sit on the steps and talk with my father who would row in in a boat to within speaking distance. An at-arm's-length meeting

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in all situations acquitted himself with success and honor. One of the most unpleasant of his employments was the transportation of Louis Kossuth and his followers to this country on board the steam frigate Mississippi. The Hungarian exile so entirely mistook the purpose of our government in offering him a conveyance on a national vessel, that he insisted on making an inflammatory address from the ship to the red republicans in the harbor of Marseilles. The captain firmly forbade conduct so certain to embroil us with a friendly power. The result was that young Kossuth withdrew from the vessel. Captain Long was fully sustained by the government.

"In 1857 Captain Long was promoted to the command of the Pacific squadron, and became Commodore. A severe accident which he met with on board his flagship the Merrimac, almost incapacitated him for active duty, but he served out his term of two years, and then returned to his home in Exeter. In 1861 he was placed upon the retired list, and died September 2, 1865. (A monument in the Exeter Cemetery marks the place of his burial.)

"As an officer, Commodore Long was distinguished for professional knowledge, fidelity to duty and a high sense of honor. He exacted from his subordinates no more than he was willing to perform himself.

"In his social relations he was unassuming, kindly and generous. His manners were marked by the high bred ease and courtesy of the old school. He was emphatically a good man. The poor had in him a liberal and constant friend. And when he quitted the earth he left no enemy behind." Copied from Bell's "History of Exeter, N. H."



as it were, more tantalizing than satisfying. However, this time of stress did not last very long and soon or not long after their release<sup>18</sup> a leave of absence was apparently obtained by Francis which enabled him to enjoy life ashore with his wife during the ensuing autumn and winter. Just how and where the time was spent there is no exact record in subsequent correspondence. Some of the time was spent in Florence "with Miss Clark on the Arno." There is also reference to a sojourn at Spezia in the "Lorzaretto" with the "Commissary's" family and there is reference, in a later letter, to the "buona aria del Lozaretto." Apparently my mother and father endeared themselves to the hospitable family there and were well treated and, on my father's return in the following April, he was affectionately received and bore with him numerous little presents for members of the family from my mother.

#### TO SPEZIA AGAIN

On April 13, 1851, the letter writing is resumed. Francis is again on the Independence on the way to Spezia, probably for outfitting after the winter lay up. "Two thirds of a year have passed since there has been an occasion for sitting down to my desk in my little stateroom to commence a letter to my dear wife." He has been busy unpacking and settling himself in the interval between long watches on deck, now resumed. He has had several days of "smooth and pleasant sailing on a summer sea." Apparently he parted from his wife in Naples and she continued on in the Mississippi with Captain Long and the Commodore for Leghorn, en route to Florence. "This morning we saw the smoke of the Mississippi in shore of us and suppose you are now very near Leghorn." Three days after the Independence is "once more quietly moored in our old anchorage near the Lozaretto." He has a warm welcome from the "Commissary" (Mr. Bolero) and his family, and writes his wife many messages of regret from them that she is not with him. He is anxious for

<sup>18</sup> In a letter of the following year, dated August 28, 1851, Francis writes that "on looking over my journal, I find this is the very day we landed to go to Florence, last year, and passed the night in the Health Office. — That was a very happy week we passed in Florence."

a letter telling how she fared on the journey and what living arrangements she has been able to make in Florence.

Only a day after mailing this letter, Francis received one from his wife at Leghorn announcing her return there from Florence under the kind guidance of Captain Long. It appears that the accommodations which she was able to obtain with Mrs. Clark in Florence were far from satisfactory or agreeable, and she felt very forlorn after Captain Long left her there, to return to Leghorn. However, kind Captain Long apparently realized the deficiencies of her situation and, on reaching Leghorn, with the assistance of the United States Consul there, Mr. Binda, and the kind cooperation of Mrs. Binda, he was able to secure most desirable and pleasant quarters for my mother, and he forthwith hastened back to Florence and brought her with joy to the new abode. She writes Francis much relieved and happy and they are both delighted with the new arrangement, not only because of the attractiveness of the abode but also because it would permit more frequent intercourse, as the ship was expected to go to Leghorn the following month. As my brother, Frank, was expected to arrive, as an addition to the family, during the ensuing summer, one can easily imagine the satisfaction of the parents in the new arrangement. Indeed Francis' gratitude continues to express itself in a subsequent letter: "That you should have been placed at this period in the vicinity of such kind friends, as the Bindas prove to be, is one of the purely Providential arrangements which proves how much better all things are arranged for us than we could possibly plan for ourselves." He feels thankful and stronger in faith.

Captain Long and the *Mississippi* is leaving Spezia for other ports and Francis makes a farewell call, to express his appreciation for all the Captain had done and parts from him with sorrow. He also had an interview with the Commodore and received his concurrence in Francis' plan to apply for a leave of absence for three months, when the ship is about to return home. Accordingly he prepared such application to be sent to Washington by the *Cumberland* which was soon to sail for home. "Of course I am not obliged to use it, in case there is any better plan." The sailing of the *Cumberland* was also made



use of to send numerous gifts of affection and gratitude to members of family, which was especially opportune as the Cumberland was destined to the port of Boston. These included a number of souvenirs which were subsequently treasured by the family for many years, and which I remember seeing in the various households during my boyhood years, pointed out as "this your father sent to me from Italy." There were two alabaster models of small classical buildings, one to Aunt Harriet Stark and the other to Aunt Henrietta at Woodside, wife of Uncle Isaac Winslow; also two small oil paintings in richly carved frames, one of a copy of the "Sybyll" for his cousin George and the other a copy of the "Virgin and Child," by Murillo, for his cousin Arthur Pickering, "altho the price of \$40 for the two was rather more than I thought altogether prudent." The last, he thought, would be particularly acceptable to his cousin Arthur because "of his newly acquired associations with the very interesting domestic relations of mother and child."

*Leghorn and Birth of Francis Jr.* Being so close for correspondence Francis' letters, for the time, relate only to minor incidents of their daily lives; they continued with gratification on the pleasant quarters in Leghorn; he is solicitous about his wife's comfort and health; he cautions about overdoing and fatiguing herself, by "sitting too steadily at your needle," and is glad she has the means of walking and taking air and of enjoying the sunshine in pleasant Leghorn. There is prospect that their friend, Mrs. Sartori, may join her there before long. He chafes at the detention of the ship in Spezia, only awaiting a change of weather before going to Leghorn. He feels rather lonely too, because so many of the ship's officers are away on shore leave. On the 5th, the Commodore and Drayton started for Carrara and Captain Blake, Miner, the Major and the Doctor for Lucca "to take the cure of the baths, tho' they seemed well enough without them." Finally, however, he writes his last letter of this period, announcing that "we have unmoored ship at last . . . we shall now certainly start with the first favorable wind" with hopes of being in Leghorn "tomorrow or next day."

After this letter Francis soon reached Leghorn and stayed there with his ship, apparently, until the latter part of July, until nearly a month after the birth of their first child, Francis Jr., on June 25th. Fortunate it was, and a great consolation to both parents it must have been that they could thus be together or near each other during this anxious time. Not long after this event, however, he was obliged to leave; but apparently all went well and my mother was left under the care of kind friends. Good Captain Long, it appears, was also left in Leghorn at the time of parting.

#### CRUISE TO MARSEILLES, GIBRALTAR AND MAHON

The next letter covers the dates from August 10th to 12th, written at sea, after the sailing of the Independence from Spezia on August 5th. Captain Blake had apparently been transferred and the flagship was then under the command of Captain Jamison. She is beating up the coast of France bound for Marseilles. How long she may be detained there Francis does not know, nor is he certain of her subsequent destination, but he thinks Gibraltar will be the next port of call. He tells of the incidents of his life on board, sends messages from shipmate friends and touches with regret on matters of gossip concerning their friend Mrs. Sartori, whose husband is with him and is much troubled. He expresses gratitude for the "good sense and discretion of my own dear wife" and stresses the importance of guarding "against even the appearance of wrong" and this especially when alone in a foreign country. He concludes with messages to "take good care of yourself, my dear wife, I need not say to take care of the boy, you will be quite sure to look out for him."

Arriving in Marseilles the morning of the 13th, the ship remained there for a week. Francis occupied himself when ashore largely with shopping and present buying. There were gifts for the Bindas in Leghorn and sets of china for "Aunty" in Fayetteville and for "your mother" in Wilmington. He writes of these in detail to his wife, of the number of pieces, character of china and its decorations; he gave much time to their selection and to the custom house formalities, all at considerable outlay for their small means. The captain had found comfort-



able quarters ashore with the consul, Mr. Hodge, and was in no hurry to leave.

On August 21st, in the evening, the Independence weighed anchor and drifted out of Marseilles harbor. Indeed, so light was the breeze, that by 4 o'clock the next morning she had made only about 4 miles and "were quite close to the land and light house. The captain had passed an anxious night on deck." But, soon after, a nice breeze sprang up "that enabled the ship to make an offing and the captain to take some rest." Several days of light airs and smooth seas took them past Minorca and then, with "a fine and fair breeze from the eastward they made good speed down to the Spanish Main, past Cape Gata, to within a day's sail of Gibraltar by the afternoon of the 28th. Then they were first becalmed and after, with head winds, it was not until the morning of the 31st, that they came to anchor in the bay of Gibraltar. Here they received the news that the Mississippi, on her cruise eastward, had run aground in the bay of Smyrna and, though all hands were safe, there was some question as to whether she could be gotten off. With the possibility that the flagship might have to go to Smyrna to the relief of the Mississippi they expect to leave Gibraltar on September 3rd and, with good luck, may get to Spezia by the middle of the month.

The Independence sailed from Gibraltar September 4th or 5th, and on the 6th, Francis begins a letter recalling that it is his 33rd birthday. He celebrated it by standing watch until 4 in the afternoon and "then partook of a bit of cold chicken and some fruit, by myself." However, the purser, Murray, rose to the occasion by producing a bottle of claret with which they toasted each other and their respective wives and families. He dilates upon the reminiscences of the past two years and gives thanks to Providence for its blessings and happiness and "let us humbly trust the same kind and paternal care we heretofore experienced will be extended to our future course." They are then about half way from Gibraltar to Mahon, have had fine weather and fair winds. "There has not been a squall or a shower of rain since we left Spezia." He is, however, much concerned about plans and arrangements for the coming winter and thinks that Naples again will probably be the best abiding place for his

wife and "we know how to manage there, besides." The afternoon of the 13th, they were off the entrance of Port Mahon and the next day the ship was towed in "by the aid of all our boats ahead and a light breeze astern, and the day following they warped the ship into the inner harbor, after touching bottom "once lightly." This was Francis' first visit to Mahon and he describes the harbor as one of the most perfect he has seen since leaving Norfolk. By sunset the ship was nearly deserted by the officers; but Francis stood a watch for his friend Beaumont and the next day went ashore twice, first to "get a look at the town" and, in the afternoon, with a party to hear the magnificent organ in one of the churches. For their benefit a priest performed "one or two pieces of Bellini besides 'Hail Columbia,' 'Our Flag is There' and 'Home,' all very well, besides giving us an imitation of a Tempest, well calculated to develop the powers of this magnificent instrument." Francis made some calls, on the consul and also on a Mrs. Arkenboe, mother of a Mrs. Lynch, a Norfolk friend. The morning of the 20th, they had a severe rain squall, with thunder and lightning, "equal to the tropics," the first of the cruise; but it soon passed and, in the afternoon, they weighed anchor and sailed gently down the harbor, taking their departure for Spezia where they arrived September 26th, after a pleasant run of six days. The ship dropped anchor "just beyond the Lozaretto, where Mrs. Sartori (supported by the young ladies) was conspicuous in the blue dress on the outer wall," awaiting her husband. Francis writes enviously but accepts the necessities and hopes for a letter. He learns that the *Mississippi* had left the day before "for Home" and grieves that he had been unable to see good Captain Long again. But "the Commodore and suite are in town, I am told."

#### BACK TO SPEZIA AND LAST OF MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

The *Independence* continued at Spezia and Francis with her, he not wanting to apply for leave until he should be able to take his family from Leghorn to Naples for the winter. He writes his wife with solicitude for her health and recommends the strengthening effects of cold water baths and sponging and "to have nothing to do with the warm bath; it is always debili-



tating." He visits his friends at the Lozaretto, but he finds it a cold and melancholy place now. It rains continually and this makes going ashore disagreeable. "Last night we were woke out of a sound sleep at midnight by the cries of a drowning man, close to the ship; he had gone ashore without leave and was then trying to swim back again, but got exhausted, when quite near the ship, and went down before the boat could reach him." The protracted stay in Spezia becomes something of a strain and nothing can be ascertained of the Commodore's plans. Francis resists the urge to ask for leave, because he thinks his presence necessary on the ship and this especially "after the great indulgence I have already enjoyed during the cruising season." Nevertheless he is worried about his wife's and child's health and their living conditions in Leghorn. Apparently she is boarding with the Bindas and he does not like to trespass on their "kind hospitality." His letters are full of advice on diet and living habits in great detail, all evidence of anxious concern. Prospects of suitable quarters for the winter in Naples are also clouded. Prices have advanced, he is told, to twice what they were the preceding winter. The nurse-maid problem is also rampant.

This letter of October 10th, is the last of the European series among those in my possession. The next document I have is a passport dated 26 November 1851, of which the following is a copy:

UNITED STATES  
OF  
AMERICA

*To all whom these presents shall come, GREETING*

I, JOSEPH A. BINDA, Consul of the United States of America in Leghorn, hereby request all, whom it may concern, to permit safely and freely to pass

*Lieut.* FRANCIS WINSLOW, an Officer of the U.S. Frigate Independence with *Mrs.* WINSLOW and their Infant Son, with a Servant Man belonging to the Crew of the Independence, and with a *Femme de Chambre* on their way to Civitavecchia and Naples;

the bearer hereof, a Citizen of the United States, and in case of need, to give him all lawful Aid and Protection.

Given under my hand and the Seal of my Consulate at Leghorn the 26th day of November 1851, in the 76th Year of the Independence of the United States.

(signed) JOSEPH A. BINDA

This is viséd as arriving at Naples “ 30 Ibro 1851 ” and later at Naples 7 April 1852, apparently on leaving for Messina. From this date, until February 1853, I have no exact or direct record of the whereabouts and doings of Francis and his wife and little son. My impression is that the greater part of this time was spent in Italy, but whether on a prolonged leave ashore, or whether attached all or part of the time to the Independence or other naval vessel I do not know. From my mother’s reminiscent talks, in later years, I judge that much times was spent by them together in Italy and that they visited and sojourned in a number of different places, and made a number of pleasant acquaintances among Italian people.

The return to America was probably early in 1852. A remark in a later letter refers to the summer of that year as passed in Dunbarton; he also writes as of their having sailed together for home, presumably from Messina.

## WASHINGTON AND GEORGETOWN

1852–1854

### OFFICE WORK WITH THE COAST SURVEY

The next letter is written by Francis at Washington on February 20, 1853, to his wife in Wilmington, N. C. He evidently has just left her there, with her home people, and has gone in advance to Washington to seek suitable quarters for his family. He is happy in being able to obtain room for himself at “ Miss Janney’s,” apparently an old abiding place, where he found friends of times before. He promptly removed himself from the “ National ” hotel and was “ soon landed with the two trunks and carpet bag, sword and umbrella at the old house. I found



a cheerful wood fire blazing in my room which looked snug and comfortable of a stormy evening," all of which was congenial to his home loving, domestic nature. He writes of the meeting with many old friends, including "the Colonel" (his uncle, Henry Stark) who had invited Francis to share quarters with him until he was established. This Francis was glad not to accept. He writes of prospective visits to Mrs. Morgan and to Mrs. Blake, wives of his commanding officers while in the Mediterranean, as soon as he can learn their residences in Georgetown. His time during the week following was spent in settling himself in his abode, renewing old acquaintances and initiating himself into his new work, which was apparently in connection with the Naval Observatory and the Coast Survey. His uncle Henry was a frequent visitor, and was anxious that they should combine in living quarters for the winter. But this Francis was not inclined to do and did not think his uncle's suggestion was entirely disinterested. He unpacked his trunks and arranged his belongings in an homelike manner: "I have an excellent mattress and do not use a feather bed, so I woke up refreshed in the morning. John makes a good oak fire in my room before I get up, so I can take my bath very comfortably and I am regular at breakfast at half past eight."

At the Observatory was already his friend and shipmate Beaumont, who had married since his return from the Mediterranean, and, with his help and the instruction of the "Professor," he soon became interested and learned "the why and the wherefore of the particular calculations which had been assigned to me." He looks forward to enjoying the work but is somewhat dubious about his eyes, whether they can stand the strain of such work. He enjoyed a call on the Blakes, whom he found in "a snug little house, beautifully furnished and warm as an oven." Mrs. Blake made particular "inquiries about the 'Countess' and seemed to be thinking the captain had been rather too much of a beau abroad," but Francis "assured her she had no cause for anxiety."

On February 28th, Francis writes, from "114 Winder's Building" which is apparently his office, "in the attic of one of the tallest buildings in Washington," where he feels obliged to

do his letter writing in the mornings, because his eyes will not permit of his writing or even reading in the evenings. He is busy with his work. "I am afraid they will not hold out a great while on the work and I shall have to look round for something else." He was one morning "deeply engaged in my mysterious astronomical calculations, when the Colonel made his appearance, completely out of breath with climbing so many stairs, so that it was several minutes before he could explain himself." The object of the visit was to take Francis "to see the new steamer, or rather caloric ship Ericson," which they accordingly did, going by steamer to Alexandria, where the Ericson lay. They were hospitably entertained and were shown all over the vessel. A few days later the Colonel also took him to call on General Pierce, at Willard's, and Francis was "surprised to learn that the door-keeper at the General's rooms had particular orders to admit the Colonel, whenever he calls, and, to my surprise (for to tell the truth I did not believe him), we were admitted at once" and received very politely. He concludes this letter with the advice that he will direct the next one to Fayetteville, whither his wife is apparently going by boat up the Cape Fear river.

In a succeeding letter of March 3rd to 4th, he writes of witnessing the inaugural procession of President Pierce: "notwithstanding the snow storm there was a great display of military — General Pierce rode in the handsome open carriage drawn by a pair of beautiful bay horses presented him at Boston, and Mr. Fillmore was with him. After seeing the whole procession file past our windows, we walked up to the grounds east of the Capitol and *saw* the President deliver his address."

Francis continues on for some time longer with this solitary life in Washington, busy in his office work so far as his eyes will permit, meeting old acquaintances, including consular friends from Europe, who are back in the country more or less anxious about the continuance of their appointments under the new administration. He enjoys passing evenings at the homes of his friends, the Hardins, the Farleys, and the Whelans. One evening, in company with his uncle Henry Stark and a group of young ladies, he attended a lecture at the Smithsonian Institute by Mr.



Sumner of Boston on the subject of France. "After it was over we waited on the ladies home (their name is Randolph — four sisters unmarried and all very polite to my uncle, the Colonel, who passes for a millionaire in Washington)." One of these young ladies the Colonel subsequently married. They were very civil and cordial to Francis at the time.

#### SETTLING IN GEORGETOWN

During this time Francis was especially concerned in finding suitable quarters for his family, in anticipation of their early arrival. He makes inquiries and inspections with reference to healthfulness of location. He fears that his wife will miss the comforts of her home, living in such lodgings as they, with their limited means, will be able to afford. The servant question in Washington, he is told, is a difficult one to solve. Good ones are rare: friends advise that his wife bring one with her, if she has one that suits her, "provided she does not belong to you. Mrs. Hardin was obliged to sell a servant since she has been here; she became utterly good for nothing." Such was the demoralizing effects of freedom and Democracy in the national capital. He is perplexed and perturbed about all these questions, but concludes that such are "the minor annoyances of our migratory existence, but I have reason to be thankful for good health and that I am not going to start on a long cruise for some years, but will soon have my dear wife and child with me."

The next letter preserved is dated July 10, 1853, at Gay Street, Georgetown, and so it seems that, in place of the undesirable abode in "lodgings," they had been able to secure a small house in the suburbs of Georgetown, where there were even rooms to spare for guests, and where they had some grounds and trees about them. This was indeed fortunate, for, in this letter to his aunt Charlotte, in Dunbarton, Francis writes with much feeling of the prolonged extreme heat and discomfort of a Washington summer; of the burnt up condition of everything under the "scorching rays of a nearly vertical sun." He speaks of the debilitating effects and of the loss of weight and color which his wife has suffered since she left "the hills of the Granite

State last fall." Nevertheless he seems happy and to be enjoying the home life with his little family. On account of the immediate extreme heat he has discontinued going to the office building, and has established himself in a small room on the shady side of the house where " I make my daily allowance of astronomical calculations with as much benefit to the country and much more comfort to myself than I could in the close attic of the office in the Winder's Building." He still has occasional visits from his uncle Henry, who has visionary plans for building a " Hotel Garni," on the European plan, in Washington. He writes of prospects of visits from his wife's mother, Mrs. Brown of Wilmington, and also from other relatives from the South. His brother officers call occasionally and his neighbors are very kind and friendly. He refers with satisfaction to the news that the work at the cemetery in Dunbarton had been accomplished, including the setting up of " the new stones " including " one selected for Uncle David." He also refers, as a labor of love, to the work he did the preceding fall on cleaning the monuments, and hopes he may be able to do more at some future day. " It is a sweet place, the Cemetery and will always be connected in my mind with the most enduring associations of home." He concludes with messages to all of the family and friends in Dunbarton, including an invitation from his wife to Aunt Harriet to pass the winter with them in Georgetown, " so as to be near the Colonel and his friends."

Thus settled, in at least temporary moorings in Washington, Francis and his family remained for over a year longer. The stay was perhaps broken by visits to homes in the North or the South, but, as the second son, my brother Cameron MacRae Winslow, was born in Washington the end of July 1854, that summer could not have been spent in Dunbarton. Not long after this event, apparently, the detail to shore work in Washington must have been terminated, and Francis, with his augmented family, must have packed up his small belongings and migrated to the North Carolina home, preparatory to another period of sea service.



THE CRUISE OF THE FALMOUTH  
1854-1855

IN NORFOLK AWAITING SAILING ORDERS

The next letter in my possession is dated "U. S. Ship Falmouth, Norfolk, November 23, 1854." Francis has just arrived from North Carolina and has reported for duty on board his ship, has occupied his quarters "on board the floating citadel, which is to be my home for the next two or three years," and has begun the routine of watch duty while the ship is still at anchor. The captain (Shaw) was away and not expected for several days, but Francis met several old acquaintances who gave him cheer. Francis soon settles himself and his room with such comfort as conditions permit. He finds his quarters equally spacious with those of the Independence and with more head room; the crew a remarkably fine, able-bodied, and orderly set of men, a pleasant set of officers, and the captain very amiably disposed. The prospects were that they should get away early in December on a cruise through the West Indies and on to Pensacola.

During this stay in Norfolk, though the weather was fine, it was very cold living on the ship, with no fire outside of the galley, of which the officers could not well make use. "My feet have not been warm since I came on board, except after I have been in bed an hour or two, and my cold in the throat is no better." He finds himself obliged to expend, reluctantly, quite a lot of money for full dress uniforms and a new regulation sword, because "Captain Shaw is great on uniforms and equipment." He apologizes for his writing under the light of the deck lantern, "my hands are so stiff I can scarcely write." A wet, gloomy Sunday following, preventing shore going and, with nothing in particular to do, gave Francis a decided fit of blues and homesickness. He has no old friends or intimates among the officers, and, as the captain and the first officer are away, most of the executive work on the vessel and the preparations for sailing have fallen on him. Further, a leak in the stern of the ship has made its appearance, which will have to be corrected before they can sail,

the Falmouth being an old ship. This makes water in the pantry and keeps the wardroom deck wet most of the time. A stove, which the captain had put up in his cabin and which he invited the officers to make use of while he is away, improved conditions somewhat. Sailing orders soon after arrived, and they expected to be able to get away by the 12th, or perhaps sooner. He is anxious to be off and no longer to suffer from the tantalizing feeling of being so near his family and home and unable to get to them.

#### VOYAGE TO ST. THOMAS

On December 8th, the Falmouth was towed down by the steamer Engineer to the anchorage "off Hospital Point, where you remember seeing the Independence," before the departure for Europe over five years before. Before leaving, Francis arranged for a remittance of \$150 to his wife, "but such is the pressure in monetary affairs, even here, that the bank on which I had a check from Riggs & Co., would not give me a draft even for so small an amount," and so he had to buy North Carolina money of a local druggist with his gold, for which he received 3% premium, and received the merchant's check to forward to Wilmington. The next few days were occupied in final preparations for sailing: setting up the rigging and taking powder on board, etc., with expectation of sailing on the 13th. But that date arrived and the Falmouth and Francis were still at the anchorage straining to get away. On the 14th, however, they were finally towed down the harbor preparatory to going to sea, but because of lack of wind were obliged to anchor again in Hampton Roads, "near Old Point and in sight of the hotel where we stayed five years ago." This view, with its memories, gave Francis a homesick spell, especially as they had to lie over there the next day, in a spell of rainy, easterly weather. The morning of the 16th, however, they got away, with a fair wind, and Francis writes a final good-bye letter for return by the pilot. Uncertainty still prevailed as to their exact destinations, but he sends general directions for the forwarding of letters successively to St. Domingo, Aspinwall, Havana and Pensacola during the next three months "all letters to be prepaid." He leaves with feelings



of much satisfaction in his shipmates and crew, but with doleful anticipations of sea sickness: "it is so long since I have been afloat."

Once at sea and soon after the pilot left the ship, troubles began. The leak in the stern, which had been repaired in Norfolk, broke out afresh, and water began running into the wardroom, and continued to do so for ten days. Men were kept constantly bailing and passing the water on deck in buckets, night and day. The staterooms were wet, as were the steerage and the berth deck generally. The wind was strong but favorable, and the ship rolled deep and strained considerably. The captain thought best to continue on rather than to turn back and try to make Norfolk. So, southward they kept, and there was no time to think of sea-sickness. Christmas was thus passed under difficulties, but by then they had made land and were in smoother water and the day was duly celebrated. On the 26th, they finally dropped anchor at St. Thomas, in the beautiful harbor of Charlotte Amalia. From here Francis sends his first letter home. They expect to remain here until the ship can be thoroughly caulked and made sea-worthy. The change of climate, from winter to summer, was very agreeable, but, at the same time, he found it debilitating. He resumes his old custom of cold salt water baths in his stateroom, and is glad to find time, at last, to set his house in order.

*Entertained by the Governor.* No sooner was the Falmouth established at convenient moorings for the prospective caulking than intercourses and amenities with the shore began. Consuls had to be seen and a call on the Governor was made by the captain. The island was then a Danish possession and was governed and regulated with European ideas. An invitation was immediately given by the Governor to the captain and a party of officers to dine at his villa. Francis was included in the number. As the captain required full dress for the occasion, Francis went ashore in the afternoon and engaged a room at the hotel — "a large hotel with airy and spacious balconies and verandahs, near the landing place." Here he arrayed himself in his laced pantaloons, full dress coat with epaulettes, cocked hat and sword. Winter uniform he called it, and how they must have sweltered

in that hot climate. The party assembled at the consul's residence near by and were surprised to learn that the Governor had sent his aide with horses for the party to ride to the villa on. Imagine the consternation to a party of sailors, rigged in their full dress, with cocked hats and swords. They proved, however, equal to the occasion, mounted apparently without mishap, and got under way through the narrow streets, followed by a crowd of the natives. Francis enjoyed the ride, up and along the hill sides, with beautiful views of the bay and of the green shores of the islands. The villa they reached at an altitude of about 500 feet, overlooking the harbor, with gardens in terraces below, gay with roses and other flowers. They were cordially received by the Governor "a fine looking old gentleman, between fifty and sixty, wearing his own gray hair and full of kindness and benevolence." It was entirely a men's party and they were treated to an excellent dinner, at a table brilliantly lighted and decorated with flowers, with an abundance of cold, iced punch. "Captain Shaw was in his element here, his tall and portly figure shone to great advantage, all covered up with lace, bullion and buttons and, with his finest new wig, he appeared about five and thirty and enacted the part of the 'dashing young commander' more successfully by far ashore than afloat." Many toasts were exchanged and responded to and imbibed and "so far as *we* were concerned, the existing friendly relations between Denmark and the United States were placed on the most enduring and substantial basis." After coffee the party broke up and returned to the hotel à cheval, again without mishap, by the early hour of ten o'clock. Here Francis retired for the night, lulled to sleep by the serenade of a lady singing in the drawing room the, to him familiar, air of "Mary of Argyle."

*Detained by Repairs.* The Falmouth continued at anchor, and, as soon as weather permitted, the work of caulking was started in the hull, both fore and aft. Francis found the time tedious and the climate enervating. He made occasional trips ashore and would have enjoyed the walks had he not, by the captain's orders, been obliged to be equipped in uniform and sword when ashore. A half hour of such exercise was more than sufficient. He writes with expectation of early leaving, but with



only conjectures as to future movements and destinations. Addresses for sending letters he can give only in a very vague way, and, in forwarding his own, he has to rely upon the occasional trading vessels which they meet, either in port or at sea. On Sunday, January 14th, Francis writes his wife quite a long letter in memory of their wedding day nine years before. The purser had presented him with a bouquet "from his wife," he said, and the mess celebrated the occasion with a bottle of champagne at dinner. "We have a lovely Sabbath day afloat and the old ship having been painted up and the awnings all spread and the decks clean and crew all in clean white clothes and new straw hats, we appear more like Sunday than any day before." A preacher from the local Sailors' Haven came aboard and preached a very good sermon to the crew, and several merchant captains and two ladies were in attendance. The serenity of the ward-room was, however, disagreeably marred by the fact that two of his fellow officers were "hors de combat" for the day, which gave Francis the executive duties: "they both drink until they make themselves sick and do not recover until the liquor is all gone; all this makes more work for those who are steady." The captain seemed too "good natured" to take official notice.

#### CRUISING WESTWARD TO PORTO RICO, ST. DOMINGO AND HAYTI

At daybreak, of January 20th, the Falmouth left St. Thomas and coasted along the shores of Porto Rico all day, arriving at St. John's about dusk and "laying off and on" till the next morning for a pilot. Francis writes with some irritation at being saddled with the executive duties because of the "sickness" of his fellow officer; "but I don't intend to keep watch until he gets well. I have been on deck from 4 o'clock this morning." However, once at anchor in the harbor, some pleasant days were spent at St. John's. The American consul was very hospitable and entertained the officers at dinner. Francis had to rub up his half forgotten Spanish. The captain took up his abode with the consul and was aboard only an hour or two in the mornings. Francis explored the shores and enjoyed the view from the hill above the town. "The place is very strongly fortified, almost

equal to Gibraltar and is full of Spanish soldiers, all dressed in clean white uniforms and their bands of music we can hear from the ship every afternoon." The afternoon of the 24th, they got under way again, though delayed by the mishap of a sailor's falling from the fore-yardarm, near where Francis stood, striking the railing of the forecastle and bounding over into the sea. The boatswain immediately jumped in after the man and they were both hauled on board and the man found to be practically uninjured. After two days of peaceful sailing, occupied with target practice and musket exercises, the Falmouth dropped anchor in Samana Bay, on the north coast of St. Domingo, surrounded by beautiful shores "green from the summits of the hills to the sand beach at the water's edge, but, with the exception of a rude fort that crowns the hill top, and a few thatched cottages here and there, no sign of civilization appears, not a solitary vessel besides ourselves is anchored in the spacious bay." Soon after coming to anchor, however, they were visited by the "military commander of the fort," a middle-aged mulatto who paddled out in a canoe with a flag flying. He was dressed in a queer looking military coat, short waisted, with swallow tails, a calico shirt, and white trousers, and, on his head, a check handkerchief under a Panama straw hat. He was also bare-footed. The captain received him, however, with great civility, and gave him bread and cheese and a glass of wine in the cabin. In return the "Commandant" sent off some milk and eggs and poultry, but did not forget to charge liberally for them. The Falmouth remained in this secluded bay for over a week, with no apparent reason. The time was spent in target practice and routine work. Some seine fishing and shooting of fowl were also engaged in. But time hung heavily and Francis was anxious for news from home. It was then nearly two months since the date of his last letter. Thus they were glad, on February 6th, to weigh anchor at daylight and stand out of the bay, bound for St. Domingo City, which they reached the evening of the 9th. In approaching this anchorage they met and passed the United States Steamer *San Jacinto*, and, though they exchanged signals, she did not come within hail. With the glass Francis was able to recognize the captain, Stribling, and also his old messmate, Beaumont, but



was unable to renew acquaintance or to deliver mail for home, much to his chagrin.

The next day a strong wind from the south made a very heavy sea and much rolling and pitching of the ship. Access to the shore was impossible and an uncomfortable day was passed. The following day, however, a shift of wind to the north made smooth waters and Francis got ashore. "The town is full of ruins, from the fortifications to the side walks." It was a scene of "decay and fallen greatness." They visited the cathedral, founded by Columbus, which was not in ruins; saw the place where his remains were interred when brought from Spain (since removed to Havana); and climbed to the roof, whence they had a fine view of the whole city, surrounded by groves of cocoanut and other tropical trees. On the 14th, they sailed from St. Domingo City, coasted along the southern coast of the island, and passed Hayti, with a smooth sea, bound for Port au Prince. Pleasant as was this passage it was saddened by the unexpected sickness and death of the Master, a Mr. Brodhead, one of the younger officers. He was taken ill with some stomach trouble and, in three days' time, was dead. Before his ending he gave to Francis pathetic farewell messages for his young wife and for his mother, "the last one left to her," and bade farewell to each of his messmates. The body was boxed in a rude coffin and placed on the poop, draped with the Union Jack. Francis was much affected. "Little was said at dinner that day; the door of his stateroom had been closed and locked and we missed him at his usual seat at the table." — "My thoughts were often recurring to his young wife, that evening. How little she imagined, far over the water, the event of that day."

*In Port au Prince.* The evening of the 21st, after dark, they made anchorage in the bay after much anxiety on account of the shoals and squalls. "Finally, by groping, as it were, in the dark and *where* we could not exactly tell, we found bottom in 20 fathoms and gladly let go our anchor and rode by it quietly until morning." The next day they moved the ship into the harbor of Port au Prince, coming in "with a flag at each masthead (in honor of the day) Washington's birthday, February 22nd, and fired the usual salute." The next morning the funeral of

young Brodhead took place. The remains were taken ashore in a boat, preceded by the Marine Guard and followed by the officers, four boats in all, with their colors at half mast, as was the ensign at the peak. The interment was in the cemetery and the service was by the resident English pastor. Three volleys were fired over the grave by the marines and the mournful duty of the day was done.

Ships, departing from this port every few days, for the United States, made the sending of letters home very easy; but, though ships from New York also came in, there was nothing received by Francis or others, "no intelligence from those who are dear to me, since *December 10th*." This unexpected hardship was due to the negligence or lack of forethought on the part of the captain in not forming and announcing in advance any cruising program whatsoever. Francis found the place uninteresting and he suffered a good deal from languor and the debilitating effects of the warm climate. While in this port they were able to effect the release from prison of two seamen from an American vessel, who had been confined for eight months, unable to pay a fine for conduct ashore. A subscription was raised among the merchants ashore and the wardroom officers each contributed five dollars. They also contributed an equal amount for a tablet over the grave of their shipmate Brodhead. Awaiting supplies and stocking the ship with bread, food, and water detained the Falmouth in Port au Prince until the middle of the month. There was some entertaining both aboard and ashore. The consul and some twenty of the resident merchants visited the ship and were suitably entertained. "The mess generally came out of the action in good order but poor old Knox broke down as usual and has been 'hors de combat' ever since." The consul, in return, entertained a party of the officers at dinner. He was a mulatto by the name of Hepburn, who came to Hayti from the United States when a young man. Francis describes him as well mannered and gentlemanly and neatly dressed. He lived in a large, well ventilated house, surrounded by cool, shady verandahs, and handsomely furnished. The dinner was excellent and served on French china, with cut glass. The champagne was also unexceptionable. "The etiquette of the table was conducted



with diplomatic propriety" with an "interchange of solemn national toasts." Afterwards there was waltzing in the drawing room "by the younger members of the party with three or four 'brunettes' who were at table." Mr. Hepburn was reported to be "a favorite of the Emporor (whose ugly black portrait, surmounted with a crown, occupied a conspicuous place in his parlor)."

Before leaving Port au Prince the captain and a party of officers, including Francis, were received in state at the palace by the Emperor Solougue. This involved donning full dress uniform, with cocked hat, and walking through the streets ("carriages were out of the question") to the palace, Francis under the shade of the purser's umbrella. An amusing looking procession they must have made. They arrived well heated and dripping with perspiration. In front of the palace they were received "by a guard of slovenly negro soldiers who made an awkward effort to present arms." Two aides, one a jet black negro, the other a bright mulatto, "both handsomely dressed in the blue uniform of the French staff officers," escorted them to the audience chamber and stood like statues, with folded arms, at the doors, during the ceremony. "Sa Majesté L'Empereur" was announced, in French, by the old chamberlain who acted as interpreter. The Emperor entered surrounded by some half dozen officers in different uniforms; "one carried a pair of loaded pistols and kept his eye on the captain." — "Solougue himself was dressed in a military uniform, the coat and white pantaloons richly embroidered and carried a gold headed cane besides his sword at his side." He appeared to be about sixty years of age, quite corpulent, perspiring profusely. "He is thoroughly African in features, very black, with a mouth full of solid white ivory, and very little ability to express himself." Francis saw no evidence of mentality: he could scarcely sign his name, and an obstinate resolution to enforce his will was his predominant trait.

On March 15th, the Falmouth left Port au Prince and sailed across the bay to Gonaive, where they anchored the next day. Here they remained for about a week, for no apparent reason and with little or nothing to do. They were hospitably enter-

tained by the consul, a young man from Boston by the name of Brooks. While here they were also alarmed by three cases of "malignant bilious fever," contracted by three members of the gig's crew, who had probably overindulged on their trips ashore. Two of the poor fellows died and were buried in the local cemetery.

#### TO CARTHAGENA, ASPINWALL AND PENSACOLA

On March 24th, the Falmouth sailed from Gonaive bound for Carthagen. She held west across the Windward Passage and along the southern coast of Cuba to Santiago de Cuba, and then, bearing south, passed Jamaica into the Caribbean sea. Here they picked up a strong easterly trade wind and the passage across, though rapid, was quite rough. The decks were wet, and the top sails were double reefed; the seas were heavy, and "the old ship under the pressure of her canvas pitched into it considerably." Many of the officers were sick and "even our venerable captain tied up his head and took to the cabin sofa and told Mr. Knox to take care of the ship." There was no further trouble from leaking in the hull, "thanks to our caulking at St. Thomas," but, running with the wind, some heavy seas were shipped, one of which, coming through the open skylight into the wardroom, gave Francis a midnight drenching, as well as others in the lee staterooms. "During all my watch she was running along nine or ten knots per hour, under very little canvas, the moon was shining through a hazy sky and the sea everywhere white with foam. It was a splendid sight, but we were thinking about the land and keeping a sharp lookout all night." They made the coast the morning of March 3rd, and, after running down and picking up a pilot, passed into the bay of Carthagen, between the two batteries guarding the entrance. Thence they beat up the basin and "by sunset we looked as if we had been in port a month, everything was in order on deck and aloft."

At Carthagen the Falmouth remained until April 12th, largely to give the crew "shore leaves," as the climate and health conditions there permitted this to be done with safety; "so they all had their turn, twenty or thirty at a time, for one day and night and, like all sailors, the most of them brought on board



very drunk the next day; but, on the whole we have had less trouble than is usual on similar occasions." Francis went ashore only once and the view of the remains of the past grandeur and the present condition he found very melancholy. He congratulates himself upon his continued good health, despite the debilitating effects of the climate, and their escapes from yellow fever, which has been quite severe on other ships. He thinks now that the sailors who died on the ship at Gonaive were victims of that disease. After leaving Carthagena the ship stood across the Gulf of Darien, bound for Aspinwall. He writes with some impatience for their arrival there and for the receipt of home letters: "I can scarcely realize that on the 'Home-Station,' within ten or fifteen days of home, — I am more than four months without any direct intelligence from those who are dearest to me." However, the ship came to anchor in the "Navy Bay" at Aspinwall the evening of April 14th, and the next day Francis was the recipient of three letters from his wife and, though the latest of these was dated February 1st, from Fayetteville, they conveyed the welcome news that all was well with his little family and that the baby Cameron was "a stout, hearty child."

The ship remained at Aspinwall only a few days, sailing on the 18th, bound for Havana. "For about a week we were beating up against the trade wind, contending with a heavy sea and embarrassed day and night with heavy squalls of wind and rain, throughout all of which the good ship held her own admirably and we have reason to feel entire confidence now in her soundness and stability." All were disagreeably affected by the motion of the seaway "and our gallant commander (Captain Shaw) kept his cot most of the time." The second week the weather was much better, and, on the morning of the 30th, they passed Cape St. Antonio, the westmost point of Cuba, about 900 miles from Aspinwall. Francis and all on board were then jubilant over the prospect of reaching Havana and receiving their long delayed mail. Bitter was their disappointment, however, when, after coming within 25 miles of that place, and meeting a head wind, "our aimiable commander — gives up his plans and steers for Pensacola." So the letters in Havana must wait until

some indefinite date in the future. With light but fair winds they made Pensacola the night of May 4th. Communications from the Navy Department there received contained orders for certain repairs to gun carriages to be made at that port, and, as this would take some weeks and as future movements were entirely uncertain, Francis is in despair and doubtful of his returning home that summer. He writes with despondent solicitation about the welfare of his family and recommends that his wife go North with the children, during the hot months, perhaps to Jamaica Plains, where her uncle, the Reverend Cameron MacRae, was sojourning. "I cannot be present to advise you, dearest, and you must decide upon whatever is best, for yourself — ; you need not be deterred by the expense." — "It is a great disappointment to me, as I know it is to you, to give up the hope of meeting this summer, but we must trust 'all is for the best.'"

The stay at Pensacola was prolonged, as expected. The guns were dismounted and the carriages sent ashore for repairs; the hold was "broken out" and thoroughly cleaned, and wood, water, and provisions were taken on board and stowed. In addition, Francis had taken on the duties of caterer of the mess, which, with his love of order and thoroughness, had obliged him to break out and overhaul the store room and take an inventory of all on hand to "see exactly what we shall need before we go to sea again." He and all felt much invigorated by the change of climate and he was happy in the receipt of letters of recent date from his family; his wife and children were then about to leave Fayetteville for Wilmington to stay with her mother, Mrs. Brown. He finds the naval station at Warrington pleasant and attractive and he enjoys attending the little church there and meeting the officers' families. He is also more hopeful, from news communicated by his wife, who had seen the then Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Dobbin, in Fayetteville, which gave promise that the Falmouth might spend the month of August and September in Norfolk or Boston. He finds Pensacola an expensive place at the time, with \$14 for flour, \$1 per peck for potatoes, 50¢ for butter, eggs 30¢ and milk 20¢. "The steward uses \$5 per day in his marketing, as much as was required on the Independence at Naples." As yellow fever has broken out at



Havana, they will not touch at that port, and their long suffering mail will be forwarded to Key West to meet them. He concludes a long letter with the recommendation that his family go to Georgetown for the early summer months, as more healthful than Wilmington, there to await his arrival at Norfolk. He also suggests Hampton, near Norfolk, as an alternative, should his wife prefer it.

During this time at anchor the ship was scraped and painted outside and on deck, which made life aboard rather disagreeable: "the captain said the paint made him sick and went off to Pensacola, taking his trunk." Francis finds the stay pleasant, however, and the old ship very comfortable, and this, with the receipt of frequent home letters, makes him quite content to remain there. The captain's absence for some two weeks gave free use of his cabin to the officers, and "the ship is much more quiet in his absence and decidedly more comfortable." One cause of anxiety, however, was a recent outbreak of cholera in serious form at New Orleans. Two officers had been sent there from the ship to obtain recruits, and when one, a Lieutenant Wilkinson, returned with a party of men, both he and one of the sailors had a slight attack. On the 10th, Francis writes his wife that "one of our old and faithful quartermasters has been a victim" of this disease, and died after only two days sickness. He writes evidently with anxiety and solicitude that his wife shall not be disturbed: "There are no other cases on board — Wilkinson is quite well again. I mention this because in all my letters I have preferred to state the actual facts, good or bad, as it may be, to save you from the anxiety and alarm of newspaper exaggerations." The balance of the recruits are expected the next morning and they expect to sail for Key West on the 12th.

#### TO KEY WEST AND HAVANA

On the 12th the Falmouth sailed, as expected, from Pensacola, and, after a pleasant cruise of ten days, dropped anchor inside the fort at Key West. Here the long lost accumulation of letters was received from Havana and read with interest, old history as they were. His wife had suffered an anxious time from hearing first by newspaper of the death of Brodhead from yellow

fever, with the intimation that the disease was rampant on the Falmouth. "These unavoidable anxious hours, added to the months and years of melancholy separation, make this a very hard life,—and I sincerely trust my two little boys may be placed in a better line of life than their father's." Among the pleasant items of news, however, was a note received "from my good aunt Lotty" enclosing a donation of money for the children. He also learned of the immediate prospect of his wife and children's starting for Georgetown, there to await his arrival, and he writes all words of guidance and solicitude for their journey, and sends messages to old friends, Captain and Mrs. Blake, and also to his uncle Henry "the Colonel."

The Falmouth sailed from Key West on the 27th and cruised off the coast of Cuba for two weeks, making Havana on July 10th. The cruise had been pleasant, barring "bad colds" contracted by most of the wardroom officers from frequent wettings by daily heavy rain squalls in the afternoons. No letters were found awaiting them which added to the ill feeling, and Francis was much grieved to read in an old "Washington Star" of the death of the wife of his old friend and shipmate, Beaumont, married so recently, and with a baby boy left, only 2 years old. "Poor Beau, his feelings are so warm and his disposition so affectionate." He finds the climate and weather in Havana in the middle of July most depressing and debilitating. In fact the whole ship's company are suffering from the effects of this southern cruising in the summer. "The climate is as debilitating as the coast of Africa. One fourth of our crew has already been supplied anew, to replace the loss of invalids, deaths and desertions." He fears the ship "will soon become inefficient from absolute debility and loss of energy in the officers and crew."

During this stay in Havana Francis learned, to his satisfaction, of the arrival of his family at their old quarters with the Hepburns, in Georgetown, there to await further news of his future movements. The stay of over two weeks in Havana brought them into the rainy season, with frequent heavy rains, especially in the afternoons. This prevented shore excursions, but opportunities to get ashore were available in the mornings, and he employed them in shopping, especially in anticipation of home



going, buying cigars, jellies, chocolates, and even dresses for his wife, all as presents to friends or family. On the 23rd, the Old Cyane came into Havana and anchored near the Falmouth. There was also an English frigate there: the captain was entertained at dinner, and returned much elated by his experiences. On August 1st, Francis writes in expectation of early leaving for Key West. The stay in Havana has not been unpleasant, and he describes an interesting drive into the country, some three or four miles over a good hard road, "lined with pretty villas," some quite handsome, passing carriages and "volantes" with servants in livery. The ship's crew were kept in good health, and he also was well, despite the heat, "and my weight is about as usual, one hundred and twenty five."

#### HOMeward BOUND

On Sunday, August 5th, Francis begins the final letter of this cruise to his wife. The Falmouth is then at sea. She had been towed out of Havana by a friendly steamer on Thursday and worked her own way across the channel to Florida and Key West by 9 o'clock that evening; she lay "hove-to" until daylight, and then anchored in the harbor. Here they found orders awaiting them to proceed immediately to New York. Though disappointed in receiving no letter from his wife, there was one for him from Dunbarton: it reported that the "Squire" (Caleb) had been for "some time past quite steady" but "as Caroline (Mrs. John Stark) says: he never writes without the Spirit moves" — "Aunt Harriet had been to Saratoga but was far from well. Aunt Lottie had been well, at home." — "But the most striking and unexpected intelligence was, the Colonel (Uncle Henry) was married; his bride is of Washington." On Saturday morning they put to sea again and by Monday were bowling along up the Florida coast with a fair wind astern. By the 9th they were off Cape Fear, N. C., still with a strong wind aft, and "the old Falmouth is running off eight and nine knots an hour, with her top-gallant sails before the wind." Soon after this he records that one of the young midshipmen, a Mr. Cain, was seriously sick with fever and the worst was apprehended. By Sunday, the 12th, they were off Sandy Hook, with the pilot on

board, "but the feelings of exhilaration we would otherwise experience are checked by the sad fate of our young shipmate, Mr. Cain, who expired this morning." — "His remains are now in their coffin on the poop deck and will be interred tomorrow at the quarantine ground, Staten Island." The symptoms were those of yellow fever, but it was remarkable that his was the only case. He had been of a very active and sanguine temperament, and, having been ashore a great deal in Havana, had exposed himself without restraint. In addition to the gloom of this sudden death, the circumstances of his disease threw everything in a quandary as to their reception and plans, and what quarantine precautions would be imposed. Nevertheless he gives thanks that he and others had been spared, and has faith that all will be for the best.

Notwithstanding these forebodings, from references in a later letter, Francis apparently was able soon to shake loose from the Falmouth and to join his family who were awaiting him in some temporary abode in Newark. A few weeks of shore leave and of migratory home life was then, apparently, vouchsafed him, and this was probably spent in visiting relatives in New York and New England.

## FIVE MONTHS ON THE SARATOGA <sup>19</sup> 1855-1856

Within less than one month, however, Francis finds himself at sea again on the U. S. S. Saratoga. She had sailed from Boston on the 10th of September, the morning after Francis had enjoyed "the snug little tea party at the Rectory, with my dear wife presiding at the table." He is much pleased and "congratulate ourselves on exchanging the old Falmouth for a fine new ship that sails remarkably well, works and steers like a pilot

<sup>19</sup> This Saratoga was the third of the name in the Service. She was built in Portsmouth, N. H. in 1842, was a Sloop of War, First Class, 882 tons. In 1843 she was with Perry on the coast of Africa, between 1845 and 1849 in the West Indies under Shubrick and others, between 1850 and 1854 on the Asiatic Station. From 1855-60 she was on the Home Squadron, and in 1861 on the coast of Africa against the slave trade. She was finally consigned to a Receiving Ship in 1878.



boat, and is strong and safe in all weather." They were apparently on a roving cruise, a sort of try-out, perhaps, with no special destination excepting to reach New York in the course of a few weeks. They stood far out to sea, with fine weather to begin with, but later ran into a heavy easterly storm with strong seas running, with rain and cold. Francis is pleased with his new commander, Captain Tilton, whom he finds considerate of the officers, free from "humbug and blarney," and of long sea experience. He writes with the thought that his family are then enjoying the "pure and bracing atmosphere of the 'Granite State' in Dunbarton." While at sea they fell in with the commodore on the Potomac and regretfully had to keep company with her, thus delaying the arrival in New York. They got separated, however, on the dark squally night of the 7th, and made haste for New York, which they expected to reach by the 12th.

#### A QUICK RUN TO HAYTI

A few weeks of shore leave and of reunion in Newark followed this arrival in New York, but a letter covering dates of November 10th to 12th, describes him as again on the *Saratoga*, anchored off Sandy Hook, and awaiting a fair wind before putting to sea, bound for the West Indies again. He is much in doubt as to the schedule of the voyage, and sends his wife quite bewildering advice as to when and where to send her letters. Indeed, this was so frequently the case that it is a wonder so many of them got through to him. On the 13th, fair weather set in and the *Saratoga* got across the bar, put to sea again, and made a quick passage of 10 days to Hayti and Port au Prince. The weather was delightful, the water smooth, and the breezes moderate: "we have had the smoothest passage from New York I have ever experienced on the Atlantic." Francis had been assigned the duties of Executive Officer, and he is somewhat dubious of his ability to fill the position satisfactorily: he finds the work and responsibility quite a strain and, though the captain "has always been kind and friendly towards me," he refers to some impatience, and evidently feels doubtful about pleasing him.

The debilitating effects of the sudden change of climate (85°

in the wardroom) handicaps him seriously, and he has further trouble with his old complaint of boils. Arriving in Port au Prince, they transferred a Lieutenant Werden and a party of seamen to the bark *Amelia*, they having been brought from New York on the *Saratoga* for that purpose. The *Amelia*, an American bark which had been held in Hayti on some charge, was then released to the government and was to be taken to New York. In a letter written December 2nd, Francis refers to this transfer and also describes himself as in a miserable condition of health and spirits. He finds the duties of Executive Officer too much for him to carry, his appetite is gone and he cannot sleep. His stomach is completely upset and, under the surgeon's advice, he had to be relieved from all duties. "For the first time since I entered the Service I have made application for leave of absence while attached to a ship on a foreign station." — "The doctor says I need nothing but the bracing effect of a cool climate for a few months, with rest and quiet — Captain Tilton has been very kind to me, but still my position is an embarrassing one." His principal anxiety was "the apprehension my reputation may suffer." Poor fellow, he was evidently much mortified. He again considers the advisability of retiring.

They left Port au Prince on that day, bound eastward, but hung on the western coast of Hayti waiting for the bark *Amelia*, to see how she fared and whether Lieutenant Werden thought he required any supplies before starting on his homeward and, as it proved, fateful voyage. A cruise to New York at that time of year was a formidable undertaking, especially in a dull sailing and leaky bark, such as was the *Amelia*. However, on the 6th they spoke the *Amelia*, outward bound, and learned that all had gone well on board, the leak was not increasing and Werden pluckily reported that he "was not in want of anything and we gave him our best wishes for his safe return, and then kept away on our course."

#### TO SAN DOMINGO

By this time Francis was feeling better and had resumed some light duties. Still his discontent with his sea life continues to assert itself and he "would willingly give up this life of change



for any regular occupation at home, with my wife and children." For some ten days the *Saratoga* beat against head winds off the southern coasts of Hayti and San Domingo, finally anchoring off the City of San Domingo on the 17th. Francis was still unwell, suffering seriously from dyspepsia and depression and feeling so languid that he did not feel equal to going ashore; even the prospect of a horse-back ride, his favorite pastime, had no attraction for him. He longs for letters and news from home, then over a month since he sailed from New York. On December 21st, the *Saratoga* sailed again but before she was out of the bay met the *Cyane* coming in. Both ships hove to and the *Cyane* sent a boat on board to communicate and, after a delay of half an hour, both proceeded on their ways.

#### TO ST. CRUZ

Thence for a week the *Saratoga* worked her way eastward to Frederickstaad, St. Cruz, where she anchored the evening of the 27th. Francis viewed the island with much interest. It was here that his "mother" (Elizabeth Pickering) had come as a bride and had lived for some 6 years. Here also, later, his father came and lived for 20 years, died and was buried. "The ship is little more than half a mile from the smooth sand beach, beyond which the green hill sides rise in gentle slopes, sprinkled with white dwellings and sugar mills, with groves of waving cocoa-nut trees here and there. — I find mother's glowing descriptions are quite equalled by the reality. Coming from the bleak and sterile coast of New England, it must have seemed indeed a paradise to her." He remembers when a boy his imaginative pictures of the place, "where my father had gone." It is cool and pleasant here with the trade wind blowing night and day. On inquiry ashore he learned that his father had always lived at the capital, Christianstaadt, the other end of the island and he is advised to see Mr. Rodgers, the American consul at that place.

The *Saratoga* remained at St. Cruz until the morning of January 4th, and, during this stay, Francis made two visits to Christianstaadt to make inquiries about his father and to visit his grave. On the first visit he drove there with a fellow officer in the late afternoon, in "an open barouche, like uncle's, with

a pair of horses and a driver." It was an enjoyable drive in the cool of the evening, partly in sight of the blue sea. They put up at the little Danish hotel near the harbor, which they found very neat and clean. After enjoying their supper, Francis called upon the American consul who "lives in a handsome house near the hotel and is a stout, hearty man, eighty years old. Mrs. Rodgers seemed to be a nice young lady not much over thirty in appearance. He remembered my father, as he said, like a brother and gave me all the particulars of his decease, stating he was with him many hours on the night that he died." The next day, Sunday, Francis visited the houses where his father had lived, attended church and was entertained handsomely at dinner at the consul's house, together with the captain and three other officers. In the afternoon he received a call from a colored woman who had nursed his father in his last illness and who gave him much information of interest and received a gold piece in return. On a second visit, two days later, he visited the Moravian cemetery where his father had been buried and made arrangements for a tablet to his memory which was later procured in St. Thomas and sent to St. Cruz in care of the consul, to be erected by the latter. The stone was of Italian marble and the inscription given was simply: Joshua Winslow — Died May 15, 1843. During both of these visits Francis was most kindly received and hospitably entertained by Mr. Rodgers, the consul, who gave him all the assistance possible in his melancholy inquiries. But he was still ill in health and feeling much depressed in body and mind, longing to get away and home again, not yet fit for any duty aboard ship. The doctor did not think there had been any material improvement in his condition and advised a return as soon as possible.

#### ST. THOMAS AND MARTINIQUE

They arrived at St. Thomas the afternoon of January 6th and remained until the 9th, but no opportunity for transfer to a ship bound for the United States offered itself there. So he sailed away again in the *Saratoga*, bound eastward to Martinique, with regrets and lamentations. But the weather was fine and the sea smooth and "if it were not for the debility of my system and the



constant sense of languor and weariness that I experience, and the ennui of my position, this would be very agreeable cruising." On January 14th, the 10th anniversary of their wedding, he writes in soliloquy and retrospect, reviewing their history and its events and numerous separations, but with satisfaction for "our faithful and cheerful observance of the grave and serious promises and obligations then made to each other" and also with gratitude for their own and their children's preservation in health and well being. They reached St. Pierre the morning of the 15th, and "I think the island is the most beautiful I have ever seen"; but, though verdant and lovely as it seemed, they feared the fever lurking in the luxuriant foliage and "our stay here is only to be four days and no one will be permitted to sleep on shore."

#### WESTWARD TO CUBA

So, on the 20th they sailed, bound westward again, and enjoyed a week or more of smooth sailing with cool trade winds. On the 27th they were standing in to Cumberland harbor on the southern shore of Cuba, to receive dispatches from the commodore. Francis' health still continued precarious and he was anxious to reach Havana and receive his official papers of leave, so that he could take steamer for the United States and a cooler climate. While standing in to Cumberland harbor they met an American schooner coming out and bound for New York, so they were able to toss a mail bag aboard, with which went Francis' last letter. Before coming to anchor the ship also touched a coral reef very lightly but got off without serious injury the same night.

A week was spent here "employed by some of my messmates very agreeably on fishing excursions." But Francis did not leave the ship, the shore was uninhabited and they could not even get a supply of bananas and oranges. So, on February 2nd, they sailed again for Cape Antonio and Havana. The afternoon of the 5th they ran into anchorage at the island of Cayman Grande for supplies and "after obtaining fresh fruit and turtle eggs, bananas, oranges and limes in great plenty" they sailed again on the 6th. Thence to Cape Antonio they carried a strong

easterly wind and a heavy sea, which caused much rolling and made meals precarious, with much wasting of food. Once around the cape conditions improved and the ship made good progress to Havana by the 9th.

Francis had looked forward to this arrival with much impatience and anxiety. For fully three months he had had no letter or news from home; further he was expecting his leave orders to be awaiting him there. In both he was disappointed, and it was a bitter disappointment. He went to the post office himself and ransacked the mail, but, though he got letters for others, there were none for him "not a single line in the shape of a letter—no answer from Washington—no information good or bad. — Three months is a long time to be without news from home, but it was worse last year and I can only hope you are all well at home." The only news he did receive was that "the bark *Amelia* is supposed to be lost. Poor Werden, when I shook hands with him I felt as if I might never see him. She was a crazy old craft and full of gun powder." Lost without a trace. A restless night followed the disappointments of this arrival and, after breakfast the next morning (Sunday), Francis went ashore again to the post office for another search for letters. Obtaining leave to examine a large bundle of "dead letters" of the preceding month, he immediately found one for the surgeon, another for the purser and then one for himself from his wife; others followed in quick succession for him and others, including the "dispatch" to the captain granting the leave of absence.

#### HOMEWARD AGAIN ON LEAVE

His relief and joy were unbounded. His latest letter of January 15th, gave him news that all were well at home "looking for me daily." He lost no time in preparing to leave. Hearing Monday morning that the steamer *Empress City* was due to sail for New Orleans about noon, he abandoned the idea of waiting for the steamer for Charleston and, in two hours time, packed his baggage and was transferred by boat to the *Empress City* and off for home. His last letter of this time (February 14) forecasts his intention of proceeding from New Orleans to Mobile "and this day week at Wilmington." A Colonel Win-



throp and ladies of Boston were on the steamer with him and he was enjoying their company; the weather was fine and cooler, his appetite improved, he gained in strength and was generally exhilarated by the “consciousness of being *homeward bound*.”

## LIFE ASHORE FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS

1856–1857

After this home coming there is another recordless gap in Francis' history for a period of 18 months, from February 1856 to September 1857. This was spent presumably on leave and on shore duty. References in later letters indicate that the summer after his return was spent in New England and probably at least partly in Dunbarton. Some stay, during that or the following summer, was made at Green Farms, on the sound in Connecticut, and part of the time they were in Salem, N. C. His winter work was probably in Washington. In February of 1857 the third child, a daughter Sarah Stark, was born in Fayetteville.

On September 13, 1857, Francis writes to his wife from Washington. He had left his family in Fayetteville a few days before and had journeyed, via High Point, Raleigh, and Richmond, to Washington, apparently transferring from the train to a boat somewhere on the Potomac River and arriving in Washington that way. He enjoys meeting and is welcomed by old friends and relatives there. On the train through North Carolina he also met and enjoyed the company of a number of friends and acquaintances, who helped to allay his homesickness; in fact the journey was a quite social occasion, very agreeable to his sociable nature. In Washington he also called on the then Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Toncey, and was given the welcome news that “officers should not now be separated from their families for over two years.” He stayed only a day in Washington and the evening of the 15th finds him “safely domesticated in my old quarters at No. 8 Allston Street, Boston in the little chamber I used when I returned from my first cruise, twenty years ago.” He finds his ship is nearly ready for sea, but that Captain Long is not yet arrived and proposed to visit him in



FRANCIS WINSLOW, ABOUT 1857





Exeter. This he did, but it was a fruitless journey as, on his arrival in Exeter, he found that the commodore and his wife had left for Boston an hour before. So Francis had to spend the night in an hotel and return to Boston on "the very early train next day."

The following evening "I took those horse cars which now happily start from the Tremont House" to call upon his cousins, John Ancrum Winslow and his wife Kate and passed a pleasant evening with them, surrounded by their children. A downpour of rain forced him to stay over night, and "they made me a very nice bed on the sofa in the parlor. I was much surprised and gratified to find John finished the evening by reading a chapter in the bible and joining in prayer. After breakfast we had the same, (with all the children present) in the drawing room." He is busy executing commissions for his wife and with preparations for sea; he finds the stateroom assigned him not satisfactory and not such as his seniority entitled him to, and he writes to Washington on the subject. A short visit was made to Dunbarton which he reached in an easterly storm; but he received a warm welcome and "the Squire immediately volunteered to drink my health." All were much "interested to hear about the children and sent affectionate messages. "I slept in the chamber of State this time, where you first came as a bride eleven years ago." When he left, the aunts were making him a spread and some pillow cases; they gave him two pillows and Aunt Lottie contributed some currant jelly.

In Boston he continued busy with affairs and commissions incident to preparing for sea. "Several of the ladies were on board yesterday, busy about their husbands' staterooms," which made Francis feel melancholy. But he had dined at his cousin's, Arthur Pickering's, and he and "Sarah and Hepsie" were going to visit the ship and inspect his quarters. Considerable time is spent in buying good-bye presents for his wife and children, then in Salem N.C., and for relatives in Fayetteville, all to be sent in a box before he sails: "caps for Aunty," "a sweet little knit hood for Sallie," French lingerie for his wife and a new cloak. "The Squire has put \$30 into the savings bank for Miss Sallie." His ship, the Merrimack, has moved from the Navy



Yard to off Long Wharf and he lunched on board with the Commodore and Mrs. Long; "it seemed like old times. — The Merrimack is larger and longer than the old Independence and you would have felt so proud to have me going out in such a noble ship. — She has been built at Boston in the best manner and is as strong as wood and iron can be put together. — She has no side wheels and guards and will ride out any gale under her spars and canvass. She is 300 feet in length and more than 3000 tons in measurement."

They were ready to sail on October 4th, awaiting only the arrival of Mr. Mead, the Minister to Brazil, whom they were taking to Rio. He was expected in three days. In a long letter Francis describes the contents of the box he has forwarded to his family in Salem, in which are included several useful presents from Aunt Harriet with many messages of affection from her to his wife and the children. There were soldiers for Franky "provided he goes to school like a good boy," and the head of a doll baby for Cameron, for which the body was to be home-made. Mrs. Long takes much comfort in the thought that Francis is accompanying her husband, the Commodore. He gives directions for writing him to Valparaiso by the bi-monthly steamers, via Aspinwall and Panama, and the postage is only 34¢ per  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce. One day Aunt Harriet visited the Merrimack, by the Commodore's invitation, and was received with great consideration by him and Mrs. Long. She was conveyed ashore in the Commodore's barge and took leave feeling much gratified. Kate, with her children, made another party and there seems to have been a constant flow of visitors. A few days later Aunt Harriet left for Dunbarton, much to Francis' regret, and after sending affectionate messages to his wife and children, with hopes for another reunion before long.

On October 11th, the long expected Minister to Brazil, Mr. Mead, arrived and he was duly called upon by the Commodore, with his Aide, and preparations were made for his reception on board. Francis made final visits, with dinners and teas at his cousins and, among other items of news, learned that his young cousin Erving has engaged himself to a young lady of Philadelphia. Time dragged on and the ship did not sail. Francis

was exhausted with ceremonial and social visits, escorting the Commodores, and showing visitors over the ship. Finally on October 17th he pens a few hurried lines of farewell: "The steam is hissing, the band playing for the men at the capstan and, in a few moments we shall be under weigh, with a strong wind from the west. Soon the pilot will leave us and soon the land fade away astern of us. This is the last letter you can have for three long months and I cannot hear of your welfare again for perhaps a longer time. But God will watch over us and protect us until we are again united."

A final echo of this departure is a letter written a few weeks after by Elizabeth, his "mother", to *my* mother. She speaks of how much she had enjoyed Francis' company during his stay in Boston; that he was very busy with his duties but cheerful, "particularly when he received letters from you, which seemed his only consolation." He was also glad, in the then hard times, that his income was certain, "half the great merchants in the city have failed; ours in the family have, through a kind Providence, thus far escaped failure, tho' they have suffered very heavy losses."

## THE CRUISE OF THE MERRIMACK <sup>20</sup> 1857-1859

### THE VOYAGE TO RIO

"We went out of the harbor under steam in fine style; the wharves were crowded to see our departure — just such a day we sailed in the *Saratoga* two years since." On November 1st, he writes a first short letter to send by a passing English barque bound for London, "a round about and uncertain way," but

<sup>20</sup> This Merrimack was the second of the name in the United States Navy. She was a screw, steam frigate, 275 ft. long, 3500 tons, 44 guns. She was built at the Charlestown Navy Yard in 1855. She was flagship of the Pacific Squadron from 1857 to 59. She then returned to the Norfolk Navy Yard and was put out of commission. On April 20, 1861, she was scuttled at the navy yard to prevent her falling into the hands of the Confederates, together with five other naval vessels. After the capture of that place by the Rebel forces she was raised by May 30 and transformed into the famous iron-clad by March 1862, and renamed the *Virginia*. She won fame in the battle with the *Monitor* on March 8 and 9 and was finally blown up by the Confederates to escape capture on May 11.



the only chance so far available. But he immediately after set to work on his long letter writing. He had before been so busy with ship work especially with the preparation of a signal system for the squadron, that there had been little time for writing. He describes the Merrimack as a fine and comfortable ship, in smooth water, but decidedly wet when the sea is rough, "being built for steaming she is sharp forward and aft and consequently dips into the sea more," and "when she is rolling and pitching into a heavy sea-way the gun deck will be always flooded with salt water, washing in through the ports." Under steam she ran very well and this was kept up for three days to try out the engines but, after this, the fires were put out, the propeller triced up out of the water and the ship left to her canvas.

The cruise started pleasantly and the ship's company was congenial; there were eighteen in the mess and the "table is so long we hardly get acquainted with those at the other end." He enjoys the association with Commodore Long and they have reminiscent chats of their Mediterranean experiences. The poor Commodore had, however, suffered a relapse of a leg trouble he had been laid up with on shore and had to be placed in splints and kept in bed. It was the beginning of an affliction which was to harass him during his whole voyage. This was Francis' first cruise on a steam vessel and he is much impressed: "the ship is built so strong she scarcely trembles with its movement. Sitting at the dinner table you do not feel any jar and do not see the glasses quivering."

Four weeks of smooth and uneventful sailing brought the Merrimack nearly as far south as the Equator. So calm was it that the engine was started during the last week to hasten progress. Commodore Long was invalided most of this time with his leg trouble, though some dinners were given by him in entertainment of Mr. Mead. Francis as Aide was free of watch duty, but he was pretty busy with his signal code work. The heat aboard ship, and especially below, was very oppressive as the tropics were entered, but, with the engine running and the ports open, the movement made things much more bearable. With the aid of the propeller they got through the doldrums comfortably and, soon after passing the line, the steam was



U. S. S. MERRIMACK





blown off and the sails set, with a fair trade wind, and a smooth sea.

On November 24th, Francis writes of the incident of a "man overboard": "in response to a bugle call a life buoy was immediately dropped over board, which the man swam to and seized hold of, the frigate was 'hove-to,' the barge lowered, the man recovered and the ship standing on her course again in less than a quarter of an hour. Quick work!"

The weather continued beautiful, with fine moonlight nights. The only disturbing episode at that time was an upheaval in the mess. The caterer, a marine officer, resigned because of ill-disguised expressions of dissatisfaction, two successors who were then elected both declined immediately. "The fact is there are so many conflicting views and tastes and so little forbearance on the part of some, and so much expected of the unfortunate individual who takes charge, that no one is willing to serve." However the problem must have been solved somehow and, on the afternoon of November 30th, the Merrimack steamed in and anchored in the harbor of the Rio Janeiro "near the St. Lawrence and my old ship, the Falmouth." They had a warm reception; it was 90° on the gun deck and much more on the upper deck. But, soon, the awnings were spread and conditions became more comfortable and Francis was busy receiving the officers from the other ships who came to call on the Commodore.

Immediately after the arrival in Rio there were many formal visits to be made and, as Commodore Long was still crippled, Francis, as the Admiral's Aide, accompanied Captain Hitchcock, on the rounds. There were in the harbor at that time two English admirals, one French and a Brazilian, besides the American squadron. "How small they all looked compared with this ship; even the 'Ganges,' an old fashioned 80 gun ship, considered a large vessel in old times. Admiral Bayne had his wife and children on board, going out to the Pacific station with him; their toys were sprinkled all over the cabin." Then there was the formal landing of Mr. Mead, the American Minister. He left the ship under a salute of guns. The yards were manned and he was escorted to the landing by six boats, two from each ship, containing about twenty officers in full uniform.



There was also a celebration of the Emperor's birthday, which Francis attended unofficially, and had a near view of the Emperor while coming from Mass in the cathedral. He was then about thirty years of age and "one of the finest looking men I have ever seen." Francis also was invited to dine on his old ship the Falmouth: "how curiously the ship seemed to have shrunk in all of her dimensions, since I was on her, how small the old room looked and the whole wardroom." Evidently the Merrimack was a mammoth ship for those times and Francis was thoroughly enjoying her spaciousness.

By favor of his old friend, the Commodore, as his Aide he was allowed the privileges of the cabin, with a special desk and a good light for his writing. During the second week of their stay in Rio the exchange of civilities continued and they were also busy coaling ship and, in general, making preparations for the long voyage around the "Horn." He writes his wife on December 15th, that she must not expect to receive any further letters from him before the middle of March or even the first of the following April. During this stay of over two weeks in Rio there is, strange to say, no word or even indirect reference in Francis' letters of reminiscence of his prolonged stay in these ports of sixteen years before, of his experiences while attached to the Marion, of his old friends ashore such as the Gardners, of his excursion to the Organ mountains, etc. At that time it was to his "mother," Elizabeth, that the long, journal letters were written. Now it was to his wife, and she and his children had become the chief interests in his life. They, together with the many intervening incidents of his life, had apparently blotted out the memories of long ago.

#### AROUND CAPE HORN

On Christmas day Francis resumes his journal from the Merrimack, then at sea. They had left Rio on the 16th and were then well south, off the La Plata river. Soon after sailing, he had been taken with a severe bilious attack which laid him low for over a week, so that he was not in condition to take much part in the Christmas celebration. Commodore Long also continued crippled with his knee trouble and had not been able to

get to the upper deck for over two months. The weather was growing constantly cooler, however, as they proceeded south and Francis was feeling better with the change of climate.

Progress was slow, however, especially with the head winds, as the frigate was under sail, so as to preserve the small supply of coal for the anticipated stormy weather in rounding the cape. On Saturday, January 9th they passed through the straits of La Maire, between Tierra del Fuego and Staten Island, and thence southwestward around Cape Horn, into the southern Pacific. Both steam and sail were used and the weather at the start was fine and clear, with "the water as tranquil and smooth as the Mediterranean in summer." Quite a contrast to his first passage in the Dale, seventeen years before. The Commodore was able to be assisted on deck ("for the first time since the 20th of October") and they all enjoyed the fair weather, and the long twilights of this latitude; only four hours between sunset and sunrise.

On the 17th, however, a change of wind to a S.W. gale, made conditions very different. The ship began to pitch and roll, chairs and tables to slide about, crockery to crash in the pantry; the doctor was thrown out of his bunk and the marine officer injured his knee by a severe fall. Standing and walking were almost impossible. Eating at table was out of the question and food was taken standing while clinging to a stanchion. It was the hardest blow so far experienced on the voyage, but by no means the heavy gale often encountered in this passage, and the ship stood it easily and rode the seas admirably. It lasted only a day, however, when the wind hauled back to the north again and all was serene.

#### CHILI AND VALPARAISO

On January 24, 1858, only fourteen days after passing Cape Horn, the Merrimack "made the land again," to the southward of the bay of Talcahuana and anchored there that afternoon. This was the port of the town of Concepcion in southern Chili. It is over 1500 miles north of Cape Horn and the ship had made a fast run and, presumably, enjoyed good weather. She remained here nearly two weeks, cleaning and painting after the long



voyage. Francis made one excursion ashore to enjoy a horseback ride and also a stage drive to Concepcion, where he spent the night with some fellow officers. On Sunday, February 7th, he writes of several "of our country women" coming on board to attend Divine Service, and the Governor and one or two Spanish ladies came also. He also remembers that the next day, the 8th, is the first anniversary of the day "which added our sweet little Sallie to all our other blessings." At this time he again suffers a bad bilious attack which forced him to give up his duties as caterer (not entirely without regret) and put him on the sick list for a short time.

The preceding Thursday there was a formal reception on board to the Governor and his family and friends. The ship was by then clean and in beautiful order and the band was mustered in full force, with their new uniforms of short, blue frock coats with red collars and cuffs, and blue caps with red bands, ten of them with brass instruments, brightly polished. "There were many ladies in the party and some quite pretty. After they had all been shown around the ship and given some cake and wine in the cabin, the band commenced playing on the gun deck and dancing commenced with great animation. The Talcahuana ladies are proficient in the latest styles of polka and mazurka and excel in the most rapid waltzing." Francis did not feel equal to taking part but there were three or four younger men who carried on valiantly. "Our company remained on board for several hours and we were all wearied out." Visitors continued to flock to the ship from Concepcion and the adjacent country. "I am thoroughly tired of 'showing the lion' and sick of the sight of the 'Engine'. We scarcely have had the chance to take our dinners in peace."

After these days of such strenuous service it was with feelings of relief that they weighed anchor and sailed for Valparaiso, where they arrived the afternoon of the 10th of February. Here they were rejoiced to receive the long anticipated letters from home, including four from his wife, the first since sailing from Boston the middle of October. The news that all were faring well was gratefully received, and one can imagine the relief of mind after the four months of more or less apprehension.

Immediately on arriving the ceremonies of receiving official visitors to the Commodore began, and continued until sunset so uninterruptedly that Francis had not time even to open his letters. The next day crowds of visitors began to flock on board, and then an official call on the President of Chili, who was in Valparaiso on a visit, had to be arranged for.

But Francis found time to get ashore and meet old naval friends stationed there and to be entertained by them at dinner and also at the opera. Return visits were made on board the ship and the sight-seers and ship-showing continued all of the time. Thus, on the 21st Francis writes in congratulation of the arrival of a "Norther," or a strong wind accompanied by rain from the north, which made such a heavy sea in the bay that communication with the shore was suspended and the invasion of visitors was stopped. With the fair weather, however, Francis, as the Commodore's Aide, was frequently ashore and apparently was plunged into gaiety. One of these entertainments he describes in detail:

"The officers had been invited on Thursday to a 'picnic' at a country house some ten miles from town, to meet the officers of the Ganges there. So we went ashore after breakfast, four of us, the Captain of Marines, Fleet Surgeon, Secretary and Flag Lieutenant and chartered a carriage for the occasion. We had four horses harnessed abreast, besides one ridden by a boy (a la postillion) who went ahead at all the hills. We were soon rattling over the paved streets, and soon clear of the town and galloping over the hills and, about one, reached the villa of Mr. Walker, our host, an English merchant here. A pretty little house with a pleasant verandah in front, embowered with fine shade trees, with gardens of flowers arranged with much taste and a great many varieties of fine fruit trees, imported at great expense from England and our own country. After a chance to remove the dust of the ride and a little cool 'Orgeal' and water, we were duly presented to Mrs. Walker and Miss Ellen 'Sweet Sixteen' and very soon felt quite at home on the premises. The Purser and Hobson and the Secretary of Legation had already arrived in another carriage and, before long, a strong detachment from Her Majesty's ship the Ganges, mostly in slouched hats and



riding dresses, galloped into the court yard. Between two and three, we all sat down to a very handsome collation. I was placed next to my opposite number in the Ganges, namely the Flag Lieutenant of the Admiral and soon, under a heavy fire of champagne corks and sentiments. I had hardly time to stow some cold turkey and some uncommonly fine pears, before the cheering commenced. The Navies of each party were drunk and cheered with immense enthusiasm, then Mrs. Walker, then Miss Walker, and a Marine officer volunteered to drink a bumper to each of the children (ten in number) individually. I would have done it too, but the English Flag Lieutenant most pathetically appealed to our host to bring on no more champagne, for he found he was getting drunk very fast. So we broke up and went into the grounds; some took cigars and some took 'siestas' and I walked about with a lieutenant who was quite sober. Just before sunset we started to return to town and, by and by, the Ganges party came racing past us, on their horses, like so many devils. I regret to say my Brother Flag Officer went over his horse's head and was landed on a soft spot on the road, not altogether gracefully, but was soon up and off again, at the same pace. We got into town more quietly and very safely, about eight o'clock, took chocolate and toast at a café and came aboard comfortably at ten. Next day, I was on board the Ganges, with a commission from the Commodore, and found several of my friends and particularly the Flag Lieutenant, on the quarter deck, looking as cool as if they had never taken anything stronger than weak sangaree, in the previous month."

Another entertainment was given by a Mr. Weeks who "is the oldest American merchant here and his house was richly furnished, the rooms were lighted with gas and decorated with flowers," there was dancing and a handsome supper and it was four o'clock in the morning "when we reached the ship and the drums were beating 'reveille' as I was turning in." In the intervals between these dissipations he worked on the signal books and also had quiet, reminiscent dinners with 'our good Commodore,' who was getting gradually better and free from pain in his knee. Consequent upon the frequent shore excursions and exposures to the damp night air in coming off to the ship,

Francis, providentially perhaps, developed a severe cold in the throat and chest and “too hoarse to speak,” so that, perforce, he was obliged to discontinue the night life ashore and “I have come to the conclusion it is no use for me to try to keep up with the fast young Americans of my messmates. I think now I shall go in for a more quiet life than that of the past week and stay aboard evenings.” The work on the signal books, to which frequent references are made, occupied much of his time. It involved, from the beginning of his voyage, the preparation, first, of his own signal book as flag-officer of the flagship and then, subsequently, the posting of the corresponding flag book of each ship of the squadron as she reported to the Commodore. Thus, during these busy days in Valparaiso, there was the *Fredonia*’s book to be revised, then the *Saranac* arrived and the next day the *Vandalia* followed.

#### TO PERU AND CALLAO

On Thursday, March 4th, the *Merrimack* unmoored and got up steam and “about two o’clock we were fairly underweigh and steaming out of the harbor. The *Ganges* gave us ‘Auld Lang Syné’ from her band as we passed and we responded to the best of our ability with ‘God Save the Queen’; gradually our broad canvas, fold after fold, was spread to the breeze and, before sunset, Valparaiso (with all of its pleasant associations) was out of sight astern.” During the last few days before this departure Francis, notwithstanding his recent cold and his excellent resolutions, was again led to indulge in renewed social frivolities, for which he excuses himself to his wife on the score of his “obliging disposition” and the attractiveness and hospitality of his friends, especially a Mr. and Mrs. Phenix. In notice of their stay in Valparaiso the following article was published in a local paper:

#### *The Frigate Merrimack*

Translated from the “*Mercurio*” Valparaiso

“The large and very beautiful Frigate *Merrimack*, of the Navy of the United States, being about to leave, within a few days, we give timely notice to the fair Ladies of Santiago, who find



themselves at present at Valparaiso, enjoying the bathing season, that they may, at the earliest moment, hasten to visit her, with the assurance that they will see the largest and noblest ship that has ever ploughed the waters of the Pacific Ocean, yielding only in dimensions, to the Niagara, another steam frigate of the North American Navy. We advise them incidentally that the Officers of the Merrimack, by the cordiality and politeness of their manners towards all persons who have been to visit the Steamer, have acquired the title of '*Extreme courtesy and gallantry*' and consequently they may feel secure beforehand of a good reception."

Once started, the Merrimack proceeded leisurely, under sail, up the long coast of Chili towards Peru. On March 13th, they dropped anchor in the "quiet roadstead" of the Bay of Pisco "to look after the interests of our guano fleet at the Chincha islands." Here they remained two days during which Francis was despatched ashore to pay the Commodore's respects to the Governor of that place. He enjoyed a horseback ride to the inland town and had a pleasant interview with the Governor. The next day they got underweigh for Callao and, in the afternoon of March 16th, anchored off San Lorenzo, in a dense fog. The next day, with the lifting of the fog they moved into and anchored in the harbor of Callao near the French frigate Eurydice. Immediately after the salute to the Commodore's flag visits of ceremony commenced. The following day Francis was sent to Lima to wait on Mr. Clay, the resident minister and arrange for an interview with the Commodore. The trip was made "by the cars, six miles in about half an hour." Very different from the horseback journey of years ago. Mr. Clay returned with him that afternoon and brought his little boy "very absurdly dressed like a Spanish page on the stage. I volunteered to take charge of him, but soon repented of my bargain and expected he would break his neck down the ladders before it was over and, as he was an 'only child,' the responsibility was still more onerous." Mr. Clay left about 4 o'clock and, on his invitation, Francis and the purser returned with him to Lima and were entertained at dinner. The night spent at the local hotel was made hideous by the prevalence of fleas. The next day there

were visits from the General of Marine, with a large Suite, and from the family of the Minister of War. Evidently the Merrimack's reputation had spread. For some two weeks longer they remained in the bay of Callao, changing anchorage once or twice to off San Lorenzo island for target and boat practice. There were some more entertainments and then the usual official visits preparatory to their departure.

During all of this stay, Commodore Long was unable to go ashore but continued crippled, even the exertions of a few friends for dinner so upsetting him that a day in bed would follow. On April 3rd, they finally got away and the next day Francis writes that they are "running down before the wind for Payta where we may pass a week, on our way to Panama; bright and pleasant weather and smooth water."

#### TO PAYTA AND PANAMA

"On Thursday afternoon (April 8th) we anchored in this quiet harbor. Our great frigate is a Leviathan among the small coasting craft. Not a tree, not a shrub to be seen along the whole line of barren cliffs that form the harbor — it never rains but once perhaps in four or five years." Official calls took Francis ashore with the captain. "Sandflies and mosquitos were quite annoying ashore and we were glad to escape and get back to our quarters aboard ship." Thus, on the 12th, they sailed away from Payta and its sandy cliffs without much regret.

After an uneventful run of seven days, under an equatorial sun and temperature, the Merrimack steamed up the bay of Panama and anchored near the island of Toboga, about nine miles from the town, a healthier location than near the city and with less risk of fever. The Commodore by this time was in somewhat better shape, having had no recurrence of the inflammation of his knee, but Francis doubts whether he will be able to leave the ship while in Panama.

The better mail facilities at this port is a welcome factor to Francis and he looks forward to receiving letters of recent dates. He writes picturing his wife and children comfortably settled in the old town of Salem, N.C. (birthplace of Arthur Winslow) where they had so frequently sojourned. He sends messages to



old friends there. "I like to think of the old tavern, with its long porticos and pleasant shade trees for the children to play under. — I look back upon the calm and tranquil months we passed there as to a period of contentment and peaceful repose. I shall always remember my last look at the old building, as the stage descended the hill, the day I left you. — I feel more inclined to settle at Salem than any place I have been." After a few days stay at Toboga island the Merrimack steamed up to within about three miles of the town and anchored near the coal depot on one of the small islands.

Francis was, as usual busied with official calls, holding court martials and preparing signal books for the Decatur and the Vandalia, which were both in the harbor. He finds the climate very debilitating and himself rather overworked with his numerous duties. Here in Panama Francis received letters from Fayetteville, via Aspinwall and across the isthmus, only two weeks after date. "We have traversed so many thousand miles to reach this position that I find it difficult to realize we are so near home." While here the California steamer Golden Age commanded by Captain Watkins came in; he had previously been in command of the ill-fated San Francisco. They exchanged calls and Francis found his description of the disaster to the San Francisco deeply interesting. Some of the Merrimack officers were invited to dine on the Golden Age and Francis describes her as "a magnificent steamer nearly as large as the Merrimack and kept in the most beautiful order." The dinner was "very nice, but the *ice* the greatest luxury."

Court martials were constant "all for the same class of offenses; whiskey is the root of all evil in the Naval service," and on Sunday, May 16th, he writes: "I feel thankful for another day of rest, thankful for the conclusion of the most disagreeable week of duty this cruise has as yet had in store for me and thankful it is over." The court was in session all of the week, each day all of the morning until three in the afternoon. "I have been compelled to discharge a painful duty and hope it may never fall to my share again." This distress was due to the findings of the court martial which involved dismissal of several officers from the service, including his friend McDonough.

“ Yesterday afternoon, about sunset, the *Golden Age* went to sea. She passed quite close to us and her decks were literally crowded with human beings, over 1200 passengers on their way to California. They cheered us most heartily as they passed and our men replied; besides we gave them ‘ *Auld Lang Syne* ’ with the band. She is truly a magnificent specimen of a sea steamer.” While here Francis was much disturbed to hear of the financial losses of his wife’s uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins of Fayetteville. He writes with much concern and sympathy for them and urges that they join his wife and children in Salem as his guests. The stay at Panama continued peaceful and without special events.

“ I have remained quietly on board during the past week, writing a little for the Commodore occasionally, reading a little and passing two or three hours on deck, particularly the evenings.” There was very little rain, despite the “ rainy season.” He enjoyed the fruit, especially the pineapples and oranges, “ the pines are the finest I ever tasted and never require any sugar.” The Commodore was gradually improving and Francis thinks he will be able to make an inspection of the squadron in Panama before they leave. “ I hope he will for the sake of his reputation in Washington.”

There was considerable impatience to get away from Panama. The weather was hot and the rains increasing. There was much sickness among the officers and one of the engineers had died and had been buried ashore. The court martial had rid the ship of a number of “ vulnerables ” from excessive drinking and “ we shall leave this harbor a more efficient ship than we left Boston. Ammen, Parker, Davis, Breese, and Ramsay are our watch officers now and a Mr. Porcher, a young man from South Carolina is Master.” Despite the character of his duties, Francis was feeling far from well, and exposure to the sun almost invariably induced a nervous headache. “ There is very little I am fit for in the way of my profession, which requires a stronger constitution than mine ”; but, he writes “ all we want is a change of climate to set us up; the cool trade wind of the south Pacific will reinvigorate us all.” This after two months sojourn in this fetid climate.



Delay was further caused by fresh courts martial for drunkenness of other officers of the squadron. "Whisky is the root of all evils in the Navy." An officer of the Decatur was ordered to "return to the United States — dishonored and disgraced, he a young man of only two or three and twenty, and married not long since to a young and pretty wife." Francis felt much sympathy for the wives of these delinquents, one of whom he had known in Boston. He trembles to think "what may be the destiny of our poor little Sallie" (then little over a year old), but concludes that "this is looking rather far into the future." Finally, on June 15th, the Merrimack weighed anchor and stood out of Panama bay, happy in having previously just received the last mail from home via Aspinwall.

#### IN PAYTA

Running down the coast with the aid of steam, even with the head winds then prevailing, the ship in a few days passed out of the heat and humidity of the coast of Colombia and, by June 21st, was anchored off Tumbez on the Gulf of Guayaquil, for water and fresh supplies. This run strongly impressed Francis with the advantages of steam. The Decatur, which sailed from Panama the day before the Merrimack, was then still held in the rain and light head winds of the gulf of Panama and might not reach the coast of Peru for two or three weeks. On June 26th, they anchored again in the harbor of Payta, nearly colliding with a small Peruvian war steamer in the operation. The relief on arriving at this port, with its dry climate and refreshing breezes, was very great and Francis, as well as all on board, including poor, crippled Commodore Long, immediately felt the effects.

The days were bright, followed by moonlight nights, when deck walking while on watch was a real pleasure. Though farther from home and with longer delays in letters, the mail service was still very good, as a line of steamers was even then in operation between Panama and Callao to the south. And Francis was, as always, insatiable in his appetite for home letters. Equally so was his solicitude for his family's welfare and for knowledge of their doings. "I wish you would try and tell me more about the chil-

dren. I like to hear all they say and do and how they look. How does Franky's mouth appear without the tooth he has lost; has Cammy got over that peculiarity in his eye? I hope your next letter will tell me how you are passing your time at Salem. You must try and have some riding, or some carriage driving two or three times a week."

The Fourth of July was duly celebrated while here, much to Francis' discomfort as caterer of the mess. It involved, first, the preparation for quite a large dinner party, including a number of guests from ashore. Having no steward and only an indifferent cook the difficulties were great and the results ominous. Food was hard to obtain and of inferior quality. "I woke up at daylight in an anxious frame of mind." The first advice was that the "deputy cook had spilled the coffee and broken half the eggs," next was the report that the fish was insufficient and the beef sent off was the worst ever. Trips ashore proved fruitless, but ice arrived before the dinner hour. However, the soup "proved good as usual, champagne and ice was served and everybody was in good humour," the fish was made to suffice and the meat course following included "roast turkey, beef-a-la-mode, boiled lamb, roast and boiled fowls and ham etc." Surely not starvation! "The pumpkin pies were good, the sponge cake proved delicious, but, by the time the desert came, all hands were so well served with wine it was almost beyond their appreciation." Patriotic toasts were drunk. "The purser was in his element and made lots of fun for us. Altogether the results were beyond our warmest expectations. The sailors had an extra allowance of grog and there was little or no trouble from it. In the evening we had a very good performance of 'Ethiopean Minstrels' from among the men, aided by the band. — We were all amused and so ended the celebration of our anniversary."

Soon after this the British Line of Battle Ship *Ganges* arrived with another English vessel and, as "the harbor seems too small for two admirals, we are under orders to sail Saturday, much to our annoyance." At this time there was some dispute with England on the "Visit question" and it was deemed best not to keep in close company with their ships, for fear of unpleasant remarks between the crews. Nevertheless "the usual courtesies



have been interchanged between the flag ships " and the officers met as heretofore in the most cordial and friendly manner.

#### IN CALLAO

On July 10th, the Merrimack, in company with the Decatur, left the harbor of Payta, exchanging parting salutes and courtesies with the English ships as they passed out. As souvenirs of their stay they took with them a tame deer, a small kid, four sheep, and several dozen fowl, the last two items, alas, doomed to early extinction in the galley. After contending with head winds for a few days, the Commodore ordered the engines started. They soon parted company with the Decatur and, after a pleasant cruise, steamed into the harbor of Callao on July 17th.

A principal object of the visit to this port at this time was to press the release of two American ships which were being illegally detained by the government of Peru. Nevertheless the reception extended the Merrimack was most cordial and there were the usual exchanges of courtesies. The President of Peru, General Castilla was away at the time of arrival, but in a few days he arrived on a Peruvian steam frigate. " As he passed our ship we manned the yards and gave him the national salute of 21 guns, and, when he landed later in the afternoon, he was again honored by the manning of the yards and cheering. You couldn't imagine we had come to press a claim against the government of Peru." Francis attended Captain Hitchcock on a formal visit to the President whom he describes as " a smart little old gentleman of seventy three years age. He received us in the cabin of the frigate dressed in a rich uniform of a general officer, with boots and spurs."

The stay in Callao was early made joyous by the arrival of the steamer from Panama with a " double allowance of mail." In addition to two letters of June from his wife, Francis received one each from " Aunty," " Mother," " George," and the " Squire." " I was in such a state of excitement I could hardly read them coolly." But, soon after, life was made horrible for him by a constant succession of official visitors, beginning with an " Ambassador from Ecuador " followed by a Peruvian admiral, both of whom required attention and more or less personal

service. The next day President Castilla made a formal visit on the Commodore and Francis had to be in attendance as an interpreter and guide over the ship.

Generally these guests arrived at the dinner hour, or they were entertained at dinner, with wine and toasts. A party of French officers was also received and, in the intervals, there were trips to Lima on official business. Francis was much harassed and found little or no time to attend to his writing and ordinary occupations. As a last straw he was made: "Treasurer of the Dramatic Corps, now being organized among the crew." Thus the stay in Callao was prolonged with routine duties.

A small excitement was caused by the unwarranted arrest of an American seaman by an officer of the Peruvian frigate, because of some rudeness. Francis was sent immediately by the Commodore to the Peruvian ship to ask explanation and to demand release. He met with courteous reception and apologies and the man was immediately freed. The American "Merchant Captains were all pacified and felt the advantage of having a fine frigate here to protect their rights." A visit to Lima was made, where he was formally entertained at dinner by the Minister, Mr. Clay, and, later, spent the evening most pleasantly with the family of Mr. Caverly, the Secretary of the Legation.

For several days the ship was moved to off the island of San Lorenzo, about four miles from the town, where they could engage in gun practice with freedom. This included also night practice with boats and with targets lit up with tar barrels: "we beat to quarters and fired two broadsides at them just as fast as we would engage a real battery. In the darkness on shore we could only see the flash and hear the report of the shell as it burst, but this morning the targets were all in rents from the firing." They also had "a grand boat expedition, landing the small arms men, guns and marines for exercise in San Lorenzo. The band went with them and the whole effect was very pretty. The Commodore witnessed the parade from the cabin window."

Some two weeks longer were spent at Callao, during which three visits were made to Lima where much hospitality was enjoyed, especially with his friends, the Caverlys. There were



dinner parties and box parties at the opera and also a ball to which Francis escorted Mrs. Caverly, while the complacent husband gave much of his time to running to and fro, from the ball to his home, to report to his dancing but, nevertheless, solicitous wife how the baby was faring. In return there were dinners and lunches given by the Commodore aboard the ship. One day, the Caverly baby was brought on board the Merrimack to be christened, and this was followed by dancing.

There was also a performance by the ship's Dramatic Company which was quite creditable and amusing. Further there was a theatrical performance on the British Frigate *Ganges* which Francis and several others attended. "They have better actors and scenery than we have and the farce was very droll indeed." Thus the time seems to have been passed pleasantly. As a final outburst there was celebrated, on August 31st, the birthday of the President, General Castilla. This was concluded by a grand ball at the palace in Lima. To this Francis and all of the officers were invited; in fact the sailing of the ship had been delayed, on the request of Minister Clay, in order that the officers might add to the glamour of the occasion. This concluded, on the morning of September 1st, the Merrimack was ready to sail on a long voyage to the Sandwich Islands. "We shall employ some thirty days reaching the islands, spend the month of October there and employ another month getting over to the coast of Mexico again. You must not feel uneasy if you do not hear from me again for three months. — I feel now as if we were starting on a fresh cruise." Such was navy life in those days.

#### THE VOYAGE TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS

"At one o'clock the frigate was once more, under all her canvas, moving gracefully out of the harbor, which by sunset had disappeared in the clouds and mists astern." But, though the start was so serene, poor Francis, by the next morning, was suffering from a severe stomach attack, attributed to his late shore festivities, supplemented by the motion of the ship. This laid him low for four days so that he was not able to be up and about until the 5th. Then, for two weeks, there was continu-

ously fine weather and pleasant sailing. This period was to him full of reminiscences of his home leaving a year ago, which he dwells on with much melancholy. On Sept. 6th was his 40th birthday, duly celebrated by the mess, and he writes; "now I am entering on the descending scale of the four score years allotted to man; my cruise is indeed half over under the most liberal allowance. All my wants have been so amply provided for during the past forty years I cannot but feel confidence and the reasonable assurance that a kind Providence will also dispose all things for our welfare for the future." Within four years from this writing was the end. By a curious coincidence Commodore Long's birthday, his 63rd, was on the 5th, the day preceding Francis'. He, poor man, celebrated it on "arrow-root and toast water, having commenced early with rhubarb and magnesia." He continued in poor health; a year had passed since his accident and he seemed no better, his leg was constantly bandaged and he could be on deck only occasionally, "but I do not think he has the slightest idea of giving up his squadron."

The weather continued fine until the last part of September, when, after crossing the Equator, the ship passed gradually out of the southeast trade winds, with their clear sky, smooth sea and lovely moonlight nights, into the region of variable winds, close and oppressive atmosphere, with heavy clouds and frequent rains. Francis occupied himself with reading and writing much of the time, which he could enjoy, thanks to his quarters and desk in the cabin.

Supplies also began to run short when still over 1000 miles from their destination; salt meat and heavy bread were the stand-bys, with rice and beans for a change; other vegetables were all gone and the weather was very enervating. By early in October, however, the weather improved and there were clear, bright and cooler days.

By the 9th, the mountains of Hawaii were visible among the clouds on the western horizon; "the sky almost without a cloud and the sea as smooth as the Mediterranean in mid-summer; a gentle breeze fanning us gradually onwards to our destination. — We had a rich beautiful sunset last night and afterwards the new moon and the comet both illuminated the western sky for



some hours." But, " forty days at sea today — quite long enough for any one voyage."

Finally, with the aid of steam, to supplement the light winds, the Merrimack came to anchor in the outer roads of the harbor of Honolulu on October 12th. Soon after, Francis was ashore with Captain Hitchcock making the round of official calls. " The place seems like an American town; nothing but American names on the signs; stores looking as if they had been taken up from some New England village and dropped down here, just as we saw them; residences with shady courts in front and surrounded by piazzas, like those of our southern towns." Very little of the " cannibal islands " left, apparently, even at that early date. The most important piece of news which they heard on arrival here, was the successful inauguration of the " electric telegraph " to England.

#### ELEVEN DAYS IN HONOLULU

Eleven days were spent in Honolulu and a week of this was in residence ashore. Some old friends of Commodore Long's and many acquaintances and children of old shipmates were stationed or residents here and he and his officers were received with much warmth and hospitality. For some unexplained reason he, at least while here, is designated as the " Admiral " by Francis.

At the instance of a Mr. and Mrs. Austin, connections of Mrs. Long's, the Admiral was induced to move ashore and take up residence at the hospitable home of a Mrs. Ladd, where the Austins also were domiciled. This was no easy operation for the old gentleman in his crippled condition. Nevertheless he insisted upon going over the side and down the ladder-way to his barge, without the use of the chair and rigging which had been prepared, and, at the dock, he was met by a low hung carriage which transported him comfortably to Mrs. Ladd's, where he was met by Mrs. Austin and all the ladies of the establishment, who soon had him installed in a comfortable lounging chair.

" Mrs. Ladd's house stands on the outskirts of the town fronting towards a green valley, with ranges of hills on either side. The usual trade wind blowing down the valley gives the situation always a refreshing breeze." The house was a two storied



COMMODORE J. C. LONG, U. S. N., ABOUT 1856





building, recently erected from materials brought from America, "the doors and windows all having been made in Boston and sent out in the hold of some ship." The Admiral was established in "a nice little parlor and chamber, comfortably furnished and opening on the veranda." — "The walls were covered with French paper, the floors with cool straw mattings and all had the aspect of quiet home comfort." Francis, who accompanied the Admiral, was provided with a nice chamber overhead "and having enjoyed nothing neat or nice elsewhere it was a great pleasure to take possession of my quarters and unpack my little valise."

Once established, there followed a succession of receptions and entertainments of all kinds which continued, apparently, almost uninterruptedly during the whole week. In these the Admiral could, of course, take little part, but he had many visitors and there were serenades in his honor. Francis was, however, very actively engaged, so much so that he was well nigh exhausted at the end of the sojourn. They enjoyed the home food, the melons and oranges and also the beef steaks, corn bread and butter, rich milk and delicious coffee. Forty days at sea were good preparation for this.

The ship's band was much in evidence, having been brought ashore to provide music for banquets and dances. They apparently did yeoman's service and were much appreciated and well treated in return. Some of the native dignitaries were also present including a prince of the reigning family, brother of Kamchameha 4th, and a Mrs. Bishop, who had recently married a young American banker. Francis also enjoyed several horse-back rides into the surrounding country and relished the scenes and the "pretty white cottages with green blinds and shady verandas, most of them having pretty flower gardens — honeysuckle and flowering vines were trained to the pillars and lattices of the verandas and the whole seemed a combination of New England neatness with our Southern style."

It was with much regret that this vacation week came to an end and the "old gentleman" had to be transported to the landing and embarked on his barge. As there was considerable motion when along side of the ship the Admiral consented to make use



of his "chair" in which he was safely hoisted and deposited on his quarter deck. With a nice consideration, and in conformity with naval traditions, he was received with "all the honors as if it was an official visit to the ship. The officers were all on deck with their epaulettes, the guard presented arms, the drums rolled and the band played one of the national anthems. He seemed much affected with his reception." One can imagine the solace to his feelings, after having been ignominiously hoisted on deck from the barge in his invalid chair.

Thus, after the week ashore, "about 4 P.M. Saturday afternoon (23rd), the ship was underway and steaming out around Point Daimond, against a fresh breeze. A rich sunset subsequently added its mellow influence to our last impressions of the serrated hills, the green slopes, white villas and pleasant abodes of Honolulu. I think we felt more regret at leaving this place than any we have visited since leaving Boston. Here we were essentially among our own countrymen."

#### BACK TO MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA

"Wednesday morning October 27th. Mild smooth weather with a light breeze from the N.W. We have now got settled down again into our old sea habits, a little writing in the mornings and reading our newspapers after dinner." And the voyage eastward continued thus tranquilly, with little variation, for nearly a month. Towards the latter part, the sudden death of an old seaman from a ruptured artery cast a gloom over the ship. "The funeral took place next afternoon; the services were very impressive and the sun was just sinking beneath the 'western wave' as the remains, with a sullen plunge, descended to the fathomless depths of the great ocean around us."

Another cause of concern was the sickness and practical collapse of Mr. Belknap, the purser, an old friend and shipmate of Francis' who had been with him on the *Saratoga*, when he himself was so incapacitated. Ordinarily the purser had been the life of the wardroom, full of fun and always helpful and sympathetic. To see him wan, suffering and despondent was a sad sight. The surgeon decided he was a victim of heart trouble and some sharp attacks were quite alarming. All of his duties were suspended and

he was ordered to leave the ship at the next port and to proceed home on sick-leave. Much distressed though Francis was at this prospect of losing his friend, "I cannot help feeling as if I would willingly be going with him." This feeling is strengthened by the fact that the last letter he had received from home was one from his wife dated August 1st, nearly four months old.

"Sunday November 21st. The past week has been pleasant and tranquil as usual and this morning the coast of Mexico was in sight at sunrise, with one lofty volcanic peak towering over the rest." Thence the Merrimack sailed down the western coast and, three days later, "dropped our anchor in this quiet and beautiful harbor" of Acapulco. A boat with Francis was immediately dispatched to the shore and the consul's for accumulated mail, and he soon returned with three large letter bags. Great was his joy and also his gratitude to learn that all was well with his family, and, though the summer had had its trials and troubles, his wife was then safely returned to Wilmington "under the maternal roof." The last letter was of as late a date as November 2nd, "besides there is one from 'uncle' one from 'mother' and two from 'squire' (full of poetry, good-will and nonsense)."

About ten days were spent in Acapulco and Francis was busied with official and other letter writing. There were also visitors aboard including the Governor, the Captain of the Port and the English Consul, accompanied by ladies. They were shown the usual courtesies and salutes.

"Saturday afternoon the steamer 'Golden Age' came in from San Francisco, crowded with passengers who cheered us with the greatest enthusiasm as she passed. Soon after I took our mail bag on board and secured room for the purser, who went on board about sunset. To see the ladies and children playing about in the saloon and the upper deck under the awning made me forget our distance from home. — After taking leave of the purser and the four midshipmen, who were all homeward bound also, I returned aboard. About seven o'clock she passed us again, going out; a blue light was burned and a rocket sent up from both vessels and our band gave them 'Auld Lang Syne' and 'Home Sweet Home' and the passengers cheered us again; then



the Oregon for Tehuantepec went out with the same ceremonies and then the quiet night reigned once more on the bay and the silent stars were reflected from the tranquil surface as from the bosom of some little, land-locked and inland lake."

#### IN REALIJO

On December 1st, 1858, the Merrimack steamed out of the harbor of Acapulco and proceeded leisurely down the coast, enjoying a smooth sea and cloudless sky. Francis' letter during this voyage deals largely with his home affairs and plans for his family. He is especially concerned with the straitened circumstances of his wife's uncle and aunt Wilkins, with whom they had always stayed in Fayetteville. He urges that his wife join forces with them and carry a share of the household expenses and render all other pecuniary help that the old people would accept and that their own small income would permit. He recommends the making over of his old uniforms into suits for his small boys, as a measure of economy, they then being of the ages of four and seven, — quite a transformation this must have been.

During the evening of December 7th, they came to and anchored outside of a little island off the harbor of Realijo, Nicaragua, and signalled the Decatur which was lying inside. Not for several days, however, was the ship able to make a permanent berth inside as, with the aid of a pilot, soundings had first to be made and buoys put down "so that we may take this great ship safely in under the shelter of the island." The morning of the 12th, however, "we steamed slowly in to a sheltered position in a beautiful, land-locked harbor, mooring ship again about half a mile from the Decatur. As we are to remain here probably some two or three months, it is fortunate we are here in the dry and healthy season. For a tropical climate nothing can be more delightful than our present weather,—a dry and refreshing breeze blows most of the time from the north east. — Milk, eggs and chickens are to be had in abundance" and later oranges, pine-apples, "paltas," and bananas are promised. Nevertheless, in the last part of this letter, he writes of a mild type of intermittent fever as having made its appearance with the crew.

The first week after this arrival was quite a busy one. First "Her Majesty's Steamer Vixen" in attempting to enter the harbor grounded on a bar. The launch from the Merrimack, provided with a cable and anchor was sent immediately to her assistance and, with the rising tide, she was floated and steamed into the harbor. She had on board the British Envoy to Nicaragua, Sir William Ousely and his family, en route to Leon. There followed an exchange of visits and other courtesies between the two ships, including a serenade one evening by the Merrimack's band, in the cutter moored near the Vixen.

"The secretary of the Legation, being a brother-in-law of Wainwright, he asked me to go on board the Vixen with him and spend the evening. Of course I assented and we had a very pleasant time. There was a new moon and delightful breeze from the land, so the ladies were sitting under the awnings on the quarter deck, just as you used to in the Mississippi. Some of the Vixen's crew, who sing very well, gave us an extempore concert of comic and sentimental songs. The gentlemen smoked and all was very easy and cheerful."

The next morning Francis was up at daylight and started in the barge up one of the small rivers to meet the American Minister. At that early hour it was cool and pleasant and they proceeded rapidly at first, with the rising tide. "The river narrowed as we ascended, the banks low and covered with a dense and impenetrable forest of mangrove and other tropical trees; the water seemed alive with fish and the air was vocal with the birds." The stream soon became so narrow that the oars had to be laid in and paddles used. The landing was at a plantation and there Francis was met by a guide, with a saddle horse, who conducted him some three miles along a narrow forest road to the house where he met the Minister, who had come from Leon the preceding evening. The Minister was a General Lamar, a man "about sixty years old, short, rather square built, with a ruddy complexion, blue eyes and gray hair. He looked rather wearied with the journey." He was a citizen of Texas and had been at one time its president. After a not very tempting breakfast the party started on the return trip. "The General preceded on a stout mule; he wore a



broad straw hat and had his shirt collar open (without a cravat) and carried his coat across the pommel of his saddle."

The sun was oppressive and all were glad to reach the boat and to glide down the stream under its awning. "As we approached the frigate the old gentleman began to make his toilet by buttoning his shirt collar; then he produced a black stock and finally a black dress coat and began to be very uncomfortable."

"When the men began to 'lay-aloft' to 'man the yards,' he enquired, with much naïveté, what they were going to do *that* for, and was surprised to find it was in honor of his arrival. Of course he was received with all the usual honors and conducted to the cabin. — The Minister said little but apparently devoted himself to the duty of making up for a very indifferent breakfast" from the nice little collation which had been prepared, including ham and cold turkey. The officers were introduced and "it was a very pleasant party." Afterwards the General was transferred to the Vixen to visit the Ouselys, old friends of his.

Following this excursion, the next day, Francis made a similar expedition in the barge to the town of Realijo to visit the President of Nicaragua. This involved passage up another small river a distance of about four miles to a point about a mile from the town. Here Francis awaited the arrival of the President. "The President made his *entrée* while I was there: a small detachment of the Nicaraguan army, preceded by a band of music, forming the escort for the occasion. The men all seemed of the Indian race and their uniform seemed appropriate to the climate, a blue cotton sack and trousers with straw hats and sandals on their feet; their arms and equipment were apparently in good condition."

The President, Martines, was a young man, reserved and not very much at ease in his new position. After exchange of courtesies and the offer of a boat to visit the frigate, Francis returned to the ship. The response to this visit and invitation was not long in coming and is amusingly described by Francis as follows:

"This is the most primitive harbor in appearance we have as yet been anchored in. The shores are covered with trees nearly down to the water's edge, and the only appearance of civilization consists of two or three buildings on the shore, near our anchor-

age. The largest of these, having an upper story with an overhanging veranda, was 'occupied' on Thursday night by H.E. the President and his Suite, with the detachment of soldiers and the band below. Not wishing to dazzle us by any unusual display on the water, they came down in their large canoes (or 'bungos') quietly by moonlight and took possession. With the exception of two or three old chairs the building is destitute of furniture. On Friday he sent off two of the 'Cabinet' and some of his officers to see the ship, intimating that he would come himself the following morning. Everyone who came on board was treated politely and conducted round the ship. You will hardly credit that our own Minister, without much ceremony, abandoned the arrangements prepared for him in our large, airy cabin and actually hung up his grass hammock ashore, in a room at one end of the building occupied by these Nicaraguans, and which was also in the temporary possession of the Gunner of the Decatur, a confirmed invalid. Surrounded as he was by these natives, of course he could not be presumed to be engaged in any grave diplomatic duties, or supposed to be engaged concerting with the Commander in Chief, the measures for the future, and the possible advantage and influence derived from our appearance here may thus be entirely lost by the undignified conduct of our Agent. The truth is, the usual wholesome restraints and proprieties of refined life are now very irksome if not intolerable to this simple minded old man and it is also rumored that he imbibes very freely the 'strong waters,' but I have never seen him under the influence of alcoholic excitement and rather think that the dignified propriety of the Flag Officer's deportment made him feel uncomfortable in his presence and so he went ashore. In consideration (probably) of its being your birthday (which was thus celebrated, like Queen Victoria's, with a Royal Salute of twenty-one guns) the President of Nicaragua decided to come on board on Saturday the 18th. At noon, I landed in the barge and escorted him down to the boat. Three of the Cabinet also went off in the barge with us and a crowd of officers followed us in another boat. The ship must have made a fine impression on him. After visiting the Flag Officer, he was conducted round the ship in the usual way. Some of the Nicaraguan ladies were on



board: their appearance was not calculated to make one abjure his religion or forsake his friends and country. On returning to the cabin a little collation was served, cold ham, turkey etc. The President was placed on the right of the Flag Officer and General Lamar next to him. The Ministers were on the other side. The ladies were seated round the cabin, as many of the rest of the crowd as could squeeze in were standing at the table. The majority of those present, probably, saw silver forks for the first time. The officers helped the ladies and to some extent the crowd around them and the heat was oppressive in the cabin and we were glad when it was over. You may see a long account of it in the Herald, for the correspondent of that paper may have been there, and, perhaps not having been duly fed and honored, may give a very acid account of it to the public. The barge was then manned and the President took his leave with the usual honors and considerably impressed with the weight of the guns with which his ears were deafened, as he received the parting salute. Then he went to the 'Decatur,' where he was received in similar style, remained half an hour, and then I landed him on the shore again. Towards evening he sent the band to visit the ship and serenade us, and, during the night, His Excellency silently evacuated the Barracks on the point without 'beat of drum,' and the whole detachment went up the river with the rising tide, and vanished as they came.

"Yesterday, having a communication to deliver at the 'U.S. Legation,' I went ashore, but found the old gentleman had vacated the 'Barracks.' After a while I found him established in the open air on the shady side of another building. A plank placed on two barrels constituted his table at which he was writing (seated on an empty box, in his shirt sleeves) and the Archives of the 'Legation' spread out before him, while a bottle of Aquardiente, or native rum, was standing also at his elbow. The 'tout ensemble' would have made a capital caricature, but would never have been realized to be an actual sketch from Nature. He came aboard at sunset and passed the night in the cabin (bringing the bottle with him) but went ashore again before breakfast this morning. How he obtains his meals (or whether he eats at all) is quite unknown. The people are paying

about \$1,000 per month for his distinguished services. You can form an idea how much of it he expends in these regions."

Christmas of this year was celebrated by a dinner in the ward-room and later by a performance of the Dramatic Association, which was attended by the Commander and the officers of the *Vixen*, and followed by appropriate refreshments and toasts. Francis had to absent himself from the dinner because the "Legation" came on board and requested to be conveyed up the river on his way to Leon. So Francis escorted him in the barge "with the saddle bags containing the Archives" and delivered him at the landing, where the old general mounted horse and rode away. When they reached the ship "the hills around the bay were glowing with the mellow light of a real Italian sunset, such as we have seen at Naples."

New Year's day, of 1859, was marked by the visit of a "very respectable party from Chinandega, a small town about 3 leagues from Realijo"; there were ladies, children and men, descendants from the Indian and Spanish races, with clear, dark complexions and handsome eyes and hair. They were hospitably entertained with dances and refreshments by the Captain and officers. "Before sunset they all left the ship, having four miles to row to Realijo and then eight or nine miles to ride in a rough ox waggon to reach their homes."

Francis was continually busy here with the preparation of despatches and orders for the Admiral. There seemed to be a constant flow of these. He found the work congenial, however, and suited to his strength and faculties, though it induced frequent headaches. "I need not assure you that I continue to experience the same consideration and unfeigned kindness in all my associations, both official and personal, with our good old friend, as ever, and it is a great satisfaction to realize that by saving him a great deal of mental labor in the preparation and elaboration of all his official correspondence — I am in some small degree repaying his past kindness towards us 'in Auld Lang Syne.' He suffers great lassitude and languor now, from this climate, has very little appetite and little enjoyment of his life." There seemed no improvement of his knee trouble. The weather continued fine and the health of the crew was good,



“ only ten or twelve under the doctor’s care among the 600 souls on board.” The food supply was good and bountiful and cheap and altogether Realijo seemed a good place in which to have to make a long stay.

In response to cordial invitations Francis and the captain visited their native friends in Chinandega, proceeding there on horseback, a distance of some ten miles. They were warmly received but the accommodations were quite primitive. Their rooms were in a separate adobe building, without ceiling and open to the rafters and red tiled roof. The windows were without glass, but heavily shuttered. The floor was of brick without matting and the furnishing consisted of three chairs, a small table and cot without mattress covered with a linen sheet and coverlet. The pillow was hard as a rock and the night so cold that he had to wrap himself in his travelling shawl. Such nights were not very restful and lavatory water was scarce. However, they were sufficiently fed and the warmth of the hospitality, the pleasant walks and rides, and sociable games of chess and backgammon with the ladies “ made it a very pleasant visit.” Nevertheless they were glad to get back to the ship and a comfortable bed and were rejoiced to find long delayed letters from home awaiting them.

The month of February was passed quietly at anchor off Realijo. There were the customary routine duties and there were a number of visitors, including some pleasant ladies, principally from Chinandega. They came to see the ship and were entertained at meals and with dancing. Among others were a Mr. and Mrs. Russell from Worcester, Massachusetts, who came across the country from Greytown where they had arrived on a ship from New York which had brought a cargo belonging to Mr. Russell. “ Being recently married the young lady thought it would be romantic to accompany him ” (her husband) . She left a very pleasant impression on Francis and all of the officers, including Captain Hitchcock and the “ Old Gentleman ” who entertained them cordially.

Washington’s birthday was celebrated by dinners in the ward-room and in the cabin, and there were visitors aboard; afterwards there was a demonstration on the “ parade ground ”

ashore, "where the Merrimack's landing parties (organized as a battalion of infantry) were exercising. It was very pleasant and shady; the gleam of the arms among the trees, the evolutions of the men and the music of the band, softened by the echoes, made a very agreeable combination."

There was at that time some fear of hostilities between the Nicaraguans and the United States and, apparently, our naval vessels were under instructions to investigate the situation. Francis was sent on one mission of inquiry to the neighboring towns, but found no evidence of ill-will but all cordiality and friendliness. Among other entertainments was a performance by the Dramatic Club, which was well attended by friends from ashore and by the officers of the Vixen and Decatur. The plays given were: "Charles the Twelfth," "Idiot Witness," and "Raising the Wind." "For the first time the Flag Officer went up on deck to see the performance."

The occasion of the Russells' departure on the steamer for their home, was made quite an event. Francis went to Realijo in the gig to bring them aboard the Merrimack, where the captain gave up his own stateroom for their benefit. They were entertained in the cabin by the Admiral and had all their meals there for two days, with the exception of one complimentary breakfast in the wardroom, "by invitation of the Mess and, altogether, her presence on board has been an agreeable event productive of pleasant associations." After the arrival of the steamer, the Russells were escorted on board by the captain and Francis and, as the steamer passed out the band played "Home Sweet Home" and "there was an affectionate waving of handkerchiefs both sides. The presence of a lady of our own land has been a bright spot in our sojourn of three months past at this uninteresting locality."

Soon after the Russells' departure, the family of Sir William Ousely came down from Leon and embarked on the Vixen for Costa Rica. Before she sailed, a gala theatrical performance was given on the Vixen which Francis describes as very fine. The deck was handsomely draped with flags, the stage was large and "the scenery much better than ours." The Ouselys sat on a raised platform, he with his star and ribbon, and she in black



silk. All the officers wore their epaulettes. The plays were: "Charles Second," a comedy, some songs and "a laughable farce called 'Sarah's Young Men.' Our acting is quite equal to theirs, but their scenes, decorations and dresses would be creditable anywhere on the stage." Refreshments were served, including a punch. "Captain Lambert (of the Vixen), the English Consul and the Secretary of the Legation all gave out before the play was over and were put to bed. I believe all our officers came off from the engagement safely, though some of us had our headaches next day. I was teased into taking just one wine glass of strong rum punch and found next morning it was just one too much." The Vixen left the next morning and quiet once more reigned over the harbor.

The week following these events Francis and Captain Hitchcock made another visit to their friends in Chinandega and spent an entire week there. The stay was much enjoyed and the time was spent in the usual amenities: informal dinners, a dance and numerous excursions on horseback in the cool of the evenings into the surrounding country. Francis found Captain Hitchcock a very agreeable companion and came to esteem him more and more. "Few flagships have presented the example of such perfect harmony between the officers highest in rank on board. We shall finish this cruise, I think without any trouble. The Old Gentleman seems much as usual; he goes out on the gun deck now most every day for an hour — and is quite cheerful." On Sunday the 13th, after the return from Chinandega, Francis writes from his "snug little desk in a quiet corner of the cabin," cool, with a fresh breeze from the land. "The perfect cleanliness of the ship, the clean, white clothing of the crew, the handsome uniforms of the officers, all assembled on the gun deck at Divine Service, formed an agreeable contrast with the dusty streets and white washed walls of Chinandega." Nevertheless, before the end of the week, he is again in the old town for three days, making a farewell visit, dining with the Balches' and "taking our last ride with the ladies the same evening. The full moon made it a lovely night and we returned to town very slowly and reluctant to terminate our ride." On Saturday "we enjoyed the ride to Realijo for the last time and returned with 'muchaz gracias' the fine horse that has been so kindly loaned me."

The final week in the harbor of Realijo was a very busy and harassing one for Francis. The Decatur received orders to proceed to California, and had to be provisioned from the Merrimack. Then the Vandalia, the Saranac, and the Cyane all arrived, and orders had to be made out and there were the usual despatches to be prepared. Francis did not have time to read even the cherished letters which arrived from home. He became quite exhausted and could not sleep, so, finally, put himself under the doctor's care for a few days. He soon recuperated, however, and, on the last evening before sailing, enjoyed a dinner which the Admiral gave to the captains and first lieutenants of the Vandalia and Decatur. He also found time to read his letters, one of which enclosed "ambrotypes of the boys, though they have changed so much they might be anybody else's boys for aught I could say. They prepare me for the change I should find in going home again, in some measure, and still I expect to find it very difficult to recognize my own children again."

The morning of Saturday, the 26th of March, the Merrimack left Realijo and proceeded down the coast under steam, along the shores of Costa Rica and Panama. It was a smooth and pleasant passage of five days and she anchored in the bay of Panama at noon on the 31st.

#### IN PANAMA

Arrival at Panama meant arrival of mail from home in the shortest possible time on the Pacific coast, and a small mail bag was soon delivered and the contents distributed. "One letter in the hand writing of my dear wife remained for me and that was sufficient to make me quite contented with my present condition." The remainder of his reply is confined entirely to considerations and advice as to the summer plans for his family. His strong preference, all things considered, is for Salem, their old abiding place in North Carolina, for healthfulness, school facilities and many other good reasons. "I would rather feel that you are with people who know you and were kind to you last season, than that you are among strangers. — I do not yet give up the hope of joining you there next fall."

The stay in Panama Francis found to be very debilitating and confining. So entirely had he won the confidence of the Admiral



“ that every order issued to the Squadron and almost every document leaving the cabin for the Department or its Bureau comes more or less under my supervision mentally, and much of it is also prepared by my own hand.” Gratifying as such confidence was, and also valuable as an experience in preparation for future commands by the young officer, the mental and physical labor was considerable, and the confinement to the desk affected his health. For two weeks after arrival he did not leave the ship. The rainy season had set in and there were frequent showers.

A visit to Panama, when made, he found quite interesting. “ By contrast with the villages of Nicaragua the place had quite the aspect of a city; but the incongruity between the venerable, half ruinous old buildings and the evidence of fresh Yankee enterprise, in the shape of the signs: ‘ Aspinwall House,’ ‘ St. Nicholas,’ ‘ Ice ’ and ‘ Groceries ’ was very marked. The New York omnibus too was just starting out to the depot, to meet the train from the other side.” He met a few friends, but his stay was as brief as possible and he was glad to be aboard again before sunset. In conclusion he writes to tell “ Franky ”: “ we added to our other pets at Realijo a young tiger, no bigger than a kitten when it came aboard. We fed it on milk for some time. Now it is about as large as a small cat and very playful. It has learned to climb the rigging and runs from one side of the ship to the other on the awnings and always comes down to the wardroom table at meal times with unerring punctuality; but its teeth and claws are growing every day and it will soon be a dangerous play thing.”

A supplementary note acknowledges receipt of an April 1st letter from his wife telling him of an invitation from the aunts in Dunbarton for his family to spend the summer there. He feels very grateful for this kind invitation but advises against accepting, because of the long distances and the difficulties of travel with a family of three small children. Further, he learns, that probably the Merrimack will have to await the arrival of the Lancaster as a “ Relief ” for the flagship. She was then fitting out at Philadelphia and it would probably be December before the Merrimack could make her way home around the Horn; too late for him to be able to convey his family to the South.

During the latter part of this stay there was quite an excite-

ment, on shore and in the bay, by a riot between the colored population outside of the town and the natives within. There was considerable firing, some men were killed and a number wounded. The foreign population were also much alarmed and, on a signal from the shore, the boats of the various war ships in the harbor were manned and a force of five hundred seamen and marines, in twenty boats was sent in. They remained, however, just outside of the reef awaiting orders, but ready to land if required. However the disturbance gradually quieted down during the night and the boats were returned to their respective ships about two o'clock in the morning.

Before leaving Panama, Francis spent a night ashore as a guest at the Agency of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and much appreciated the comforts of this establishment and especially the large, airy and well-appointed bedroom. The next day he made a pilgrimage to the burial place of a young friend and cousin, David Ocheltree of Fayetteville, who had died in the hospital here some years before. This he did largely out of consideration for the young man's sisters at home. He had the guidance of the superintendent of the railway and the use of its facilities, as that was the only way of reaching the spot. He was shown the grave on a little knoll, a few hundred yards from the railway, where, unmarked and in unfenced ground he rested, together with the remains of a few other men, engineers and staff members of the company, who had died in service during the construction of the railway, all surrounded by the tropical forest.

In the afternoon of Saturday May 7th, the Merrimack weighed anchor and steamed out of the bay of Panama, bound for Payta and Callao. It was a welcome departure from this fetid clime, but, unfortunately, they were hardly a day out before they ran into an unusual and unexpected swell which laid many of the officers low with sea-sickness. Passing through this a thorough house cleaning became necessary as "for some months our state-rooms have been infested with a breed of small roaches — even my hats and caps, sponges, hair brushes and tooth brush are filled with young ones. I have never seen them to accumulate so fast in a ship." Bedding and clothes had to be sent on deck and furniture moved and everything scrubbed with soap and water



“ but I suppose they will return again in a few days.” Such was one of the little incidents of life afloat in the tropics. Otherwise the voyage was a pleasant one and, in a week’s time, they dropped anchor in the harbor of Payta, much relieved to be in a cooler and drier climate. “ We have a bright sun and a clear sky, the awnings are all spread and everything looking nice and clean, the temperature is bracing and invigorating — cloth clothing just comfortable in the shade under the awnings.”

After a two days’ stay in Payta, the frigate steamed out the afternoon of May 17th on her way to Callao. The weather became gradually colder and cloudy and chilly. Progress was slow with the head winds, though both steam and sails were used. Early in the voyage, Admiral Long suffered a severe attack which caused considerable alarm. There were severe pains in chest and along the spine and left arm, accompanied by a cold sweat and a feeling of suffocation. With prompt treatment by the doctor the symptoms subsided, but the conclusion was that he was suffering from an attack of Angina Pectoris. The next day, however, he felt much better and rose and dressed and was able to sit at the window of the cabin. After a week of smooth sailing the Merrimack again anchored at “ Old Callao, which had quite a home like feeling after our six months’ absence.”

#### IN CALLAO AND LIMA

Soon after this arrival in Callao, Mrs. Crosby and her sister came off to visit the Admiral and took tea in the cabin. He was much cheered by the visit. Francis also received unexpectedly a letter from his wife, only three weeks from Fayetteville, in which she wrote of her preparations for going North to spend the summer in Dunbarton with the three children. Though this was contrary to the advice Francis had previously written, still he had become reconciled to the idea and feels “ that if it was not for the best Providence would not have put it in the hearts of our good old aunts to urge this arrangement, as certainly nothing was more unexpected to me than this invitation for the present season and I am well persuaded you will enjoy a calm and happy season even if I do not arrive in time to join you there.”

Arrival in Callao meant the resumption of the usual amenities, official and social; there were frequent visitors on board, both of old friends and sightseers. Recognizing the serious condition of his health, Admiral Long finally consented to have a surgeon's report on his condition sent to Washington and this, when made out, recommended the Flag Officer's immediate return to the United States. The Admiral refused to act on this, however, until he should receive the approval of the Department, but Francis thought it a settled question "that the Flag Officer will now return by the Panama route sometime this fall. Of course the Flag Lieutenant will have to accompany him."

In the meantime, with the advice of his doctors, the Admiral decided to take up temporary residence in Lima and Francis secured for him "a nice chamber and parlor, at one of the best hotels (looking on the plaza) for the *mild per diem* of eight dollars. Here, after considerable difficulty in transportation, he was safely installed. His dinner was served in his room, "coffee was brought in at the close of this meal and, then, he took his cigar in the glass balcony outside of his rooms and was much amused to see the horses and carriages and the general passing along the plaza beneath. At sunset the band played a short time in front of the palace opposite, and some pretty señoritas came out on an adjacent balcony to hear the same." To one who has not been outside the ship for six months, all this was quite exciting. Everything in Lima, Francis found very expensive and the Admiral "wants to pay everybody's expenses who comes near him, and all the carriage and car expense any of us may incur." Of the old friends they had left in Lima, "the Caverlys have 'broken' and gone home to economize; they couldn't stand the expenses;" but the Clays had moved into "magnificent quarters."

During the next four weeks the Admiral continued his domicile in Lima and Francis was with him there most of the time, busied with the usual official correspondence, but also enjoying the town life and its sociabilities. Their quarters, at Marin's Hotel, were very pleasant, it being on the plaza opposite the palace and also opposite the great cathedral. There was much life and activity and the invalided Admiral enjoyed his enclosed



balcony where he would sit or walk, with opera glass in hand to inspect the passing vehicles and their occupants. There were parades and bands on Sundays, and one High Mass held at the cathedral was the occasion of much festive demonstration on the plaza. Adjoining balconies were often filled with people, including señoritas, some of whom Francis thought showed much interest in the Admiral's balcony.

Francis also made many pleasant acquaintances and renewed ties with old friends. He was entertained by Mr. Clay at the Legation, but he found most pleasure in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Naylor, English people living in Lima. A bond of interest was their small son of about the age of his boy, "Franky," but apparently more exemplary in conduct. He enjoyed their informal hospitalities and especially Mrs. Naylor's singing at the piano the old familiar songs which "Miss Nelson" had sung to him in years gone by.

The Admiral seemed much improved in health and spirits. He had many callers in the mornings and took a drive every afternoon after dinner. He felt almost as if he would not acquiesce in the plans for his early return via Panama, but stay with the ship and return possibly not until the next spring. But a return of some of his painful symptoms made Francis feel that this would not be possible. The last two weeks of the sojourn in Lima were replete with sociabilities and festivities. A Mr. and Mrs. Haskell came up from their ship the "Norseman" and took rooms at the hotel. Mrs. Crosby and Captain Hitchcock came from Callao and there were frequent little meetings and whist parties. A ball was given, at the residence of a prominent citizen and former member of the ministry, which Francis describes as very magnificent. The rooms were spacious, lofty and well-lighted and there were four rooms opening out of the ball-room for refreshments etc., all decorated with flowers. The ladies were dressed with taste, but with much display of ornaments, including several diamond necklaces. Apparently Lima was a gay place in those days. Then there was a dinner given by Mr. Clay at the Legation which "was a magnificent affair, most of which was superfluous to our enjoyment." There were also dinner parties of less formal kind at a Mrs. Brown's and by an

English lady, a Mrs. Humphries. All of these Francis attended, but the Admiral felt obliged to decline all invitations on account of his health. There was a bull fight in the Alameda, however, which Francis would not attend, and one night there was a mild earthquake which "the shaking of the bedstead woke me out of a sound sleep and, while I was coming to a decision whether it was best to get up or to lie still and wait for another shock, I fell asleep again."

July 8th finds the Admiral and Francis again aboard the Merrimack, having made the transfer from Lima successfully and comfortably for the invalid. The ship was then starting on a short excursion to test some changes in the propeller. Later she anchored on the opposite side of the bay, near San Lorenzo to engage in target practice.

The island of San Lorenzo was a place of visit on several of the voyages which Francis had made up and down the Pacific and "yesterday I had a little excursion with him (the Admiral) in the barge with Mrs. Crosby. We rowed along the shores of San Lorenzo and examined a floating sectional dock the Yankees are building here for the Peruvians, one section already completed and afloat, and five more building on the head of a little bay. Nothing can exceed the barren desolate appearance of San Lorenzo, a combination of dry, sunburnt rocks and sand, not a sign of vegetation anywhere to be seen; at one place a few little black crosses, stuck in the sand, mark the burial place of some of the poor sailors who have, from time to time, died on board of ships anchored here."

Mr. and Mrs. Crosby were then on board, occupying Captain Hitchcock's cabin and the Admiral was much enjoying their company and extending hospitalities and "dispensing good things to those around him, without enjoying any himself." The ship remained off San Lorenzo for over a week and then returned to her old anchorage at Callao. The Crosbys stayed all of this time, Mr. Crosby going to Callao every morning and returning to the ship at sunset. Nevertheless there was some unwarranted gossip aboard, for lack of other things to talk about, which Francis warmly resents and thinks it a reflection on the similar arrangement maintained when his wife



was aboard the Mississippi in the Mediterranean, and also a slur on the Admiral's kind hospitalities and warm feelings of friendship for his intimates, especially during his period of invalidism.

In Callao the usual routine of duties was resumed and there was also a day's visit to Lima. An unusual occurrence was a wedding on board of two young German protestants, who apparently seized the opportunity and services of the chaplain: "The bride was a fair haired, blue eyed lassie of eighteen or twenty and the groom a respectable looking man, two or three years older, neatly dressed." Surely "men-of-war" were put to many and varied uses.

Mail from home of recent date was received while here and Francis was relieved to learn that his wife and children had arrived safely at Dunbarton to spend the summer. The movements of the ships and their own plans were also taking shape. The Merrimack would sail for Panama early in August, where the Admiral expected to receive authority to return home. "The carpenters are making up boxes to pack the cabin china and linen; this looks like preparing for what the next mail may bring." Francis had also had a special cedar box made from wood he got at Realijo. "I am beginning to feel sanguine of reaching home within two years from the time of leaving Boston in the Old Merrimack."

Before leaving Callao, the officers of the Merrimack gave a large entertainment on board, called a "Matinée Dansante," in order in some measure to make a return to their friends in Lima and Callao for their many kindnesses and hospitalities. Accordingly, Francis and a fellow officer, Ramsay, were made an invitation committee and spent three days in going the rounds and delivering verbal invitations in Lima, Callao and to the ships in the bay. "Our guests came down by the mid-day train on Tuesday: all the boats were engaged in bringing them on board, and made two trips to effect it. The quarter deck was beautifully decorated with flags and evergreens. The band played their best waltzes and polkas; how the 'Lad' would have liked to have been there. I suppose there were one hundred and fifty persons aboard, at least, and the ship is so spacious, there

was no crowd, until we went down to the wardroom to lunch at three, where it was not easy to move round. A considerable quantity of cold turkey, ham and chicken salad, jellies and cakes were destroyed and five dozen of champagne expended on this occasion. Dancing was resumed till sunset, when they all departed. I went up to Lima with the last batch in an extra train, specially put on by the Proprietor (who was on board). I worked very hard in attending to the comforts of my most particular acquaintances and did not expect any enjoyment myself, but everybody says it was the most brilliant party ever given in the Bay of Callao. In the evening, I went with all the officers who had returned to Lima, to the 'Legation,' where Mrs. Clay had gotten up a 'Soirée Musicale' for our last evening in Lima. The affair wound up with a little dance impromptu and, I came back to the hotel thoroughly tired out about one o'clock."

The Merrimack sailed from Callao on August 2nd and anchored at Payta for a day's stay on the 7th. The next morning Francis made calls on the Governor of Payta and on the Consul. On his return, "the Merrimack was once more under canvas and heading towards our own land — I cannot yet fully convince myself that I am really homeward bound and begin to have vague misgivings that something will interfere. The cabin is full of boxes, packed, covered with canvas and marked: J.C. Long, Exeter, N.H." Sunday afternoon, the 14th, "The captain, Gilman and myself lunched in the cabin today. It is difficult to realize that perhaps this is the last Sabbath we shall pass aboard the old ship which has been such a comfortable home to me for the two years passed." Apparently this was indeed the last Sunday aboard; they were then at sea near Panama but Francis was still in doubt as to just how long they might be detained there, whether they would be able to catch the next boat from Aspinwall for New York or have to wait for the next steamer in September. Apparently a quick transfer was made when they arrived, for this is the last letter written to his wife that has been preserved and is the last of the serial diary letters which he had been writing all of his life. It concluded with these words: "We have perhaps the most serious and perilous part of our pilgrimage now before us, but we earnestly trust to be safely restored



to those who are dearest to us on Earth. We commit our way to the Lord and he shall 'bring it to pass.' Before the present month closes we may be once more united, Dearest, and I hope for a good long time at home."

### ASHORE FOR A YEAR AND A HALF

1859-1861

Francis' longing for a long leave ashore was now apparently to be realized. It is probable that he and the Admiral caught the first steamer from Aspinwall for New York and that, after escorting his old friend and commanding officer to his home in Exeter, Francis hastened to join his own family in Dunbarton. Doubtless he was able to reach there before the end of September. The joy of the return can well be imagined, and the pleasure of the sojourn in his old New Hampshire home during the beautiful autumn must have been very great. It was a realization of what had been long and fondly desired and, though little did he know it, this was destined to be the last prolonged stay he would ever make there.

Probably before the late autumn, Francis with his family left Dunbarton and proceeded south, stopping doubtless for a short time in Boston to see something of their relatives, the Pickerings and others. The winter was probably passed in Fayetteville, with the Southern kin, and the stay was prolonged into and through the summer in anticipation of the arrival of the writer, Arthur, who was born in Salem, North Carolina, August 5th, 1860. After this there was a period of convalescence, so that it became too late to permit of another migration north. Also, the country was in great disturbance. Lincoln was elected president in November of that year, and mutterings of war in prospect were heard in many quarters. Francis remained with his family awaiting orders and much perturbed in mind. He suffered, like many others, from conflicting emotions. There were friends and relatives on both sides to whom he was deeply attached and, in addition, he was at the time in the heart of the rebelling country, surrounded by his southern friends and under all the influences

of the environment. One can imagine the pressure on him of the situation; his wife and all her relatives were intensely southern in their feelings and prejudices, though many deplored the rupture. Nevertheless Francis' allegiance to his flag and country held fast.

After the outbreak of hostilities in April 1861, he naturally became an object of suspicion and liable to arrest, as he was well known to be a United States officer. To escape this contingency he decided to leave for the North but, by that time, feelings were very much aroused and his escape was made with great difficulty, by secreting himself on board a schooner in Wilmington, North Carolina, which was about to sail for the North. So near was his capture that a search for him on board this schooner was made, but without success.

On reaching the North Francis reported for duty and was assigned to the U.S. steam Frigate *Mississippi*, as her first lieutenant and executive officer. This was the same old *Mississippi* which he was in company with in the Mediterranean, some ten years before, and on which he and his wife had been so hospitably entertained by Captain Long. In her he sailed for the Gulf probably sometime during the month of May or June, 1861.

About this same time, or soon after, his wife with her brood of four small children was able to get North also, again making use of a schooner from Wilmington bound for New York. They arrived there safely but not too comfortably, as the small craft encountered a severe storm off Cape Hatteras and, later, while transferring from the schooner to a small boat for landing in New York, the nurse maid fell into the water and, though immediately pulled out, the safety of the small children was seriously threatened. On arriving in Boston, with the kind help of their cousins, the Pickerings, the family were established for the summer in a small cottage at Cohasset, close to the Pickerings' summer home. This must have been a sad breaking-up and termination of the long hoped-for peaceful life at home. It was, of course, only one of many instances at the outbreak of the Civil War, but to one of so home-loving a nature such as Francis', with his strong sentiments of affection



for family and friends, it was an exceptionally pathetic preliminary to the end that was soon to come.

## WAR SERVICE IN SOUTHERN WATERS

1861-1862

### ON THE MISSISSIPPI OFF MOBILE

Sailing for the Gulf of Mexico, early in the Spring of 1861, the Mississippi was assigned to blockade duty in those waters. Francis' first letter which has been preserved is dated July 3rd, 1861. The ship was apparently stationed off Mobile, together with other vessels of the squadron. "The Catawba has been detained two days and now intends to leave tomorrow morning. The Niagara steamed out to go to Key West for coal and water this afternoon, leaving us and one or two small craft, only, to coöperate with the army here; but we are confident no attack is in contemplation. — Tomorrow we shall dress ship and salute at noon and probably keep on coaling etc., as usual. — The officers all continue well as ever and we are getting more accustomed to the heat. I am on deck at 5 every morning, but sometimes get time to wash and dress before breakfast, even while coaling. It is pleasant to think of you and the children in your pleasant little cottage by the sea-shore. — Congress meets tomorrow and they think I must be promoted this summer. I am the senior lieutenant in this squadron and must have the first vacancy." He concludes with messages of love and with admonitions to his children "until Papa comes home again."

A letter, beginning July 28th, from "off Mobile bar," refers to the monotony of the blockade duty with one week following another devoid of incident. "The blockade of this harbor is complete. Not a solitary vessel of any character has so much as attempted to enter or depart since our arrival, but their steamers and small craft still ply unmolested in Mississippi Sound, between New Orleans and Mobile, the water being too shallow for our ships inside." Drilling and training of the men in the use of arms, and the usual painting and repairing, kept the

crew busy, however, and "my own time is fully engaged from morning till night"; but, he adds, "I shall never feel at ease with these executive duties and trust my promotion may come to relieve me." As no communication with the shore was possible they were devoid of news of the war or from home. "We send our boats out every evening to cruise but thus far have intercepted nothing. . . . We get on much more smoothly since the flag officer went to the Colorado and the captain is quite considerate about the officers." All continue in good health despite the heat, and he reassures his wife as to the dangers of any "collision with the fort—we can't get near enough to bring our guns to bear and the fort certainly won't attack us." Concluding on August 4th he writes, "it has just come to my mind that our baby was born at Salem the first Sunday of August; the anniversary will be tomorrow." The arrival of the Niagara the next day brought some welcome news and also letters, via Pensacola, of July 20th, from the family at Cohasset.

#### IN COMMAND OF THE WATERWITCH

A letter dated "Off Fort Pickins, September 5th, 1861," finds Francis transferred to the command of the Waterwitch and, on the previous day, he had been busy with the former commander (Captain Ronckendorf) signing documents and settling final accounts. The Waterwitch<sup>21</sup> was a small, side-wheel steamer of 378 tons, built in 1845 at the Washington Navy Yard, with an armament of five "small brass cannons such as are used in the larger boats of our steam frigates. The armament is sufficient to resist and attack by boats or to bring-to an unarmed merchant vessel, but more than this we could not accomplish without heavier metal." Francis was much pleased to be in command and enjoyed his freedom along with his responsibilities. He found her as easy to guide "as my old horse Charley." She was sweet and clean and had a crew of about fifty men. His quarters

<sup>21</sup> In 1855 the Waterwitch was fired upon by a Paraguayan fort and several seamen were killed. In 1858 she returned, with other U. S. Naval vessels, under Shubrick, to the capital of Paraguay and received an apology and indemnity for the seamen killed. In October, 1861, she was conspicuous in the engagement at the Head of the Passes of the Mississippi, as hereinafter related.



were small but comfortable. There was a good cook on board and the colored man who acted as steward had been well recommended by the former captain. Before leaving Fort Pickens, Francis reported to the flag-ship and received his orders and the mail bags for various deliveries. He was glad to meet there an old friend, Frank Blake (flag lieutenant), son of Commodore Blake with whom he was associated in the Mediterranean. That same evening, at 5 P.M., he was "steaming smoothly along the coast with the mails for home and some despatches for our vessels at the different points," with Key West as the final destination. In addition to being commander he was also paymaster on this small vessel, and he further, at times, officiated as chaplain and conducted the morning service on Sundays. During this cruise to Key West the *Waterwitch* made contacts the first day with the *Montgomery* (Captain Shaw), the *Connecticut* (Captain Woodhull), and the *Mohawk* (off St. Marks). From the *Connecticut*, Francis was able to extract a letter from the *Mississippi's* mail bag, addressed August 20th, from his wife in Cohasset, with news of the well-being of his family. They were corresponding about a settled abode, and Francis warmly concurs in the idea of a house in Roxbury. He urges prompt action and will send the necessary money for renting and furnishing, "bearing in mind that our arrangements now will probably be permanent. We must educate our children among their relatives and natural friends in New England." And, he concludes, "pray nightly that all may be over-ruled mercifully for our welfare in this little bark."

The most important duty of the Gulf Blockading Squadron, to which the *Waterwitch* belonged, was the blockading of the Confederate ports, and, especially, of the mouth of the Mississippi river. This was the main avenue of commerce and communication for the whole interior country, and the prevention of the outgo and entrance of all vessels was of great importance. From the mouth of the river, at that time, there were three principal passes leading through the delta to the deep water of the Gulf, with the usual sand bar at the mouth of each. These were, in order from west to east, the Southwest Pass, the South Pass, and the Pass à l'Outre; of these the Southwest Pass

was of deepest water and the most important. To guard these outlets, in addition to the blockading vessels, it was thought advisable, if practicable, to establish a fort or battery at the heads, where they all split off from the main channel of the upper river. The *Waterwitch*, being of light draught was, in addition to her service as a despatch boat, of especial value in the preliminary investigations of the project and, on September 19th, was engaged in a formal reconnoissance for the location of this battery. For this purpose an additional howitzer and a detachment of seamen and marines from the *Richmond* were taken on board, and also Lieutenant McFarland of the U.S. Engineer Corps. The approach was made up the Pass à l'Outre. On nearing the head of the pass an armed schooner and a steamer (supposed to be the *Ivy*) were seen and chased for several miles; some twenty-three projectiles were fired from the rifled howitzer, but the steamer, with the schooner in tow, were able to keep just beyond range of the *Waterwitch's* howitzer. Returning from the chase, the examination of the river banks for the site of a battery was made and completed without interference; a telegraph station was also dismantled and the cable cut. In reporting on this expedition Captain Pope of the *Richmond* says, "I am pleased to state the reconnoissance made up the river by the *Waterwitch* proved successful and creditable to all in the expedition." A later report, by Flag Officer William W. McKean, is as follows: "On the following day (Oct. 4th) I took passage in the *Waterwitch* for the Head of the Passes and, after a careful examination, decided to erect a battery. . . . Lieutenant Commanding Winslow is a highly energetic and intelligent officer and is worthy of all praise."

In pursuance of these plans an expedition was arranged to take possession of the Head of the Passes, and to start the erection and equipment of a suitable battery. The vessels assigned to this work were the steam frigate *Richmond*, Captain John Pope in command, the sloops of war *Vincennes* (Captain Handy), and *Preble* (Commander French), and the *Waterwitch*. In getting these vessels into and up the Southwest pass much time was spent and many difficulties were encountered. The channels were not marked and both the *Richmond* and the



Vincennes ran aground. The latter, and the Preble, had to be towed. In these operations the little Waterwitch was kept constantly busy in guiding and towing and also in conveying orders and despatches from ship to ship, and between them and the flagship, Niagara, which was stationed miles away, at the mouth of the Pass à l'Outre.

These activities, including the landing of lumber and the beginning of the construction of the battery, naturally excited and alarmed the enemy at New Orleans. A visit of inspection by the Confederate steamer Ivy was reported on October 9th by Captain Pope of the Richmond, which caused him much concern. She made an attack, "throwing shot and shell over this ship and the Preble, keeping herself entirely out of the range of any guns on board either of the ships . . . which makes it evident that we are entirely at the mercy of the enemy . . . our position is untenable. I may be captured at any time by a pitiful little steamer mounting only one gun. . . . The guns for the battery have not yet been landed. It would be the height of folly to send coal or provisions, as they could not be taken on board under the fire of the enemy." Nevertheless and notwithstanding, the occupation continued and the construction of the battery was carried on practically uninterruptedly up to and including October 11th. During that night, however, in the early morning of the 12th, a formidable attack was made by the enemy which is described by Francis in his report to the Flag Officer McKean as follows:

#### ACTION AT THE HEAD OF THE PASSES OF THE MISSISSIPPI

U. S. S. Water Witch

Off South West Pass, October 24, 1861

Sir: In compliance with your instructions, the following statement of the recent occurrences in the Mississippi River on the morning of Saturday, October 12th, 1861, is respectfully submitted:

The Water Witch, after towing a schooner laden with coal along side the Richmond, had anchored the preceding afternoon on her starboard quarter, a little inshore, and the

Richmond was employed during the night discharging the schooner, which was made fast on her port side.

The Preble was anchored a short distance ahead and on the starboard bow of the Richmond, and the Vincennes lower down, on the opposite side of the river, and nearer the entrance of the South West Pass.

The moon having gone down, and the sky being partially overcast, the night was dark and every way favorable to the operations of the enemy. Between 3:30 and 4 a.m. the alarm was given on board the Frolic, a small prize schooner anchored nearly ahead of us, the officer in charge hailing the Richmond, to apprise her of danger from a steamer descending the river. Almost immediately after, the crash of a collision with the Richmond was distinctly audible on board the Water Witch. The coal schooner was next observed drifting astern, and apparently in contact with her a low, dark steamer almost obscured with a dense column of smoke. The peculiar puffing sound of a high-pressure engine was also heard.<sup>22</sup> The steamer passed near the Water Witch, steering over toward the Vincennes, as we supposed, but soon turned and commenced ascending the river. The Richmond's battery was now opened on her, and soon after a broadside was discharged from the Preble.

A signal rocket was then thrown from the steamer toward the Richmond, and shortly afterwards three dim lights appeared up the river in the vicinity of the eastern shore.

The Richmond, having now slipped her chain, turned her head slowly in the direction of the Vincennes, and, apprehending an immediate attack, the chain of the Water Witch was also slipped, and she was backed astern a short distance to allow the prize schooner to cast and pass her.

The lights up the river rapidly increasing and expanding, were soon ascertained to proceed from three fire rafts, gradually drifting down toward us, and it was now deemed expedient to

<sup>22</sup> This was the recently constructed Confederate iron-clad and ram, Manassas, which subsequently was conspicuous in the defense of New Orleans, during the attack and capture by Farragut. When ramming the Richmond on this occasion her boilers were displaced by the shock of the blow which partially crippled her for further action.



steam over toward the opposite shore. As we passed the Vincennes she was observed to be under way and heading down stream. A night signal (interpreted to "act at discretion") was now made by the Richmond and soon afterwards the Preble also passed us, steering towards the South West Pass. Finding the fire rafts were drifting with the wind steadily over towards the western shore, the Water Witch was now steered to the northward and eastward (upstream) and easily cleared them; they subsequently stranded on the western bank, together with the schooner from which the Richmond had been coaling, a leaky prize vessel of little value, with no men on board.

Ignorant of the exact position of the squadron, the Water Witch toward daybreak dropped down to the entrance of the South West Pass, and with the earliest light (about 5:30 A.M.) made out the Richmond, accompanied by the sailing vessels, some 3 or 4 miles down the Pass, steering for the bar. The river at this time in the vicinity of the Head of the Passes was entirely clear of the enemy, but an officer sent to the masthead reported the smoke of four steamers beyond a bend in the river, 5 or 6 miles above us, besides a large bark-rigged propeller still higher up.

Deeming it important to communicate these facts to the senior officer, and apprehending a design on the part of the enemy to run the bark out to sea by the Pass à l'Outre (which the light howitzer battery of the Water Witch would have proved inadequate to prevent), she was now steered after the Richmond at full speed, stopping her wheels for a moment only to take in tow the prize schooner Frolic, which was dropping astern of the other vessels.

About this time general signal No. 435 (cross the bar) was made by the Richmond. On ranging alongside that ship the urgent necessity of an immediate return to the Head of the Passes was represented, but as her propeller was in motion, I am not sure the suggestion was understood. An order was received to "get the sloop over the bar," and the importance of the Richmond's anchoring at once (to cover the passage out) was pressed in reply.

The Water Witch then ranged ahead to execute her orders.

Lieutenant Davis (the executive officer) was put on board the *Preble* to pilot her out, but before I could reach the *Vincennes* she had unfortunately grounded on a flat to the left of the channel, and all efforts to tow her afloat proved fruitless.

The *Richmond*, in attempting to turn her head upstream, also grounded near the *Vincennes*. The *Preble* was safely taken over the bar by Lieutenant Davis, who promptly returned to his station on board, while the *Water Witch* was still under fire of the enemy's steamers.

Finding the Head of the Passes evacuated, the Confederate steamers followed us down the South West Pass, the *Ivy* leading an opening fire on the *Richmond* at a long range with a heavy rifled gun. Shortly after, the *Vincennes* replied from a IX-inch shell gun mounted on the forecastle and a rifled howitzer on the poop, and occasionally from her broadside guns. Signal to "engage the enemy" being also made to the *Water Witch*, our efforts to relieve the *Vincennes* were discontinued, and our rifled 12-pounder howitzer (the only gun of adequate range on board) was brought to bear on the *Ivy*.

The bark (supposed to be the *McRae*) having also got within range, commenced firing with a rifled or Parrott gun, throwing shot and shell beyond the *Richmond* and almost down to the bar.

The *Richmond* succeeded once or twice in backing off into deeper water, but drifted down with the current and finally grounded again about a quarter of a mile below the *Vincennes*, with her broadside up the river, obliging us to exercise some care in keeping clear of the range of her guns.

The *Vincennes*, with her stern upstream, from which but two guns could be brought to bear on the enemy, remained in a critical position, exposed to a raking fire. A signal made by the *Richmond* at this time to the vessels below the bar (to get underway) was erroneously reported to Commander Handy as a signal to abandon ship, and an officer was sent to me from the *Vincennes* to ask if any such signal had been made. The substance of my reply was that no such signal had been made, and that Captain Handy should continue to defend his vessel. Soon afterwards, however, several boats came alongside of the



Water Witch with the marine guard and a portion of the officers and crew of the Vincennes. Subsequently Captain Handy with the remainder repaired on board the Richmond, the formidable battery of which ship alone prevented the enemy from taking possession of the abandoned vessel, as the Confederate steamers at no time ventured to drop within effective range of her broadside guns.

Between 9 and 10 A.M., apparently contented with the result of the action, they ceased firing and steamed up the river.

It is satisfactory to have it in my power to report the coolness and steadiness of those under my command on this occasion, as well while awaiting in uncertainty and obscurity the breaking of day at the Head of the Passes, as subsequently when under the fire of the enemy.

After transferring to the Preble the officers and men of the Vincennes, who had taken refuge on board our vessel, the Water Witch was next engaged in another unsuccessful attempt to get that ship afloat, Commander Handy with the greater part of his crew having returned on board. During the afternoon the steamer McClellan arrived from Fort Pickens with two Parrott guns, which were immediately placed on board the Richmond, and about 4 P.M. the Water Witch was dispatched by Captain Pope to communicate with the steamers South Carolina and Huntsville (in Baratavia and Berwick bays), taking verbal orders to Commander Alden to proceed to Pass à l'Outre and to Commander Price to join the Richmond at South West Pass.

Regretting my inability to communicate more briefly a faithful detail of the events of the day, I have the honor to remain,

With much respect, your obedient servant,

Francis Winslow

Lieutenant, Commanding

Flag Officer Wm. W. McKean,

Commanding Gulf Blockading Squadron

In the report of this engagement of Flag Officer McKean to the Secretary of the Navy he makes the following comment: "I will here state that Lieutenant Commanding Winslow, in the



U. S. S. WATERWITCH



U. S. S. R. R. CUYLER





Waterwitch, with one rifle twelve-pounder howitzer, actually covered the retreat, and, not only this, but took in tow and brought off in safety a small prize schooner which had been abandoned. He is worthy of promotion." Captain Pope of the Richmond reported, "From Lieutenant Commanding Winslow, commanding the Waterwitch, I received every possible assistance that could be rendered." As a result of this unfortunate affair, Captain Handy was removed from the command of the Vincennes by the Flag Officer, and Captain Pope was relieved from the command of the Richmond on his own request, on account of ill health. After the conclusion of this engagement, both the Richmond and the Vincennes were floated, with the aid of the Waterwitch and the U.S. Steamer Colorado, and were taken over the bar, uninjured excepting for the damage to the Richmond from the attack by the steam ram which had broken through her outside planks below the water line, causing a considerable leak.

#### SERVICE ON THE R. R. CUYLER

The foregoing account of the action at the Head of the Passes is based entirely upon official records. No letters from Francis describing this engagement have been preserved. Doubtless reports by private letters of such engagements with the enemy were contrary to the regulations. The first in my files written after that event is dated November 5th, 1861, from the U.S. Steamer R. R. Cuyler, Mississippi Sound, just two months since the date of his last quoted letter, when he had taken command of the Waterwitch. Francis had been transferred from the Waterwitch to the command of the R. R. Cuyler on October 24th and had thus, at this writing, been in his new command only about two weeks. The Cuyler was a screw steamer of 1202 tons and carried 12 guns, presumably of heavier caliber than those of the Waterwitch.<sup>23</sup> It was a much

<sup>23</sup> The R. R. Cuyler was built in Brooklyn, N. Y. in 1860 and owned by the American Atlantic Screw S. S. Co. of Georgia. She was named after the president of the Georgia Central R. R. Co. She was 235 ft. long. She was considered a very fast boat for her day. She was bought by the Navy when the war broke out for use on the blockade squadron. Subsequently, in 1867, she was sold to the Republic of Colombia for a man-of-war.



more important command, and a decided and gratifying advancement for Francis. She performed good service during the war, capturing numerous schooners, and was generally active in pursuit of the blockade runners.

Francis' letter of November 5th recites the arrival of the *Mississippi*, the "old steamer in which we have so many pleasant associations," and of which he had been so recently the executive officer. He visited her and received a warm welcome from both officers and men. With his knowledge of the harbor he was able to assist in piloting her to a safe anchorage standing "at my old post near the captain." At dinner he enjoyed occupying "my old seat at the wardroom table," in company with many old friends. He also found a letter from his wife on board, and he responds with further advice about house taking and the making of a home: "The interests of our children demand it. The first opportunity I will send you a draft that you can use as required. My pay is now \$2500 and will soon be increased, if the Treasury holds out; our means are now ample for your expenses."

The *Cuyler* continued for some weeks in Mississippi Sound on blockade duty, and also assisting in establishing a battery on Ship Island which they named Fort Massachusetts. Mail boats and small shipping continued to pass along the shallow inner waters of the sound, beyond the reach of the *Cuyler*, but they had to be watched, both day and night, to guard against a surprise attack on the small force on Ship Island. Francis is much pleased with his ship and also with his officers. "There is no vessel out here I would sooner command and no port of the blockade preferable to this." From Ship Island, on November 28th, he writes: "The conclusion of your letters and the conviction that you have now such a quiet, peaceful, and comfortable home for the winter, not only for our own convenience but for the best advantage of our dear children, filled my mind with grateful recognition of our great indebtedness to the Father of all Mercies in thus disposing all things for our welfare; — a permanent home where I trust it may hereafter be my privilege to rejoin you all." He speaks of the *Cuyler* as "a much finer command," and "I am now feeling quite at

home on board." They have had no active hostilities, but two freight steamers and two schooners had been captured and some of the crews and passengers were on board the Cuyler. He commends the sending of the children to see his Aunt Harriet (Stark). "She is infirm and nervous now, but she has a warm heart and has been a sincere and firm friend to me and mine at all times."

After this letter, for two months, until the beginning of February, 1862, there are no letters preserved. During this time the Cuyler was assigned to "outside service," which meant being at sea in the Gulf, away from the shallow water blockade duty and, probably, with little or no mailing facilities. During the latter part of January, however, she was back again, off Mobile, and there had an encounter with and captured the schooner J. W. Wilder.

*Capture of the J. W. Wilder.* "On the morning of the 20th," Francis writes in his official reports to the Flag Officer McKean, "while the Cuyler was employed watching the eastern passage over Mobile bar, a schooner was discovered at anchor some 8 or 10 miles to the eastward, near the shore." The Cuyler immediately started to examine her, but had not proceeded more than half the way when the schooner slipped her anchor, made sail and steered for the beach, grounded, and was immediately abandoned by the captain and crew. As the Cuyler approached nearer, a party of men were seen collected on the beach, and, fearing an attempt to destroy the schooner, shells were fired from the Cuyler to disperse them. Drawing nearer, an armed boat was dispatched under the executive officer Lieutenant Philip, who took possession, hauled down the schooner's sails, and also an English ensign. The Cuyler followed and anchored near the prize. Immediately thereupon a sharp fire of musketry was opened from the low sand hills near the schooner, which was promptly returned by the boarding party and also from the Cuyler. In the lull which followed this, for several hours, efforts were made to haul the schooner afloat, and the large surf-boat, armed with a 12-pound howitzer, was sent to assist. In this operation several hawsers were broken, the Cuyler's propeller became fouled, and a large boat sent to withdraw the



working party was capsized alongside of the schooner. When, then, all was in confusion and many men in the water, a destructive fire, by a reinforced coast guard, was opened from the shore, four of eight men in the howitzer boat, including the officer, being disabled by the first fire. A rapid small-arm fire was returned by the Cuyler but, owing to her position and fouled propeller, her battery could not be used. The progress of this engagement had been watched from the beginning by Captain Powell of the Potomac, stationed off Mobile bar, and to assist in the rescue of the prize he had dispatched the steamer Huntsville (Captain Price) with two of the Potomac's cutters in tow. The Huntsville, on arriving, immediately opened fire with her battery, "while Mr. Schley, the master of the Potomac, pushed gallantly in towards the beach, with the cutters of that ship, and rescued our crippled boat which, with the wounded men, was fast drifting into the surf, our gig and second cutter at the same time picking up the men who were swimming towards them." The fire of the enemy was soon silenced, and by 5 P.M. all was cleared and the Huntsville and the Cuyler, with the prize in tow, steered for the Potomac.

Francis concludes his report with warm words of appreciation for the good service rendered by the officers and crew, and especially to Lieutenant Philip, to Mr. Morse, Master's Mate, Acting Master Henry K. Lapham, and to Midshipmen Adams and Alexander. Captain Powell, in his report says: "The courage, resolution and perseverance displayed by all the parties engaged in bringing off the vessel from the beach — entitle the officers, seamen, and marines to great praise." The Mr. Schley here referred to was later Admiral Schley, conspicuous during the Spanish-American war. The writer, on meeting the Admiral in Denver, sometime about the year 1900, was pleased to be told by him an incident of this engagement which was expressed somewhat as follows:

"Your father was one of the coolest and bravest men in action I ever knew. Standing by him on the quarter deck during an engagement, when bullets were whistling thick and fast about us, I, being somewhat new to fire, was constantly jumping and ducking. 'Why do you do that?' said your father, 'you

cannot dodge them, and it is just as well to stand straight and face the music.' "

An immediate result of this capture was a letter addressed to the Commander of the United States Fleet, from the British Consul at Mobile *demanding*, in the name of his government, the restitution of the " British schooner *Andrieta*." The replies to their demand, by both Captain Powell and Flag Officer McKean, fully proved the fictitious nature of the claims, and set forth and demonstrated conclusively that the schooner was, in fact, the *J. W. Wilder*, a Confederate blockade runner of Handsboro, Mississippi. Thus no international rupture was precipitated.

Referring to this engagement in a letter dated February 2nd, 1862, Francis writes that " the papers will give you an account of the Cuyler's little affair near Mobile and I am glad to assure you the wounded are all doing well and the surgeon hopes we shall not lose one of them. I cannot feel too thankful for my individual preservation that day." This letter is written from Ship Island Harbor, where the Cuyler had just been ordered from Mobile, and where Francis was the senior officer, with the *Waterwitch*, *New London*, *Pampero*, and a little fleet of captured prize schooners under his command. " This is regarded by my brother officers as a high compliment, where there are so many older officers on the station." But, as this station was a depot for coal and provisions, ships were constantly coming in and Francis did not like the duties so much as that of independent cruising. Headaches and sleepless nights resulted, " but I may get used to it and can only try and do the best I can."

*Blockade Duty off Key West.* After another month's interval, Saturday, March 1, finds the Cuyler at sea, en route to Key West. She had been ordered to proceed from Ship Island to St. Joseph's and St. Andrew's bays for the capture of vessels, but apparently without success. At St. Andrew's it was too shoal to enter, but a boat was sent in for reconnoissance and reported " nothing afloat inside. A small village of some half dozen houses was on the shore of this beautiful bay, but the officer . . . could not discover a solitary human being. How sad to think of the



alarm and consternation which must pervade their minds, ignorant as they are of our intentions and designs." Thence, continuing southward, they communicated with the Marion, anchored, on blockade duty off Apalachicola and then, leaving the coast line, went "gliding smoothly along on our way to Key West, with a clear sky and delicious temperature and the blue waters of the Gulf smooth as the Mediterranean in summer." By Sunday noon they passed the Tortugas and reached Key West about sunset, but, as no pilot appeared, the Cuyler lay off the harbor until daybreak. The next morning, March 3d, Francis ran his ship in without a pilot successfully but, in attempting to come to anchor against a strong tide and wind, the anchor, with all the chain run out, did not check her and "finally we stopped her on a soft mud bank in the middle of the harbor, after grazing two schooners and losing half our awning stanchions"; she was afterwards easily hove off, with the aid of a cable to the nearest steamer. "The harbor was crowded with small craft (all Porter's fleet of motor boats) and several small steamers besides; it was difficult to find a berth."

The stay in Key West was a most welcome and pleasant change. "We are once more in a region of civilized existence and associations, where the people do not shoot at us with minnie rifles and the officers we meet are wearing white pantaloons and clean linen." Francis enjoyed the amenities. He visited and met many old acquaintances. Several regiments of soldiers were stationed here, and he visited the barracks several times and saw the parades and relished the music of the fine bands. He also enjoyed attending services in the little Episcopal church. The Cuyler, while here, took on coal and water and other supplies, and some necessary temporary repairs were made to her engine and boilers, "but the condition of our engine will not permit us to run many months more without a more thorough overhaul." The men, while here, were given frequent shore leave, in batches of twenty-five or thirty "every day while we are here, and (thanks to the regulations) come back clean and sober." On March 6th, "Porter's fleet of motor boats weighed and went out Thursday. Twenty-odd sail; quite an exciting scene of a lovely afternoon. The Harriet Lane with Porter's flag brought

up the rear and was cheered by the Santiago and Cuyler as she steamed past us." They started to join Farragut at the mouth of the Mississippi and consisted of twenty schooners, each armed with one 13-inch mortar and two long 32-pounders, and were manned by 721 men. They constituted the "mortar flotilla" in the attack on Fort Jackson, below New Orleans, in the following month of April. On March 10th the Niagara with the Flag Officer McLean arrived. He was "far from well and will be quite content to return home when the San Jacinto shall reach Key West."

On March 18th, the Cuyler sailed for Havana, to obtain the flag officer's mail, and arrived there early the next morning. "The sun was just breaking through great masses of clouds and gleaming on the white buildings and the old fortresses around the city." There was a maze of shipping in the harbor, including two Spanish steam frigates. The usual official courtesies were exchanged and, in calling on the consul, Francis was pleased to find him to be an old acquaintance whom he had known in Brazil, when a young man on the Marion. The latter took him to his villa and entertained him cordially. A dinner party was attended, at a Mr. Davidson's, where "the table was decorated with fresh roses and other beautiful flowers, and I was seated between two ladies, tastefully and elegantly dressed; it seemed just like a dream to one who had been on the outer edge of Civilization, blockading, for nine long months." A circus party followed the dinner, and then Francis returned on board the Cuyler and sailed the next day for Key West, taking with him, as passengers, a Captain Palmer of New York and a Mr. Richard S. Fay of Boston. The stay in Key West was short, though the Cuyler was delayed a short time for another repair of a leak in the troublesome boiler, and the evening of the 18th, Francis writes "we go to sea tomorrow at sunrise, bound towards Cape St. Antonio" to try to waylay blockade runners in those waters.

For several weeks the Cuyler was at sea and in and out of Key West on this blockade service along the northern coast of Cuba, but with very meager results. On April 11th "we steamed out of Key West again on another little cruise, chiefly along the coast of Cuba to the west of Havana. Nothing could be more perfect



than the weather we have since experienced, clear skies, gentle breezes, and smooth water, with the interest of chasing and examining vessels, make it as agreeable service as any that could be assigned to us." The time was used to thoroughly clean the holds of the ship, scrubbing and whitewashing and restoring the contents. Monday, the 14th, finds the Cuyler anchored off Tampa Bay, on the west coast of Florida, communicating with the Ethan Allen on blockade duty there. Francis writes from there of having seen notice in a paper of a battle in New Mexico "where a Captain McRae gallantly fell defending his guns to the last and I think it must have been your cousin Alex: another melancholy instance of the fatal effects of this cruel war in arraying brothers against each other, for all his brothers are probably engaged on the Confederate side. . . . Fayetteville will probably be attacked on account of the arsenal. The well organized and disciplined forces of the Union will probably sweep everything before them during the next three months."

Francis' promotion to the rank of Commander was made on May 6th. Under date of May 11th he writes of his continued blockade cruising, between the coast of Cuba and up the west coast of Florida as far as Tampa Bay. One small schooner, the Jane of Nassau, was captured and sent to Key West. Two steamers were chased, but one found refuge in a Cuban port and the other proved to be a Spanish vessel. At Egmont Key they landed and distributed a lot of clothing and provisions (bought with subscriptions raised in Key West) among destitute Union families, "a refreshing exception to the usual career of destructiveness . . . and much more agreeable than making the people miserable whose property my duty requires me to capture. . . . In the excitement of the chase I lose sight of this, but, after the poor fellows fall in my power, I feel some sympathy for them." At Tampa he spent two days on a "Court of Inquiry" investigating some troubles on board the bark Ethan Allen.

*Return to Boston with the Cuyler.* Arriving at Key West, on the 19th, Francis received welcome letters of good news from home, one only two weeks old. Also, "before I left the flagship the Commodore whispered to me that he was authorized to send the Cuyler to Boston and we are now coaling for the last time

this cruise at Key West." This was joyful news for Francis and he writes his wife quite an outburst of faith and gratitude for the beneficence of "the Overruling Providence of our Heavenly Father. . . . At this time last year, during the dark days of our near separation, this trust and faith was my all sustaining influence. . . . I distrusted my own moral and physical strength for the duty before me; but in the hour of trial God has given me strength to do whatever duty was before me." On Sunday, the 25th of May, he writes they are all ready for sea and only awaiting final orders to come that afternoon. He expects to do some cruising off Havana and Nassau, on the way north, with an eye to blockade runners, and it may be a month before the Cuyler reaches Boston. "We have no sickness on board so there will, I trust, be no detention at quarantine. Kiss the children for father and say he has nothing pretty to bring them from this cruise."

On the basis of Francis' estimate of the length of this cruise it is probable that the Cuyler reached Boston early in June, the beginning of summer in these climes. The ship was then docked at the Navy Yard, for the work of repairs to boilers and engines, and was detained there for nearly two months. Francis had, thus, opportunity for reunion with his family, relatives, and friends, without the shadow of any knowledge that this would be the last time he should ever be with them or see them again. His enjoyment of these home contacts must have been deeply felt but, like all such times, it passed only too quickly by and, on the evening of July 25th, he writes from the Cuyler, anchored in the Lighthouse channel, just outside of Boston harbor. He had expected to get off that morning and had started down the harbor at half past ten, duly cheered by the crew of the Ohio, but, hardly were they out of the harbor, when some trouble developed in the oil pipe of the main journal of the propeller shaft, and the Cuyler had to be anchored for repair of this trouble. He then thought that they could get away the next morning, and the time was spent in "quartering the crew at the guns (loading and shotting them for sea), examining the magazine and shell rooms and powder passing arrangements, and towards sunset, had a general muster of officers and crew." Francis was pleased with his crew, "though most of my new crew are light, young men; but the



coal heavers and firemen are solid. . . . I can scarcely realize the events of the last two months in Roxbury; they seem more like a dream and this is the sober reality of life." Apparently the defects and necessary repairs were more serious than were expected. Nearly a week elapsed before the Cuyler was able to get away, and the final letter of departure dated August 1st, is as follows:

*The Last Voyage*

R. R. CUYLER

August 1st, 1862

MY DEAREST WIFE:

Steam is up and by 1 P.M. we shall be moving. Everything seems bright and favorable without, but there are heavy hearts within and the consciousness of the separation begins to press upon me already, and sympathy with my feelings produces the old dyspeptic sensation about the throat. Everything went well on board and none of our party are missing at their muster to-day which is very fortunate. The Steward is a dishonest tippler and we can never have any confidence in him; have him in confinement now. Mrs. Philip went ashore about ten. Philip went up with her and she has promised to go out and see you this afternoon and let you know the worst. Mr. Merriam (the engineer) goes down with us and we shall stop off Minot's Light and land him, but if the engine does not work well we shall return again. I did not fully realize we should get off this morning and could not tell you all 'Goodbye.' You must kiss the children for me and tell them Father did not think he was really going. Enclosed a note I shall not need. The \$10 you can invest for Arthur; the remainder of that money I used, but you must give the children all the innocent amusement you can. Tell Hannah and Mary Anne 'Goodbye' for me; if I had gone around the house you would have felt so much worse and had no hope of my return. I am glad we were together all day yesterday.

Off the Light House 3 P.M. Came down the harbor nicely without accident, but just outside we are stopping a few minutes to cool off the 'crank-pin'; the 'journals' we repaired seem to work very well. We had some good fresh water from the 'con-

denser ' at dinner and hope with care to keep it alright. Arthur's house is in sight and I have just hoisted a flag at the fore for a signal.

I felt pretty bad coming down the harbor but hope to get reconciled to it. We missed the ladies at our dinner table today I can tell you and it was bad enough to feel we should not see you again for so long a season; but we must try and keep employed and hope for the next year to come.

4 P.M. Stopping for the pilot to leave us after running down to Minot's ledge and returning, all working smooth. Saw them quite plain at Arthur's and signaled with our flag at the fore in answer to their signals on the balcony. It seemed like my last association with home. I shall watch the house until it is out of sight, for there we passed a happy day together. Give my best love to Hepsie and say it is such a comfort to me to know you have her with you now and I hope she will stay as long as she can be spared from her mother. Give my love to Mother when you see her and say I would have liked to have seen her once more. Ask her to stop and finish her visit to you, when she comes up. You must try and have some one with you all the time. Keep up your spirits by constant employment, that is my only consolation, Dearest.

God bless you my own Wife and preserve us all in His holy keeping until we can be reunited in more peaceful times.

Faithfully yours,

F. W.

After this pathetic farewell letter was dispatched with the pilot, the Cuyler continued on her way. Francis remained on deck until midnight, when they took their departure from Highland Light, off Cape Cod and then, after leaving orders for the course through the night, went below, homesick and sad. Almost as if he knew, he writes: "It seems to me I feel this separation even more forcibly than I did last year. I try to keep my mind employed, otherwise a distressing feeling of despondency comes over me and misfits me for my duties." He and his shipmate, Lieutenant Philip (J. Van Ness), who had also parted from his wife in Boston, condoled with each other, and wished



“ this cruel war could be brought to a close.” The weather was overcast, cold, and cheerless, with dense fog so that the course was laid out to sea, guided by the lead away from the shoals of the Cape. But the routine of ship-life kept on: there were the usual general exercises of the men at the guns, and Francis had much desk work to do on accumulations of papers and new correspondence. The Cuyler was heavily laden with coal and a large supply of shot and shell; but she was strong and tight, and the engine working smooth and cool. By the 4th, they were crossing the Gulf Stream, with a fresh S.W. wind and a rising sea, but with hope of better weather ahead. This indeed was verified the next day, when he writes that they are now south of the Gulf Stream, with smooth sea and a bright sky and he adds: “ This is Arthur’s birthday, two years ago, at old Salem. How long it seems and how little we realized then the stern realities of the pending political and civil conflict.” Weather and sea continued fine for the next few days. The afternoon of the 7th the island of Abaco was passed and by midnight they were off the light on Nassau, and lay to under fore and aft sails.

Before leaving Boston, Francis had received orders from the Navy Department to touch at Nassau, to ascertain the facts in regard to the sailing steamer Oreto, under English flag, then at Nassau. She was reported to be fitted for war purposes and, with little doubt, was to be employed in hostile demonstrations. He was ordered to communicate with the American consul at Nassau, to be vigilant and observant, to preserve peaceful and friendly relations, and to scrupulously observe the rights and property of others. He was advised that ceaseless efforts had been made by rebels and others to violate the blockade, that transshipments had been made extensively, and that large numbers of vessels are concentrated at Nassau. He was ordered to report to the Department the results of his inquiries and observations. Accordingly, under date of August 12th, at Key West, Francis reported that he arrived off Nassau the morning of the 8th and, without anchoring, sent a boat for the consul, and learned that the Admiralty had released the Oreto for lack of evidence, and that she had left the inner harbor and was then testing her engines outside. It was quite feasible that munitions and other

contrabands could be delivered to her, but for the Cuyler to await her leaving and then put to sea might be construed as an "offensive act." Francis, therefore, decided not to come to anchor but to, apparently, continue on his voyage to Key West but, nevertheless, to cruise in the vicinity of Abaco with the hope of intercepting the Oreto. Before leaving, however, he was paid a visit by H. B. M. Steamer Petrel, which came out of the harbor, and Captain Watson boarded the Cuyler to inquire the object of the visit and to tender supplies and courtesies. These Francis gratefully declined and stated they had touched merely to communicate with the consul and that they needed no supplies. During the two following days he examined several vessels near Abaco and heard that the Oreto had again been seized by the Petrel. Apparently she was, subsequently, again released and, later, was active in Confederate service as the privateer Florida.

From Key West, Francis writes on the 15th that the Cuyler is moored along side of the dock busy coaling, preparatory to going to sea again, probably to the vicinity of Nassau. There had been some cases of yellow fever in Key West, but he urges his wife not to be uneasy, that there were very few cases and only among imprudent and un-acclimated soldiers. They expect soon to be anchored out in the stream, remote from contagion, and "cruising vessels never get the fever." Against worry he counsils, "You must interest yourself about the house as I do about the ship"; she must make herself comfortable in the new house in Redding Place, prepare for the cold weather of her northern home, with fires in the dining room, and double windows on the north and west sides.

And then, on August 16th, he begins his last letter and continues with it until the 20th. It is all from Key West. The Cuyler is anchored out in the stream, delayed by further repairs necessary to the engine and propeller shaft. He writes of the arrival of the Albatross and Captain French from Boston, and deplores the fact that his wife did not know of this opportunity to have sent him a letter; he had received no word from home since he left. He found Captain French disgusted with his command—a small gun-boat, with very close, contracted quarters. The Cuyler



in those waters “with her large and airy saloons on deck is regarded as a sort of floating palace. . . . When I see much older and more experienced officers commanding vessels so much inferior to mine, I feel continually more and more indebted to Commodore McKean for placing me in this position, which my services in the little *Waterwitch* afforded him the opportunity for doing. I trust I shall be able to take good care of her and bring her back in safety, as also to do some service in her.” He dwells frequently upon the reminiscences of his last visit home: “We had such a happy two months together. — The welfare of my dear wife and my innocent children is my latest prayer at night and I know that you all will remember to pray for my own safe return to you.” He dreams constantly of being at home again. He is anxious to get away from the exposure to the malaria of the shore. So far, he writes on the 19th, “we are safe, having no one sick on board but the surgeon, who is only slightly indisposed.” He is feeling quite well himself, excepting for some lassitude. On the 20th the *Marion* (steamer) left for New York and he was able to forward this, his last letter, before leaving that afternoon for his cruising station in the vicinity of Nassau. “The excitement and mental occupation of cruising will keep me better employed at sea and I hope more cheerful. I hope Frank’s arm will be well enough to write to me soon. Kiss my baby and all the children for me once more, Dearest, and with love to all at home believe me faithfully yours, F. W. Write to me at least once a week.”

#### OBITUARY

No sooner had the *Cuyler* left Key West than she was stricken by the much feared and malignant disease, yellow fever. The very next day the surgeon, Doctor Watson, and several men were laid low. The record of her sad homeward cruise is described in the following report to the Secretary of the Navy by Acting Master S. N. Freeman, the officer left in command.

U. S. S. R. R. CUYLER  
New York Harbor  
*August 30, 1862*

SIR: I have the honor to report to you the arrival of the U. S. S. R. R. Cuyler at this port. We left Key West on the 20th instant, in obedience to orders from Flag Officer Lardner and proceeded to Nassau with dispatches for the governor.

On the 21st, our surgeon being very sick and also several of the men, we steered for the N. E. Channel, where we thought to obtain medical advice from the Penguin. At 10 P.M. we fell in with the U. S. S. Huntsville and applied to him for assistance, but he could not render us any, as his surgeon had died that morning and he was on his way to Key West for advice, a number of his officers and men lying dangerously ill. We then steered for Nassau, and on the night of the 22d instant Commander F. Winslow was taken seriously ill with fever. We arrived at Nassau on the 23d at 10 P.M., where we obtained medical advice from H. B. M. S. Melpomene, and also communicated with the consul. The same day Lieutenant J. V. N. Philip was taken down with the fever and also several men. The surgeon advised lying off the port until next morning, as he considered the captain's case a very dangerous one. On the 24th the surgeon reported all the sick to be much worse, and the only chance left for Commander Winslow and the rest of the sick officers was to proceed north. On the 25th a consultation of the officers was held, and came to the conclusion that the shortest and only way to make the ship efficient was to proceed to some northern port where we could get the sickness out of the ship, appoint new officers to her, and put to sea again. A Mr. Epp (Epes?) Sargent, from Nassau, an American and a Union man, who has had some practice in medicine, kindly volunteered his services and accompanied us. We found him invaluable.

On the 25th we steered for New York. On the 26th, at 6:35 P.M., Commander Francis Winslow departed this life. His body has been preserved and will be transmitted to his friends.

I can not too highly speak of the captain and officers of H. B. M. S. Melpomene for their kind attentions, and especially



the surgeon, Mr. R. Ratliffe, who was unremitting in his professional interest for the welfare of the sick officers and men.

I am happy to be able to inform you that Lieutenant Philip and Doctor Watson are recovering, and that the malignant symptoms that were so prevalent among the officers and men have already disappeared.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

S. N. Freeman

Acting Master

In the Daily Advertiser of New York the following notice appeared:

“ SKETCH OF THE LATE COMMANDER FRANCIS WINSLOW, U. S. NAVY. It becomes our melancholy duty to record the death of another gallant officer and most estimable gentleman, not at the hands of the enemy, but by that scourge of the tropics at this season of the year, the yellow fever.

“ The late Commander Winslow, of the U. S. Navy, died of yellow fever on the 26th inst., at sea, while in command of the U. S. steamer R. R. Cuyler. He entered the navy of the United States as midshipman, from the State of Massachusetts, on the 8th of July, 1833. His commission as lieutenant was dated the 24th of November, 1844, and he was promoted to the rank of commander under the late act of Congress for the reorganization of the navy.”

Then follows a brief record of his services during the war.

“ The R. R. Cuyler returned to this port yesterday, bringing the body of Captain Winslow, which will no doubt be sent to Massachusetts for interment.

“ In the death of Commander Winslow the navy has lost one of its brightest ornaments, Society an agreeable member, and his family a devoted husband and affectionate father. No one in the navy was more beloved and esteemed by his brother officers. Brave as a lion when duty called him to be so, yet gentle as a lamb in disposition; a strict disciplinarian, yet calm, cool and always kind in carrying out an order. He had no enemies; none

knew but to love and respect him, and his sudden death away from family and friends will be a severe blow to them. May He who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb be with and sustain them in their great affliction."

A later notice was as follows:

"BURIAL OF COMMANDER WINSLOW. We learn from a letter written on board the U. S. steamer R. R. Cuyler, that the remains of her late commander, Francis Winslow, were interred in the Quarantine burial ground, Staten Island, on the 31st ult. Assistant Paymaster Wright acted as master of ceremonies, the ship fired twenty-one minute guns when the funeral boats left the ship, and a detachment of marines under Sergeant Baird, fired three volleys over the grave.

"Lieut. J. Van Ness Phillips and Doctor Watson, the Surgeon of the Cuyler, are on board the hospital ship, and fast recovering."

The body, thus temporarily interred, was later brought to Dunbarton and there laid in the old family cemetery, close to his mother's grave, in the place of which he had been so fond, to which he had given so much care and where he had loved to linger with the melancholy hope that he, too, might be there finally laid to rest when his time came. Thus, within a little over a month of his last leaving, was Francis brought home again.

Many letters must have been received subsequent to his death by his wife and bereaved family, but, of these, only three have been preserved and they are eloquent tribute to the esteem in which he was held, both as an officer and a friend. The first is an unofficial communication from the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, G. V. Fox.

Navy Department  
September 15, 1862

Arthur Pickering Esq.  
Boston

My dear Sir:

I have your note relative to Commander F. Winslow, and will attend to the request immediately and acquaint you with the



result. The heart of the widow bowed to the earth by her great sorrow, cannot yet receive, or feel the sympathy of strangers, but one day it will be a comfort to her, and an inheritance to her children to know that he was one of our best officers. Loyal to the flag, an accomplished seaman, and possessed of that rare virtue, modest courage. Moreover he was a Christian and went forth to encounter all perils, because it was his duty. Such men soon find death, and their eternal reward.

Very respectfully

G. V. Fox

(Assistant Secretary of the Navy)

The second is a letter from a young Mr. Adams, who had served with Francis as a midshipman on the Cuyler. He had been in charge of one of the boats engaged in the capture of the J. W. Wilder and was commended in dispatches by Francis for bravery while under fire. He wrote from the U. S. Flagship Wabash, at Port Royal, S. C., which was then under command of Rear Admiral S. F. Dupont.

U. S. Flag Ship Wabash

Port Royal, S. C.

Nov. 9th, 1862

My dear Madam:

I learned your address yesterday from Mr. Freeman and I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in addressing you at this time.

I received the painful news of the death of my old commanding officer, just after I joined this vessel. Nothing that has occurred since the death of my own father has given the pain that I experienced on the hearing of the melancholy fate of Captain Winslow. I sailed with him from November last, until the arrival of the Cuyler in Boston last June, and became greatly attached to him. His kindness to me and the interest he seemed to feel for my success opened my heart to him and I would have done anything for him or to please him. We all loved him, we could not help it, and all of the old crew whom I have since seen, speak of him with tears in their eyes.

As an officer, we would have thought it a sacrilege almost to have another thought than respect for him, and he took care of us all as though we were children. There are not many officers in the service who can command their men so well as he did or in whom his men possess the same kind of confidence.

Through all the cruise and notwithstanding all the little causes of annoyance, which continually surround a commanding officer, he never spoke a quick word to an officer or man on his ship. He was always as cool as if he had been amidst his own family circle, and we all looked to him and made his bright character our example.

I wanted very much to go to sea with him again, but the Department did not deem it expedient for me to go in the Cuyler again. I wish I had gone. I should liked to have nursed him in his last sickness. I know he would have had a nurse who would have been as attentive to his wants as a son. He was in the midst of friends who did all that human art or affection could have done, but still I should have liked to show him that there was one other who loved him as I did a father. I should have liked to show him by deeds not words, that his kind and tender care for a young boy had had its effect. I think that he would have liked to think, that if I were not his own son, that still his very thoughts were sacred in my bosom.

I hope I may be able to live as exemplary a life, and serve my country as well as he did. I hope that when my course on earth is finished I may leave as many friends who will mourn for me as he did. I fear it is impossible. I desire no greater glory.

My heartfelt sympathies are with you, my dear madam, and with your family, in this your great affliction. If a stranger almost can feel so keenly the terrible stroke of Providence, I know that the loss is a thousand times greater to those of Captain Winslow's family. I am not, I fear, a good comforter upon such solemn occasions as this, but I did think it my duty to pay a tribute to the memory of him whom I so highly esteemed. I could not allow myself to forget my Captain and friend because he is no more. I shall always think of him, and even now I cannot realize that he is gone forever, that I will hear no more his kind and pleasant voice, and that the friend who encouraged me in the path of duty



will do so no more. All that is left me is the remembrance of times past in which his form and voice are ever present. Such remembrances I shall always cherish, as I do now, as sacred in my own heart.

I trust that you will pardon my writing to you without even your acquaintance or permission. I would it were in my power to make your affliction lighter, but, as it is not, allow me to assure you once more of sympathy for you, and my deep regret of the cause which suggested this letter.

I should like to ask one favor before closing this letter. Captain Winslow promised me his photograph when I left the Cuyler but I did not get it. If you have one which you can spare I would thank you for it more than I can express. It would be one of my greatest treasures.

I will now close my letter which I trust may be considered as one which is sincere in its regrets for Captain Winslow's death; for I am aware that it possesses no other merit.

I am with the greatest respect,

Yours sorrowfully,

La Rue P. Adams

The last, written a year later, is from a Mr. George H. Holt, who had also served on the Cuyler and apparently left her on her last visit to Boston under Francis' command.

U. S. Gunboat Tyler  
Cairo,  
Sept. 16th, 1863

Mrs. Francis Winslow

Dear Madam:

Permit me to tender to you my sincere thanks, while acknowledging receipt of your kind note (just received) and the photograph.

It is one of the best likenesses I think I have ever seen: it is so very natural.

I assure you that I am much gratified to be in possession of it, and that but few of his friends can cherish his memory with more respect than I do. As I mentioned I had time and opportunity

to know him thoroughly and I could not fail but to admire, esteem, and respect him, and, I may add, be attached to him. In one of our conversations he related to me the position he was in among friends at the South, at the opening of this Union's rebellion; how by degrees the people grew more violent and threatening and at last how he under cover of the night, escaped and proved his loyalty and honor. And then, reflecting upon that time and scene of his eluding those who would have detained him, he said, "and that was the *only time in my life* I ever did anything *by stealth*, or under cover of the darkness of night." I believed him, for his *words were consistent with his actions*. Truly there are but few men could say the same in truth.

It is pleasing to me to know that he expressed to you a favorable opinion of me. He was kind enough to urge me to remain on the Cuyler and go out with him again, and I had a strong desire to do so for his sake; but there were circumstances existing at the time connected with the vessel that forbade me.

I had the pleasure of receiving from Commander Winslow the day he last sailed from Boston, a letter (in reply) expressing his opinion of me which I prize highly.

Knowing now that my high regard for your husband and deep sympathy for yourself would have justified my calling to see you while at Boston, I regret that I did not then appear to you, to add my testimony to your husband's great excellence. But should I have the opportunity, thanking you for the permission, I shall not fail to call upon you.

I remain, Dear Madam, with much esteem,

Very respectfully yours,

George H. Holt





## V . EPILOGUE

### MARY SOPHIA WINSLOW

Mary Sophia Winslow, Francis' wife and my mother: what distress, what affliction for her! With no word of warning, with no premonition, the first news of her bereavement coming from the call of the newsboys on the street; all too common such announcements in those war days. How prostrating the shock must have been, she in her little house, in Redding Place, with her four small children; far away from her girlhood home and her own family. But she was fortunate in being in the midst of kind friends and of new family relations, the Pickerings, the Howards, the Winslows, the Starks, the Longs, and many others. They were prompt in their consolations and unremitting in their counsels and assistance in the years to follow. At this time my mother was only thirty-five years of age: born in 1827, married in 1846 at the early age of eighteen, in another seventeen years left a widow with very small means and with a family of four children to care for and bring up. But she proved equal to the task and, with strength and courage, managed to put her house in order and to maintain, with her cheerful and kind hearted nature, a happy home for her little flock until, with the years, they began to scatter.

During the years of Francis' life, as recounted in the preceding pages, Mary Sophia first appears in 1845, after Francis' return from his long, five-year, South American cruise. Then they met and were soon thereafter married. For a little over a year they were together, while Francis was on leave or shore duty. But, in the spring of 1847, the separations began, when he left her "crying so bitterly on that little sofa in our pleasant room" in Philadelphia, he to join the brig *Washington*, the first of so many partings of the next fifteen years. This cruise, including services along the Mexican coast during the war with that country, lasted only five months, after which they met again in Philadelphia



and were more or less together for some six weeks. Then, in October, Francis was off again for a month of disagreeable surveying work in Delaware bay. Six months of shore leave followed during the winter months, probably spent largely in North Carolina. This was succeeded by six months of surveying work, still on the brig Washington, in Delaware and Chesapeake bays, during which his wife led a migratory existence ashore, between Norfolk and Baltimore, hoping for chances of meetings. This ended in the middle of November, 1848, when Francis brought the brig up the Potomac and laid her up for the winter at the Navy Yard in Washington.

These seasons of service in home waters must have been particularly trying to the young wife, Mary. With temporary domiciles, with friends or in indifferent boarding houses, life must have been far from comfortable and she, then, little more than a bride. But she took it bravely and with good nature; she was adaptable and, with her undoubted charm, made friends everywhere. She was always a bright and cheerful companion and she enjoyed good health most of the time. There is no record of undue moping or melancholy, no complaints of her hard lot. Six months of shore life, probably principally in Washington, followed, and then began the first long separation.

In July, 1849, Francis sailed on the Independence for the Mediterranean, parting from his wife in Norfolk, whence she left for a stay in Dunbarton. They parted with the quite definite hope that Mary would join him in Italy the following autumn, and this expectation was a solace and pleasant anticipation for her. The abandonment of the plan later in the year was equally a disappointment and, instead of being busied with preparations for the voyage, with the summer's end in Dunbarton, she packed her belongings and journeyed back to her old home and relations in Fayetteville for the winter. Here she stayed patiently, but yet perturbed by the uncertainties of conflicting plans for her future movements. But finally, towards the following spring, she must have taken more or less upon herself to cut the knot of difficulties, which seemed almost insuperable to Francis at his distance, and actually sailed from New York on her long hoped for excursion. This was a great adventure for the young married

woman, as was the subsequent tour of Europe and the sojourn in Italy. It was the brightest period of her whole married life. Arriving in Naples the latter part of August, 1850, the stay in Italy was prolonged until the spring of 1852, which meant an absence from home and a domicile in foreign lands of nearly two years. During this time her first child, Francis, was born, and it was nearly a year after that event before they all returned home again together.

Thereafter the migratory life in the home land, with the added cares of family, began again. The first sojourn was in the old Dunbarton home, with the aunts and other relatives. Always a pleasant resting place it then was for Mary, and they enjoyed the country with its rides and walks. Here they stayed until the autumn and then moved south to stay with her mother in Wilmington and later to Fayetteville, well into the following winter. Next, probably in March, 1853, Mary with her baby boy followed Francis to Washington, where the small house in Gay Street, Georgetown, had been secured by Francis. Here Mary enjoyed home life of a kind, for over a year, until after the birth of her second son, Cameron, in July, 1854. This, nevertheless, must have been a happy period for them all, even though it involved carrying through two hot summers in Washington. They had many friends in Washington and there were visits to them from various members of the respective families; it must have been nearer the much wished for home life they both longed for than anything they had heretofore experienced. Then, in the early autumn of that year, this home had to be broken up, in preparation for another period of sea service for Francis, and, with bags and baggage and the two small children, they all moved back to North Carolina, and Mary had to face another period of separation and migration.

The next fifteen months covered the cruises on the Falmouth and the Saratoga, during the latter part of which Francis was so miserably unwell that he was incapacitated for work and finally ordered home on sick leave in February, 1856. During this absence Mary spent the winters in North Carolina, broken by a journey North during August, 1855, to Georgetown and to Newark, where she met Francis for a short time, while his ship



was in New York. She, after this, made a short visit to Boston and Dunbarton, and then back to Wilmington again before the winter months.

The following eighteen months were probably largely a "sick-leave" for Francis to regain his health. Family life was resumed and enjoyed by Mary. The summer after his return they were in New England, probably part of the time in Dunbarton and also at Green Farms in Connecticut. Probably there was some winter work to be done in Washington, but, in February, 1857, they were in Fayetteville again, and the third child, Sarah Stark, was born. So this was again a period of traveling about, with the care of a considerable family, including the arrival of the new child and the subsequent convalescence. So it could hardly have been, for wife or husband, exactly their ideal of a settled home life.

From September, 1857, for two years, until September, 1859, Francis again was away on the long cruise around South America in the Merrimack. Mary was left in Fayetteville for some time, and then she moved to Salem with her three children, not wishing to overtax her aunt and uncle. There, better accommodations could be obtained for a long stay, and there was a school for Francis, Jr. Here she probably stayed on and into the following autumn. In November she was in Wilmington again and remained in North Carolina all of the following winter. In May, 1859, in response to a cordial invitation from the aunts, she managed the long journey to Dunbarton again, with her little brood, a pretty strenuous undertaking for the young mother. There she stayed until Francis' return in September. A rather dreary, knock-about life it seems, thus baldly outlined; but there was always the interest of reunions with relatives and friends. Mary undoubtedly made the best of it and gave cheer to those she was with. Further, these separations and the enforced absences of her husband were developing in her a self reliance and a capacity for managing and doing which was to, and did fit her to carry on when, in the then near future, though all unanticipated, she was in truth left alone for all time, to manage as best she could.

For a year and a half after Francis' return from the Pacific,

there was again a more or less settled life in North Carolina, of over a year, after returning from Dunbarton in the autumn of 1859. But, even then, the sojourns in one place were of short duration: Fayetteville, Wilmington, and Salem were all abodes, and the birth of the fourth and last child, in August, 1860, must have been upsetting to all. The months immediately following that event must, however, have been most enjoyable and restful for Mary. Then came the period of unrest, of political strife, and the growing fears of approaching civil war, as has already been described, lasting until Francis' virtual escape from North Carolina in April, 1861, to report for duty.

Mary's distress when thus left, in such times, can well be imagined, as well as the difficulties of her situation. It was true she was in her own girlhood home, in the midst of old friends and relatives; but, at the same time, she was in enemy country. She was known to be the wife of a Federal officer, who had escaped and reported for duty to fight the very people in whose midst she and his children were living. She remained loyal to him and his interests, nevertheless, difficult as this must have been for her under the strain of conflicting feelings. Probably in the early summer and after Francis' departure on the Mississippi, Mary left her home State and embarked on that undoubtedly perilous, and certainly uncomfortable journey to her husband's country and people. It must have required much courage and determination to have done this, but she accomplished it successfully and was soon thereafter settled with her brood and few belongings in the little cottage in Cohasset.

Mary remained in Cohasset during this whole summer and, before its end, she took up the task of establishing herself in a permanent abode, in response to Francis' urging that a real home should be found where the children could be brought up, sent to good schools, and a mooring be established where they could all gather when the then troubled times were over. This was no easy job for Mary. It meant considerable inquiry and counting of costs; it involved assuming a large measure of responsibility. It was apparently accomplished early in the autumn of 1861, and Francis writes, in November, expressing his satisfaction "that you have now such a quiet, peaceful and com-



fortable home for the winter." It was a little house, in a little side street, called Redding Place, one of a block of small red brick houses, with an open field opposite. A very simple little home; all that could be afforded. I remember it quite well, as one of my earliest recollections of some years later. Here Mary remained during all of the following winter and into the summer, until Francis' return to Boston in the Cuyler in June, 1862.

This, nearly two months of reunion, was Francis' introduction to the newly established home, and they were able to enjoy a measure of family life all together, the first and the last for him in this house. They also visited the Pickerings in Cohasset, and doubtless went to see other relatives and friends and enjoyed the hospitalities of informal dinner and supper parties given them. Then followed another painful parting for Mary and an anxious month until Francis' body was brought home and, with it, the aftermath of prostration and sorrow.

#### WIDOWHOOD

*Life in Roxbury.* Mary maintained the home in Redding Place for several years, in fact until after the war, under severe privations entailed by her limited means and the care of four small children. Towards the end of this period the oldest son, Francis, received an appointment to the Naval Academy. This was an honorary appointment in recognition of the father's service and early death during the war.

After leaving Redding Place, for a year or two, there were abodes in boarding houses or small family hotels, notably in the old Norfolk House, on the hill opposite the old Eliot church at the head of Dudley Street, in Roxbury. In the autumn of 1868 there was a well remembered journey South, of the whole family. It was Mary's first return since her escape North at the beginning of the war. It included a stop in Wilmington with relatives extending over Christmas; and then a visit to Fayetteville, where we stayed with the old uncle and aunt, Wilkins, in their old Southern home. To us children it was a great and much enjoyed adventure, but to my mother it must have revived many sad memories. Towards spring of 1869 the return journey was made, and Mary never again went back.

After this follows a residence in a larger but still small house at what was then 710 Shawmut Avenue. It was a very welcome change, as the house had grounds about it and an enticing ledge and high cliff behind, offering opportunities for play and adventures. It was a pretty part of the then rural Roxbury, with fields and trees of the large adjoining properties of the Guilds and others. The family passed three happy years there. In 1870, the second son, my brother Cameron, also obtained an appointment to the Naval Academy. This second appointment was secured with some difficulty, with the aid of old naval friends in Washington. But it involved a journey to Washington by my mother and a memorable interview with General Grant, then President.

Thus, reduced to a family of only two children, the cares to Mary were considerably lessened, as well as the tax on her means and energies. During this period of eight years, since the husband and father's death, they had been unceasing. I can well remember her tasks and also that I contributed to them in no small measure. I can also remember with gratitude her affectionate care and solicitude; her constant effort to instill in us children a proper sense of pride and self respect, of self reliance. It was the period during which the ideas forming habits and ideals are bred in children and, whatever merit we may have shown later in our lives, I feel was largely attributable to her influence. During this time the education of her children was carefully seen to by Mary, in the Roxbury Latin School for Cameron, in a private school for my sister and, for myself, in the primary public schools.

The year 1870 really marked the breaking up of the collective family life. Thoughts of change began to creep in. My sister, Sarah, had begun to study music and showed signs of talent with the piano. My mother harked back to that interlude in Europe of over twenty years past, the happier days of her married life. Living conditions in Europe were then much easier and money went farther. I can well remember the discussions of the project during the winter of 1870-71, the advices for and against by relatives and friends. We children, my sister and I, were all agog and keen for this excursion into the unknown.



Thus, it came about, that a decision in the affirmative was reached in the spring of 1871 and, in May of that year we all embarked on the Cunard sailing steamer *Marathon*, bound for Europe.

*Life in Europe.* Landing in England, a few weeks were spent in London with old family friends, occupied with sight seeing and sociabilities. Thence we proceeded to the Continent and up the Rhine and on to Heidelberg, where the summer was spent, and thence to Stuttgart, which was to be our headquarters and home for the five ensuing years. This was the year immediately succeeding the war between Germany and France, and both countries were settling down to a much needed rest and to the long period of peace and development of over forty years. Germany was, at that time, a comparatively poor country, inhabited by simple and peace loving people. Industrialism in the modern sense was unknown. Small business and agriculture were the principal occupations, and music and the arts were cultivated in many centers.

In Stuttgart there was an excellent "conservatory," of music and in this my sister was seriously occupied during all the years of our stay, while I was prepared to enter the excellent public schools, where I soon became proficient in speaking the language. The five-year stay in Germany was a pleasant one. There was quite a colony of Americans and English people, with whom my mother soon made friendships, some of which lasted all of her life. Living was easy and cheap, and she enjoyed the relaxation and the change of scenes. During the summers there were excursions to the Bavarian Alps and to Switzerland, and I took part in a number of walking tours with boy friends, forming a habit which lasted all of my life. Time passed quickly and pleasantly until the summer of 1876, when we bid good-bye to Stuttgart and Germany, with sincere regrets and with the kindest of feelings and memories for our five-year German home.

From Germany we passed into France and spent that summer in Boulogne-sur-Mer where I remained during the following winter with a tutor, preparing for my entrance to college in

America, while my mother and sister proceeded to Paris, where Mary renewed acquaintance with the scenes of her memorable visit as a young woman, nearly thirty years before.

*Home Again in Boston.* In May of 1877 I crossed the Atlantic again, alone, to Boston, to take my entrance examinations at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. My mother and sister followed me soon after. Here my mother made her home for the next four years. Many of her old friends welcomed her back, but some were there no more. The Pickerings were all able to receive her with warm affection, but, in Dunbarton, there was left only my great-aunt Charlotte of the older generation. Our years in Boston were lived entirely in Chestnut Street, first in rented houses and finally, at 74 Chestnut Street, which my mother purchased in 1880. These were also pleasant years for her. Old friendships were continued and new ones were made. My brothers, who were by then both out of the Naval Academy and in active service, paid us occasional visits. My sister and I spent pleasant vacations in Dunbarton with the affectionate welcome of Aunt Charlotte. And so the years passed on, the children grew to maturity, and my mother began to feel that she was no longer young. In the summer of 1881, after my graduation from Technology, another milestone was passed, when I left home to take up the work of my profession in Pennsylvania. This was really the final break-up of settled family life for my mother.

*Seven Years Abroad.* Soon after, in fact during the autumn of that same year, Mary rented the Chestnut Street house and, with my sister, sailed again for Europe, to begin a nomadic mode of living which was to last for over twenty years, to the end of her life. Such is often the effect of the lure of travel, and especially of Europe. This was immediately after the marriage of my brother Frank. For some seven years following my mother and sister remained abroad, sojourning in various countries, England, France and Italy, principally in the latter. It was for both of them a pleasant and carefree period of their lives. My sister was then a young woman and my mother was not too old



to move about freely and to enjoy the amenities and amusements of foreign life. Means, it is true, were not very abundant and prices were higher than of yore. But my mother was an experienced traveller and well versed in making a little go far. They hibernated in comparative simple seclusion, and expanded to relative luxury during the intervals. Old friendships were renewed and many new ones were made. Mary's sociability, brightness, and sense of humour, combined with her kindly nature, made her a welcome addition to many little circles; and with this was the wisdom gained by her long and varied experiences with the world. But, during this long time of absence, much was happening at home. My brother Frank's family was increased by three children. I had migrated, in my efforts to earn a living, from the North back to North Carolina, had married and had acquired a daughter. My brother Cameron remained still single, but was beginning to gain distinction in the Navy. Thus, on my mother's return home in 1888, there were many changes for her to meet and new members of the family to engage her affection.

*The Fifteen Final Years.* The winter following this return home was spent largely in Dunbarton with Aunt Charlotte, who was then in her 89th year, and grown infirm. My mother and my sister stayed with her and helped to nurse her during the severity of a winter in that northern clime. They continued on into the spring and, in May, I was able to pay them a short visit, together with my wife and little daughter Charlotte, my Aunt's namesake. This was our first meeting after nearly eight years. I left then to go to my new home in Missouri and, in June following, my Aunt Charlotte died, within a few days of her 89th birthday.

During the twelve or more ensuing years, Mary's migratory habit of living continued. This stay at home lasted for a few years, with residences in Boston, New York, or Washington, and also part of a winter spent with me and my family in Jefferson City, Missouri. This was followed by another excursion to Europe for another few years. Then again a return home and a final return to Europe during the last years of the century.

Mary was then seventy and more years of age and, during this last visit to Europe, she was in ill health and at times quite seriously sick. She had suffered from weakness of heart for many years and there were other complications which forced her to submit to a carefully regulated life, with its attendant dieting. Hence, on her home coming this last time, it must have been with the realization that her wandering days were over. During these last years she spent much of her time in Washington and in New York, with or near my brothers' families.

In the summer of 1901, I and my wife and three children joined her at a little summer place in northern New Hampshire. The following autumn of 1902 she and my sister came to Kansas City and lived in my house, taking care of our three children for some two months, while my wife and I made a hurried business trip to England. She stayed on for a short time after our return, and we much enjoyed her company. Despite her infirmities and deprivations she continued courageously bright and entertaining. But her thoughts were much of the past and she indulged in many reminiscences of great interest to me. It was pathetic to see how she resented the restrictions of her dieting, and how she would, at times, elude my sister's vigilance to indulge in some scraps of forbidden food.

About the end of the year she and my sister left us in Kansas City, and that was the last I saw of her. She went from there to Washington to stay with my brother, Cameron, who was then on duty in the Bureau of Navigation. There she continued, under the kind and affectionate care of my brother's wife, Dora, happy and cheerful though suffering from indispositions, until, suddenly, one morning, without warning, she fell stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage. My sister was in the adjoining room and heard her call, but, by the time she reached her side, my mother was able to say only a few words before death had claimed her. With no farewells, with no messages to her much beloved children, she had gone; her cares, her wanderings were over. But she left with the satisfaction of a life well lived, of duties faithfully performed, and with the knowledge that her children were faring well, with bright prospects for their futures. So her end, though a shock and sorrow to all, was, in a sense, a fine one,



without pain or harrowing partings. This happened on March 25th. I was at the time far away in the mountains of southwestern Colorado, and did not receive word until too late for me to get East to attend the funeral. The last letter I received from her was dated March 9th, and she concluded that letter, expressing hopes for my future, fears that I was working too hard, with affectionate sympathy, to which she added, "but life seems full of hard work. I found it so in the past; now I do very little. Good-bye for the present."

From Washington, within a few days after her death, Mary's body was taken to Dunbarton, accompanied by my brothers and sister and by a few relatives who held her in affectionate remembrance. There she was laid to rest in the old cemetery, by the side of Francis, where they had so often been together and had often lingered during life. After the burial was over a gentle snow-fall began, and when the funeral party left, all was covered with the fresh white shroud; peace and quiet reigned over that beautiful spot.



STARK HOMESTEAD, DUNBARTON



STARK CEMETERY, DUNBARTON















